

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLEANER.

1863.

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A BRANCH WITH ONE CLUSTER OF GRAPES.—NUMBERS XIII. 23.  
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VOL. XIII.

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LONDON:
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET;
CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE.

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*Two Shillings.*



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*VIEW OF LLÉ, THIBET (From a drawing made on the spot.)*

# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

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## MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES IN LADAK.

LADAK, or Middle Thibet, is a very elevated and rugged country, lying north of the Punjab, and a part of the dominion of the Maharajah of Cashmere. The inhabitants have Mongolian features, improved by a touch of the Cashmerian. The climate being excessively cold, the men wear close dresses of woollen cloth, and large mantles, which, amongst the poor, consist of sheepskins, with the wool inwards: the women also wear a jacket and petticoat of enormous dimensions, with a sheepskin mantle. The language is Thibetan, and the religion Lamaism, a form of Buddhism, the high-priest of the system residing at Lassa, in Great Thibet, while throughout the lands which acknowledge him as their pope, monastic establishments for both sexes abound. The temples are full of idols. Vain repetitions, which they call prayers, are among the mummeries of their worship, to multiply which as rapidly, and with as little trouble as possible to themselves, they have their praying-machines, containing a number of written prayers, which, as the machine is turned by the hand, revolve with it, and are placed, as prayers said, to the account of the manipulist; or sometimes, as less troublesome, they are placed by the side of a stream, and turned like a water-mill.

This country was visited some few years back by two of our Missionaries from the Punjab, and now we find that the Moravian Missionaries from Lahoul have penetrated within its borders.

During this journey of two months, performed almost entirely on foot, the Moravian brother visited sixteen large Lamisaries, and about forty villages and encampments. At two only of the convents did the Lamas oppose: at all other places the message of atonement for sin through the blood of Christ was listened to with attention.

Passing over the Taglang Pass, which is very abrupt on both sides, and from which there is a grand view of the surrounding mountains, the Missionary reached the first village in the Ladak territory. There, as thus related by him, his work commenced.

Soon a considerable number of men and women assembled, and sat in a large circle round me. I began without circumlocution to speak of the great subject, the absolute need of reconciliation with God through Christ. This was something quite new to them, and they looked at each other,

smiling, but in silence. The custom-house officer stationed at this frontier-post was also present. I afterwards visited him at the custom-house, and gave him a tract in Urdu, which he, as a Mohammedan, understood. I also met with a Lama of the class who do not live in convents, but in caves, and who therefore are called Ripugpa (cave-dwellers), or Gomtschen (persons devoted to deep, inward meditation). In Lahoul, Lamas of this class are no longer to be met with. I soon found that not much could be done with such persons; for, having seated myself near the Lama in front of a house in which he was about to perform religious ceremonies, I asked him a number of questions, and then dwelt on the impossibility of becoming just before God by our own works. I received no answer. As he could not reach his cave before nightfall, he slept on the open ground. In this village I distributed some books.

Miru was reached on the 8th. An old man and his wife invited me into their house, and were about to prepare some tea, but their fire smoked so outrageously, that I was obliged to take refuge in the open air. Probably the entire population of the hamlet came together to see me, and I spoke to them for nearly an hour, and gave away some books. All of them pressed round the fortunate recipients of the latter, imploring a blessing, which was bestowed by placing the books on the head of each. My interference, and declaration that such ceremonies could not profit them, were in vain. There were, however, two strangers present, one of whom received a book, and at once began to read in it. These two men were traders, on their way from Lé to their home at Lassa, in Great Thibet, with 100 asses laden with dried apricots. About noon they invited me to tea at their lodgings, in a house belonging to the village. In the course of our conversation, they found great fault with the leader of the rebels in China, saying that he was a bad man; that he had no religion, and that, if he gained the supreme power, he would extirpate the Lamas. I replied, that I had heard that the individual referred to knew the name of Jesus, and appeared to believe in Him, although his faith might be confused, and mingled with much error. I, at the same time, begged them not to let the misdeeds of the rebels deter them from reading the tracts they had received, and seriously meditating on their contents, so that they might be led, with all their hearts, to believe on Jesus as the propitiation for their sins. In return, they presented me with some of their religious books.

There are certain rupees coined in Cashmere, and frequently met with in the bazaars of the Punjab, bearing on them, as their inscription, the Cross, and the letters I. H. S., as they appeared on the sacred standard of Constantine the Great. They are called Huree Singh rupees. The way in which these rupees came to be coined and circulated is thus stated—Hari Singh, or, as it usually spelt, Hurree Singh, one of Runjeet Singh's bravest officers, was originally his Khitumhgar, and being a bold and enterprising man, was raised by him from one dignity to another, until he was made governor of Cashmere. This man saw that the English succeeded in every thing they did. He found the Cross and the I. H. S. in some religious work which came into his possession. He knew them to be religious

symbols, and, regarding them as the magical charm by which the English were so prosperous, he stamped them on his new coinage.

The reality represented by the symbols, scriptural Christianity, is indeed the life and strength of the English nation. It is this which has raised the national character: it is for the sake of this we have been providentially permitted to conquer. Let this great reality become current in the dominions of the Maharajah of Cashmere, or wherever else, and the people will be benefited, and the country raised. Faithful men, who, like the Missionary from Lahoul, undergo dangers and fatigues to make the Gospel known, are the greatest benefactors of mankind.

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MEMOIR OF THE REV. ABRAHAM GOONESEKERA,
NATIVE CHURCH MISSIONARY, CEYLON.

In the removal by death of the late Rev. Abraham Goonesekera the Christian Church in Ceylon has lost a sincere and pious member, and the Ceylon Church Mission one of its most valued native agents. But though his spirit has returned to God who gave it, and his body now rests in the grave till the archangel's trumpet shall sound, his memory is dear to those who knew him, and will be long cherished in the hearts of many.

The following particulars respecting the earthly career of this good man are here brought together with a view to magnify the grace of God in his providential and spiritual dealings with his servant.

Mr. Goonesekera was a native of Galle, and was born of heathen parents about the year 1803. Of his childhood little is known. He seems to have been brought up at first in heathenism. It is related of him that he once went as a Buddhist boy into the temple to offer his evening flower. When he had done so, he looked into the idol's face, expecting to see a smile of approval; but he noticed that the great eyes stared on without any expression of pleasure in them. So he thought so great a god would not condescend to accept a child's offering. Soon after, a man came in, laid down his flower, turned his back, and walked carelessly away. The boy again looked in the idol's face, and thought he should see an angry frown at this disrespect, but the eyes stared on as before. He then began to think the image had no life in it at all—
Ps. cxv. 4. 8.

In the year 1818, the Rev. R. Mayor commenced the Baddagama Church Mission station. Mr. Goonesekera's parents then removed from Galle to Baddagama to be engaged in secular work connected with the station buildings, and their son Abraham became one of Mr. Mayor's first pupils. He earned a good character for diligence and conduct and was subsequently sent up to finish his education at the Cotta Christian Institution. After his studies were finished, he was engaged for a short time as a pupil teacher, and, soon after, as a catechist. Then began a course of steady persevering usefulness, which terminated only with his life.

In the year 1839, he was admitted to deacons' orders by Bishop Spencer, and to priests' orders on his lordship's next visit to Ceylon in 1843.

Soon after his ordination in 1839 he was removed to Baddagama to assist the Rev. H. Powell in the duties of that station. Here he laboured with fidelity to the cause of Christianity, and with sincere attachment to the Church Missionary Society, for a period of twenty-two years.

He won the respect of all who knew him, and gained the entire confidence of the several Missionaries under whose superintendence he was successively placed. None of the flock committed to his care lacked his sympathy or affectionate and faithful counsel. As a preacher he excelled. His sermons were based on the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and were well supported and illustrated by scriptural references. They generally set forth the duties of the Christian, or the necessity of repentance and faith in the Saviour; and in such homely and forcible terms that the most ignorant of his hearers might have profited, whilst there was abundant matter for the more intelligent and thoughtful. His manner in general was quiet and unassuming, but when preaching he was lively and full of energy.

He entertained a very strong attachment to the Church Missionary Society. He loved its principles. He admired its efforts to publish salvation to the heathen, and he heartily concurred in its plans for self-support and self-organization among the native Christians. I believe that he did all that it was possible for him to do in furtherance of these aims of the Society. As a proof how grateful he felt to the Church Missionary Society, he earnestly requested Mr. Mooyaart, the chaplain of Galle, a few days before his death, to convey to the Parent Committee a message to the following effect. "Tell that great and glorious Society, who have been the means of spreading the Gospel among so many different nations of the earth, and who were inclined by God to send their Missionaries to Baddagama in the year 1818, which led to my own conversion and that of my wife and nine children, and of my parents, brother, and sister, that I desire with all humility to offer to God and to them my grateful thanks for the benefits we have received at their hands. And I beg also to return my best thanks to the Ceylon Branch of the Society for all they have done for us."

For the last few years of his life he was frequently ailing, and his constitution gradually weakened; yet he was never known to be absent from his duties if he had strength enough to get about. His last illness commenced in April 1862. Though his case appeared hopeless from the first, the doctors strongly recommended his residence in the Friend-in-Need Society's Hospital, and that he should be supplied with plenty of most nourishing food. Here he was visited almost daily for nearly two months by the Rev. E. Mooyaart, and most kindly supplied with every nourishment and comfort that could be desired by Mr. and Mrs. Mooyaart. And though it did not please God to restore him, the few remaining days of his life were thus rendered comparatively comfortable and happy. When settled in this retreat from active life, he seemed to take a retrospect of the past which led him to speak of himself with deep humility and tears. He appeared to think much of his own unworthiness, and frequently alluded to his shortcomings; nevertheless his hopes were built upon the merits of Jesus Christ alone, and his confidence, though most humble, never seemed to leave him; not a

word escaped his lips which showed that he had any doubt of his acceptance with God.

This sense of unworthiness seemed to lead him to think of others engaged in the Mission work, for on one occasion, after thus speaking of himself, as I was leaving him to visit Baddagama, he entreated me in the following words—"Call the native agents together, and beseech them, dear Sir, with tears, to be faithful, self-denying, and earnest in the performance of their duties." On another occasion when I had called in my horsekeeper (a native of Baddagama) to see him, he addressed him in a most earnest, affectionate, and simple manner. It was as if he was speaking to his own child for the last time in his life.

His patience and self-restraint during the whole of his trying illness won the admiration of his attendants. It is well known how terrified the heathen are at the approach of death. No Buddhist, however meritorious, meets death calmly; to him all is dark and uncertain: but our friend anticipated his departure for weeks before it took place with the greatest composure. He dwelt upon the certainty that he would not recover, the circumstances of his funeral, and made allusions to his future residence in heaven so minutely, that it was evident the subject was in no way distasteful to his mind. He frequently reminded me of a person about to set out for a long journey to see a dear friend or relative, rather than of one preparing for death. And yet a deep solemnity characterized all he said. The only drawback to perfect composure of his mind seemed to me to be anxiety for the future welfare of his large family, which he was leaving with but little provision. But when assured all should be done that was consistent with the principles and practice of the Church Missionary Society, he did not again recur to the subject.

Mr. Mooyaart has added the following remarks. He writes—"During many interviews which I had with the late Mr. Goonesekera for about a month before his death, I could not help being struck by the cheerful faith and calm devotion apparent in his conversation and behaviour. Christianity was a fixed principle in his character, and it was manifested with such humility and simplicity as to prove the deep root it had taken in his heart. There was no pretension or ostentation, but a childlike spirit showed how much he partook of the mind that was in Jesus. Such an instance of the power of Christ's religion in its influence on the character of a native Singhalese is peculiarly cheering, as evidencing how thoroughly the native mind can be moulded by its blessed principle; and it is a great encouragement to persevere in the good work of training up native catechists and ministers from their earliest years to become, by God's blessing, useful to their fellow-countrymen. Mr. Goonesekera's life and labours may be fairly pointed to as a most encouraging result of the numerous advantages he had enjoyed for a period of upwards of forty years in connexion with the Church Missionary Society. And although perhaps his noble unobtrusive career of quiet usefulness for more than twenty-two years at Baddagama, where he lived and died, may present little that was remarkable, to strike the eye and attract the attention, yet his unaffected Christian piety and the solidity and influence of his character and ministry are like mellow fruit,

to reward the care and labour of the excellent Society, whom he so long and so faithfully served, while they afford a practical illustration of the principle 'Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.'

"As I visited him almost daily for about four weeks I had many opportunities of reading the Scriptures and of praying with him, for which he seemed ready and grateful. One day, after my repeating a few choice passages from God's word, he exclaimed 'How beautiful! What a train of jewels!' and seemed at a loss for words to express his admiration and delight. His mind was kept in 'perfect peace,' and the confidence he reposed in his Saviour was calm, deep, and abiding, shewing the sense of his own unworthiness, and at the same time his entire dependence upon Christ as the rock of his salvation. I had the satisfaction of administering to him the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper a week before his death, which he received with much reverence and humility, expressing the comfort and refreshment he had derived from such a commemoration of our Saviour's dying love."

As his end drew near, and it became more apparent that he would not recover, he felt a strong desire to return to Baddagama and die in the bosom of his family. This most natural wish was granted him. He returned to Baddagama, and within a few days breathed his last, on Friday evening, June 27, 1862. He retained his mental vigour and peace of mind to the last, and died blessing his children, and commending them to the care of his heavenly Father.

Next day he was buried in the churchyard adjoining the beautiful church of Baddagama, in which he had so long and so faithfully ministered the word of life; and close to the grave of the Rev. C. Greenwood, late Missionary of Baddagama. Mr. Mooyaart kindly went over from Galle and officiated at the funeral, which was attended by a large number of the residents of Baddagama.

[*Ceylon Church Missionary Record.*]

THE REV. THOMAS KING OF ABBEOKUTA.

(From the *Iwe Irohin.*)

THE REV. T. King, Native Missionary, died on the 23rd of October, at Igbein, Abbeokuta.

"In the midst of life we are in death" is a truth of which we have been reminded very frequently of late. Death has been very busy at work among the chiefs of the country: one after another has been called away to render an account of his stewardship to God. The Christian church has also been called upon to give up one and another that have been respected and loved among us. The year has not come to a close that has seen the death of Mr. Wilcoxon, then Mrs. Mann, among the Europeans; and now we have been called upon to mourn over one, who has left us, to enter into his rest, from among the faithful band of native agents of the Missionary Societies here. The Rev. T. King was a native of Emere in this country, and, like many others, was torn away from his country and home to satisfy the love of money both of the black and white man; and he, too, like many others, was delivered from captivity and

brought to Sierra Leone. There, after having become a Christian, and having been fitted by instruction for it, he was employed, for some years, as a schoolmaster. After the return of the Niger Expedition under Captain Trotter, he was sent up the Niger with the expedition sent to form a settlement and model farm at the Confluence, where he acted with great credit to himself, amidst many difficulties and dangers. He subsequently joined the Yoruba Mission as catechist, and was stationed in Abbeokuta. In Abbeokuta he had the great satisfaction of meeting his aged mother, then a convert to Christianity, and other relatives. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Vidal, and Priest by Bishop Weeks. For some years past he has had charge of the Igbein station, and under his Ministry a number of converts have been added to the church. He also translated a large portion of the Scriptures and several catechisms into the native tongue: as a translator his loss will be much felt. He was much esteemed by the European Missionaries and his native fellow-labourers in the Lord's work. To the praise of God who gave him grace to be faithful, it must be said, that he did not seek the aggrandizement of his family, but with singleness of purpose laboured only to fulfil his high calling in Christ. In the prospect of death he felt anxious about his family, and sorry that he had not laboured more abundantly for the Lord. He did not expect, for some time before his death, to recover. He asked several times to be remembered at the throne of grace, and our prayers that his affliction may be sanctified to him. He will be long and affectionately remembered in the Mission as a faithful brother and faithful fellow-labourer in the Lord's work. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people, together with the white Missionaries and native agents of the various Christian churches in Abbeokuta.

After the funeral, a great outrage was committed by a heathen relative. He sent a party to the house who threatened to plunder the premises of its contents, and succeeded in leading away a horse. He set up a claim to the property of the deceased as a relative, and thought to take forcible possession. He has since been compelled by the force of public opinion to restore the horse.

ABBEOKUTA, ITS CONDITION, AND THE NEED OF PRAYER ON ITS BEHALF.

WE desire to place before our readers extracts from the letters of our Missionaries in the Egba country, by which they will be enabled to understand its distracted state, and the need of earnest prayer that these evils may be overruled for good, and for the furtherance of the Gospel.

The Rev. G. F. Bühler is stationed at Abbeokuta, and has every opportunity of making himself accurately acquainted with the real state of affairs, which he thus describes—

During the last few months, events of such magnitude have succeeded each other, that nothing like them has occurred in this Mission since its commencement. It is true, wars had been occasionally carried on, but since that dreadful civil war, forty years ago, they have never been so general,

so destructive, and so complicated as now—not only town against town, but tribe against tribe. But the worst of the enemies, the Dahomians, have invaded the country, and destroyed Ishagga, fifteen miles west of Abbeokuta, and carried the whole population, about 5000 souls, away, with the exception of those who were slaughtered on the spot, the old, infirm, and children. Abbeokuta was threatened by these wild hordes to share the fate of Ishagga, but the Lord interfered and delivered us. It is not safe for the messenger of peace to set his foot at present on that path to preach salvation to many little towns towards the west, which inspired us with so much hope in former years. In turning towards the north of Abbeokuta we meet a great deal of misery and desolation, caused by the last war in Ijaye. Ijaye was destroyed only two days after the capture of Ishagga, the inhabitants thereof scattered about in the whole country, thousands of them enslaved, hundreds cut down by the sword or starvation, but all of them houseless. Our Missionary, with his wife, had a very narrow escape to Abbeokuta. Mrs. Mann, after she had stood all the horrors of war and a two years' siege, died on her voyage home. One of the European catechists,* with the native Scripture reader, and a number of children, are in captivity in Ibadan, and our church and Mission premises burnt down. The small farming towns between Abbeokuta and Ijaye are forsaken and destroyed, the fields uncultivated and turned into a wilderness, the bush infested with kidnappers and wild beasts: where, some years past, plenty of corn, yams, cotton, beans, and indigo, had been produced, there are thorns and briars growing up. Also, higher up the country, in Oyo and Ogbomoso, and many other towns, the war has produced terrible effects. After the fall of Ijaye the Ibadan army encamped against Awaye, a small town of a few thousand of farmers, one of our out-stations, where a Scripture reader is located. We were told fire and sword raged without, and hunger within the walls. It fell into the hands of the Ibadan army, and the population is now enslaved, the town destroyed, and another of our out-stations swept away. After the fall of Ijaye, we flattered ourselves with the hope of seeing peace soon established in this land, and the roads into the interior opened for the messenger of peace; but, alas! we were sadly disappointed. The seat of war was transferred to the east of Abbeokuta. The mutual hatred of the tribes is increasing, and the hope of peace further removed than ever. After the fall of Ijaye, the King of Ijebu requested the Egbas to assist him in chastising some of his towns, who had, during the last war, provided Ibadan with ammunition against his will. Makun, a town of about 8000 inhabitants, one day's journey towards the east of Abbeokuta, was closely besieged for about three months, during which period the poorer classes suffered fearfully from want of food and water. It was taken, and most of the people made slaves. Some thousands were brought to Abbeokuta, many of them in a miserable state, half starved: some even had to be carried in baskets by their captors. It was a heartrending scene to me to see these poor people carried along, husbands without their wives, mothers without their children, and children without their parents, most of them destined to

* Mr. Jefferies. He has since died.

spend the remainder of their life in slavery. But thus they themselves had often dealt with others ; and will it bring a blessing to the captors ? Certainly not : evil begets evil. The Ibadans are said to be determined to force their way to the coast through the Ijebu country, to have direct communication with Lagos. The Ijebus and Egbas believe this only to be the second step towards conquering both countries, which they will oppose with all their power. The Ibadans are now encamped at Ipara, a small Ijebu town, about a day's journey south of Ibadan ; the Ijebus and Egbas have their camp in Makun, a short day's journey south of Ipara ; and one day's journey from the coast. It is said the Ibadans have earnestly invited the Dahomians to attack Abbeokuta under these favourable circumstances. How long the struggle may last is difficult to say : severe battles will probably be fought in the dry season. All the endeavours of the Missionaries to mediate were in vain, people and chiefs in Abbeokuta being too much afraid of the aggressive policy of that powerful war chief, Ogumola, of Ibadan. There seems to be no possibility for any man to stem the current at present, it is too strong and powerful. We are therefore unjustly accused of aiding and approving of the policy of the Egbas ; these often complain of us, suspecting us to be against them. It is remarkable that, under all these war trials, this town prospers so much as it does : food is abundant, the markets well stocked, the farms well cultivated, a considerable quantity of cotton daily sent to Lagos for England, and more cotton seed has been sown than in any preceding year.

The arrival of the Governor at Lagos filled us with some hope, but it soon disappeared. The Lagos Government is not regarded as entertaining friendly sentiments towards this town, whilst some openly express their regret for ever having received white men here. Thank God, no ill-feeling has been expressed as yet against the Missionaries, but things may grow worse. There are young chiefs arising more energetic and more warlike than those old chiefs of former days, who show a great deal of national spirit, who are very jealous to preserve their fathers' bequest uncurtailed, and their own country independent. No doubt there are many who like such a time of confusion, because "there is good fishing in troubled waters." The love for catching slaves has not died out ; it has been revived. And what will be the end of all these troubles ? Our prospects are gloomy ; but the Prophet Isaiah comforts us, that "when God's judgments are in the land, the people will learn righteousness." The lofty and high ones must come down, oppression and injustice must cease, the idols must fall, and superstition give way, and the Redeemer will take possession of his inheritance. Thank God, our work makes progress, and the word of life can be preached : many look, in these troublous times, up to the Lord, knowing that from Him alone cometh help. We feel very much for our dear friends who are shut up in the interior, and who suffer very much from the want of money. It is marvellous how they have stood these hardships so long. Our exertions to send them relief have been in vain.

THE MARTYRS OF ISHAGGA,

(See *Church Missionary Gleaner for November 1862.*)

SHALL we mourn for the slain in that far-distant land,
Where blood has, like water, been poured on the sand;
Where Dahomey's dark monarch, with savage delight,
Gloats over the victims he took in the fight?

Ishagga! beware! for the tyrant is nigh;
In vain to the desert thy children would fly:
Ishagga is vanquished! the shriek of despair,
And the wail of the captive, are rending the air.

In vain to their idols for help they appeal;
They heed not, they know not, the anguish they feel:
The spirit of vengeance is mightier far,
With which the proud victor goes forth to the war.

Yet say, are there none in that fear-stricken throng
Who are leaning for strength on the arm of the Strong?
Yes! the Lord of the Christian is bending his ear,
The cries and the prayers of his people to hear.

And *his* voice is still heard, who, from Yoruba's shore,
The "glad tidings of joy" to Ishagga first bore;
Who came, with the "message of God" in his hand,
And must witness its truth in Dahomey's dark land.

Shall we mourn for the slain? Shall we deem that their cries
Did not to the Lord God of Sabaoth arise?
When the shock of the earthquake no terror awoke,
That it was not the voice of Jehovah which spoke?

The warning is slighted, and mocked is the word,
And the servant is made like his crucified Lord.
Yet weep not for him, for his Master is near,
And love that is perfect is casting out fear.

Though He came not in judgment, nor stayed the career
Of the bloodthirsty ruler, yet Jesus was near:
Though still was his voice, it was mighty to save,
Victorious again over death and the grave

Though bitter their cup, in the valley's black shade,
When He whispered his peace, were his children afraid?
No! the arches of heaven triumphantly rang
With the anthems of praise which the ransomed ones sang!

Then weep not, nor mourn, but rejoice in the thought,
That Africa soon shall to Jesus be brought;
That the words which were spoken, the blood which was shed,
May have wakened some souls that in darkness were dead.

And pray for Dahomey! oh, pray for the hour,
When the Lord shall arise in his mercy and power;
When the "blood of the martyrs" shall prove yet again
A "seed" which has never been scattered in vain!

H. M. C. A.

MISSION WORK AT BENARES.

BENARES is the stronghold of Brahminism in North India. Of its half million of inhabitants, no less than 80,000 are Brahmins. It contains 1000 Siva temples, 200 mosques, 80 Sanskrit colleges, attended by students from various parts of India, while more than 100,000 pilgrims visit it annually, 20,000 of whom may be seen at one time rushing into the river at a given signal, that they may bathe at the propitious moment. Its position on the Ganges adds much to its imaginary sanctity. Access to the river, which indents the city in the form of a bay, is obtained by ghats, or flights of broad steps, constructed of fine freestone from Chunar, and on these the Hindus pass the busiest and happiest hours of the day, bathing, dressing, saying their prayers, lounging, and gossiping. These ghats extend nearly along the whole length of the river's bank in the city, although interrupted occasionally by temples reaching down to the water's edge.

In this city we have several Missionaries, who, in various departments, are earnestly labouring to spread the knowledge of the Gospel, and win souls to Christ. An interesting letter from one of them, the Rev. W. Hooper, who reached Benares last year, and who is as yet in the morning of his work, will introduce our readers into the midst of Missionary labour in this city, and the way in which it is carried on. It bears date September last—

At the beginning of the month, one of our catechists, named Thakur, who is stationed at Gharwa, was obliged to return here for awhile because of the inundations at Gharwa. Mr. Smith suggested that it would be good for him to take me about the city, both to make me acquainted with the city, and to give me an opportunity of listening to his preaching and the remarks of the people, whereby I might both improve in the language and get some insight into the Hindu mind and character. I embraced the opportunity with gladness, for it was what I had been wishing for all the time I had been here. So I began to meet him in my buggy at Sigra every morning at six A.M., and thence go together to the quarter of the town which he selected for that morning, as far as we could in the buggy. We then went to five different preaching-places (none of them occupied by stationed catechists). I always sat still, as near as I could to him, and felt that I was getting great good by listening to both sides. But, after a week, Thakur was called away by business at Gharwa, and I, after waiting some days, and devoting them to reading the language, thought I would go and try what I could do, with God's help, alone. I went to a fakeer whom I had before visited with Thakur. About three miles from here there is a very large tank, called Pishach Mochan, or, "The deliverance from devils," from the effect which it is supposed to have in curing those possessed. It is oblong, and the two sides are somewhat high and steep. One side, indeed, presents a perpendicular bank along its whole length, all covered with vegetation, behind which is a garden. The further short side is also green, and the near short side is covered with beautiful little buildings for the con-

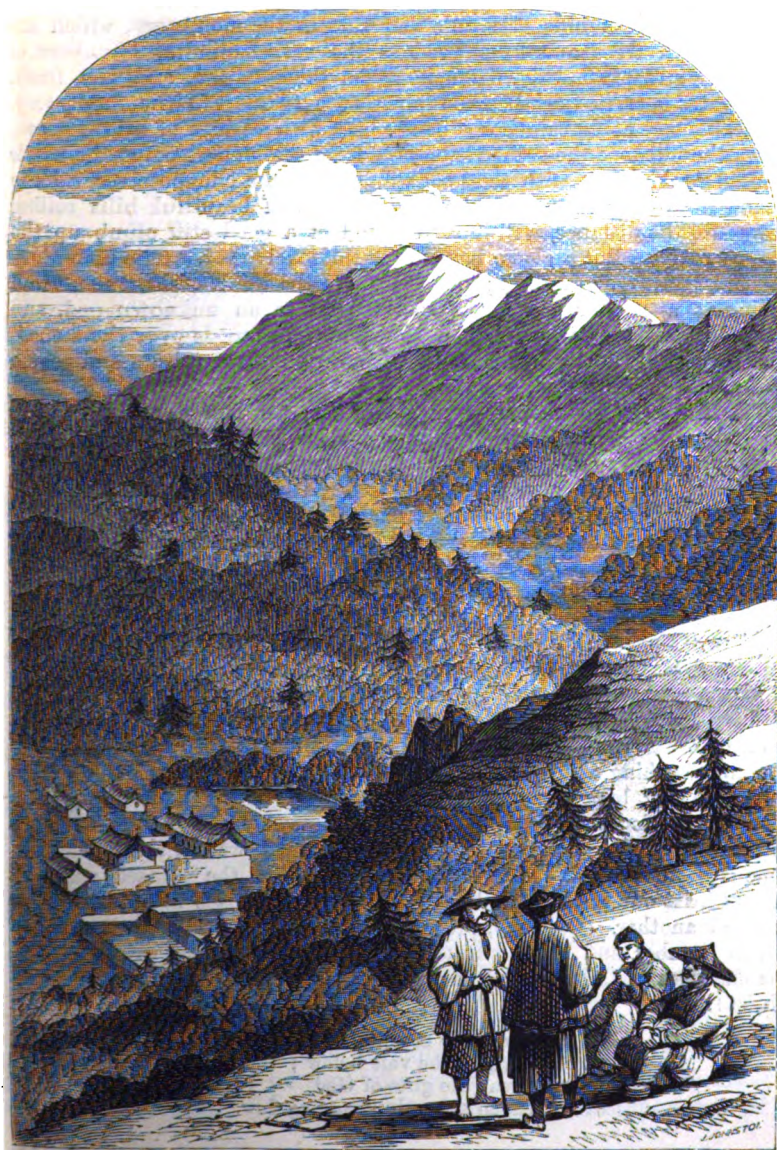
venience of the bathers. The pond used to be filled with lilies, but they were all destroyed by Government a year or two ago, because they made the place unhealthy. On the other long side, which I have not yet described, there are slight and gentle knolls, possessed by fakeers who have retired from the world, and there spend their days. It was in this spot, and with one of the fakeers, that I made my first attempt at what might be called the public proclamation of the Gospel to the heathen. On Sept. 24, I climbed the green knoll, and made my salaam to the fakeer, saying, "Salaam, baba ji." He took down the upper of two sticks which barred my ingress through the mud wall which enclosed his small estate, and I stepped over the lower one.

There were two little buildings side by side, the one of mud, where he dwelt himself, and the other of brick, where his god dwelt. Beautiful shady trees overhung the little courtyard where we sat. He gave me a little wooden stool about two inches from the ground, and sat himself upon the ground in front of and close to me. It was a beautiful scene; the large expanse of placid water; the bright early sun reflected from the rich green foliage on the opposite bank; the clear blue sky (a thing not to be seen in Benares except in this month and the next) appearing through the shady foliage overhead; the splash of bathers as they plunged into the water below; all combined to make it a scene such as I have not seen before in Benares. I began by speaking of the beauty of the scene, and then asked him what he did all day. He said he remembered God. I asked him how he did so. He replied by nearly closing his eyes, his body remaining perfectly motionless. After telling him the chief way of serving God was to keep his commandments, &c., I endeavoured to impress him with the sense of sin, the vileness of its nature, and the punishment which it deserves, and then asked, "How, then, can we be saved?" and by this time several young men had gathered outside the wall to listen, and, soon getting confidence, came in and sat down by us; so that, in the hearing of all, I was permitted to answer my question by reading John xvi. and Tim. i. 15. I then propounded a parable. "A man fell into deep water. He could not swim, and so, after a few efforts, he began to catch hold of the bits of stick and straw which were floating, but they went down under him. These are the ceremonies of the Hindu religion. Then he began to call for help to the shore, but the standers-by reviled his distress, and spoke harshly. These are the Mussulmans. Afterwards two men, being more compassionate than the rest, set out to help him, one swimming, the other on a raft. The former, having had no experience himself, soon sank. This is Krishna, who came to save the Hindus from sin, but fell into it himself. The latter got on further, but, before reaching the man, he was also upset. This is Ram. At last a man, who had heard from afar the cries of the drowning man, hastened to the rescue. Being a strong swimmer, he soon reached him, and brought him back to shore. This is Jesus Christ." My hearers kept perfect silence, and never made an objection, or even asked a question. Of course my language was very far from perfect; many incorrect expressions were in it. But still I felt that God was helping me to my utmost expectation, and I hoped He was, in some measure, fastening his word on their hearts.

T'IN DONG.

COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. A. E. MOULE.

"THE dark places of the earth (says Asaph) are full of the habitations of cruelty." In China it may be said that every lovely spot in the country is filled with the habitations of idols. The religions of China are not cruel religions. Yet China is a dark land ; gross darkness covers



SCENE NEAR THE MONASTERY OF T'IN DONG.

(From a sketch made on the spot.)

the people : and benign and placid as the Buddhist idols and Buddhist priests appear, what cruelty is worse than that of spending one's life in rendering deeper the black cloud of error which shrouds the land, and in riveting more firmly the chains which Satan has bound round the millions of China. I have felt this very much while spending a few days during the hot and unhealthy season in this lovely spot, of which an idea is given in the illustration. The scenery here is most enchanting. Noble hills rise on either side of the monastery, which are covered with trees and brushwood to the very summit. Numbers of mountain streams flow down amongst the thick foliage, and the fresh, pure water is carried by bamboo pipes to every part of the monastery. Plantations of noble bamboos skirt the hills with a fringe of bright green. From the hill-tops the sea is visible, and from the highest point the whole Chusan Archipelago, with the long windings of the Ningpo river, a large inland freshwater lake, and the wavy ridges of beautiful hills rolling away into the distance, well repay the toil of a good stiff climb up the rugged paths. But a gloom hangs over this lovely spot. The monastery is there, picturesque indeed ; but, to quote the words of Fortune, while gazing at a similar scene, "it is a temple to an unknown god, and therefore a cloud, darker than a thunderstorm, broods over the scene." God is speaking loudly by his beautiful works ; but the priests and people look not to nature's God.

The history of this monastery, which lies in the bosom of hills about fourteen miles south of Ningpo, is a curious one. In days gone by, when pirates ravaged the whole coastline, one of the hermits, who used to inhabit these hills, gave himself up to such intense devotion, that he omitted to provide for his daily food. He would have perished from hunger had not a heavenly messenger been sent, who supplied him with food and praised his devotion. The hermit asked how he could show his gratitude to his benefactor, and he was directed to build a temple to Buddha, and to call it after the name of the messenger, ("T'in Dong," "Heavenly Boy," or "Mepeuyu.") This establishment soon became very celebrated. An emperor visited it, and now more than one hundred priests reside here. Should not Christians offer up special prayer for these strongholds of idolatry, that light may penetrate the dark, self-satisfied minds of these teachers of error, of these deluded men, whose life is spent in doing that abominable thing which God hates ? The name of Jesus is not unknown in T'in Dong, but "we natives," is the reply of the priests, "have a different religion from yours." It must seem strange to them, and it seems strange but gloriously certain to us, when we tell them that the time is hastening on when every knee shall bow at the blessed name of Jesus Christ our Lord. His love in dying in our place seems to strike one and another. Oh, pray, pray for China ; and pray for those who, few in number and helpless in their own strength, are the messengers of the churches to China. God grant that they may be also the glory of Christ !

Year after year the mountain brooks
Run singing to the vale below ;
Year after year the gifts of God
From heaven to earth unceasing flow.

The priest and peasant drink and go,
 And heed no more the rivulet's chime :
 They take with open hand the gift,
 But to the Giver never lift
 Their praise at even or hour of prime.

Year after year the mountain trees
 Spread their green leaves beneath the sun ;
 Or scatter in the autumn winds
 A golden, glittering carpet down.

"Life from the dead," in springtide hours,
 The green woods whisper up the hill :
 "Death after life," the falling leaves
 Rustle, and float on the downward rill.

Unheeding sit the monks below,
 And mutter prayers to senseless clay :
 LORD, wilt Thou open their slumbrous eyes,
 And hasten the dawn of eternal day ?

And lift beyond these beautiful hills
 Their praises to Thy glorious throne ;
 And while heaven's harps responsive ring,
 Cast Thou each tottering idol down.

Year after year along the hills
 The white sea-mist hangs, the thunder-cloud lowers ;
 When will the mists of idolatry burst,
 The whole creation no more be curst,
 And Christ's beams shine o'er this world of ours ?

T'in Dong, Aug. 1862.

ANNUAL MEETING AT COEDCWYNNWR, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

THE following notice of a meeting in behalf of the Church Missionary Society is taken from the "Usk Observer" of November 28th last.

"The Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held on Wednesday evening the 26th instant, in the chapel of the almshouse, at Coedcwynnwr, near this town (Usk), on which occasion the building was thronged with a most attentive audience. After some introductory remarks by the chaplain (Rev. W. H. Wrenford, who occupied the chair), Captain Waddington delivered a most interesting address on Mission-work in India, describing what he had himself witnessed during his residence in that country. The Rev. D. Cooper, of Bristol, afterwards, in a speech replete with Missionary information, brought before his hearers facts and arguments calculated to increase their interest in the operations of the Society. The collection amounted to 6*l.* 14*s.* 1½*d.*"

The place where the meeting was held is on one of the high and not very accessible hills of Monmouthshire, and it was cheering to see the number of persons who came from four or five different parishes around. They seemed to feel deeply the importance of the

great work in which the Society is engaged. We have been favoured with the address which Captain Waddington delivered on the occasion, which our readers may be pleased to have an opportunity of perusing—

Mr. Wrenford has asked me to say a few words to you on the subject of Missionary work in India.

Some of you are aware that I have been eighteen years in India, but you must not suppose that all that time I had any thing to do with Missionaries, for, until the year 1853, I never met one, and even then I had little opportunity of mixing with them, as my duties in the regiment kept me very much at home. In fact, it was not until the end of 1855 that I knew any thing about, or at all took an interest in, Missionary matters. I then had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two zealous, good men, who worked hard to make known to the heathen the truths of the Gospel.

But you will, perhaps, like to know what a Missionary has to do when he gets to India. In the first place, he has to study hard to learn the language of the natives, for very few of them understand English, and even they very imperfectly. It takes about two years to learn sufficient of the Indian language to enable an Englishman to talk to the Indians, and even then he cannot get on very fast: he must begin in a quiet way, and it is always better for him to go at first among the Indians in the company of an older hand, as the natives are very subtle in their arguments, and it would never do for a young Missionary to lose an argument for want of knowledge of their language. When he is able to argue well, he goes out early in the morning, and takes up his stand under a shady tree in a town or village, and commences to read a chapter of the Bible. By degrees a good number of people gather round him, and although they sometimes are very well-behaved, and ask questions in a quiet manner, at other times they get very excited, and do all they can to prevent the Missionary from reading. They very seldom strike or lay hands on European Missionaries, but very often abuse them, or perhaps jostle them in the crowd. I have, however, known of native Missionaries, men who have been converted to Christianity, having been beaten and shamefully ill-treated by their heathen brethren. A native preacher often told me how the townspeople ill-treated him; some pulled away his book, others threw dirt and stones at him, but he meekly suffered in silence; nor would he let me go down with him into the town to keep the people quiet when he was preaching. I asked this good Christian what particular part of the Scriptures made the strongest impression on him when he first thought seriously of Christianity. He answered, "The greatest impression was made upon me after reading John x. 17th and 18th verses, 'Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.'" I may mention that this man was born in a very rich family, but, on his becoming a Christian, he had to leave all his riches and all his friends, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. He died soon after I became acquainted with him, and I have every reason to believe that he died a good Christian.

You must not think that because a man is black he has no soul. If you only had such chances as I have, you would have found that, in this respect, there is no difference between the people of India and the people of England. As for the converted, they are, as Christians, as good as ourselves. And why should they not be? Did not the same God make both white and black men? And is not the blood of Christ able to make the black man's heart as clean as the white man's? Without doubt it is: if it were not so, there would be no use in Missionaries going out to India. There is nothing I dislike so much as to hear Indians called "niggers;" and it is not only the name I dislike, but the contemptuous way in which it is used, very often with some other bad word added to it. For instance, I have often heard them called "cursed niggers," "black brutes:" I can assure you that they are neither cursed, nor brutes, and that I left India and the Indians with sincere regret and sorrow.

But I must tell you about Missionaries. After preaching in the town during the early morning, they are obliged to remain in the house during the heat of the day. You must not, however, think that they are idle all day; far from it; they have to teach in their schools, to attend inquirers (as they call people who come to ask for information regarding Christianity), to compose sermons, and to look after the Christian community.

You may perhaps know that the inhabitants of heathen countries are sometimes very bitter against Christians; and for this reason, and also to enable the Missionaries to look after their flocks better, the native Christians in India generally live as close as they can to the Mission house; indeed, they often form a village of themselves, and, when able to do so, build a small church for their own especial use. This is necessary, because, not being able to understand English, they cannot attend the English church, and the Missionary reads and preaches to them in their own language.

When the sun begins to set, the Missionary again sallies out into the town or village, and preaches, or reads the Bible, until it becomes quite dark.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTH-SEA CONVERT.

A MESSENGER (says a Missionary) came to say that Kaisara was drawing near to his end. I went directly to see him, and found him very weak, scarcely able to speak.

"Well, brother," I said, "how is it now on the borders of Jordan?"

"My ship," he replied, "is moored; the anchor is within the vail; all is well, there will be no shipwreck; all is calm."

Calm, indeed, it was. Not a ruffle was on the surface of his soul; not a doubt of safety was expressed. We spoke together of the labours of past years, and talked of the great love of God to the South-Sea Islanders. It was a soul-cheering visit to one just entering the unseen state.

"What shall I say to the church after you are gone?"

"Tell them," he replied, "to hold fast their confidence to the end—that faith in Christ is necessary to salvation;" and then, as strength would allow, his quivering lips repeated John iii. 36.

"This may, perhaps, be our last meeting below."

"Well," said he, "ere long we shall meet again in the far brighter world above, to dwell for ever with the Lord, there to 'see the King in his beauty,' and that land," pointing to the heavens, "which is afar off."

I prayed with him, and left his humble cottage.

Just as I was going to the out-station, a little after this, I was again sent for to see our dying friend.

"You will soon leave us," I said.

"Yes, the chariot is at the door. The body is the clog which keeps back my spirit; but soon the thread will be cut; then shall I fly away."

"Have you any fear in the prospect of leaving us?"

"None at all."

"What is the reason of this peace of mind as death approaches?"

"Christ is mine. To Him I have committed my soul: why should I fear?"

"Is your trust entirely in Christ?"

"In Christ alone I trust for salvation. He is the true foundation—the way—the door."

As I prayed with him, and asked the divine presence with his soul, he joined with much feeling. I then took my leave. Next day his son came to say that he was near death. I went. His pulse was scarcely to be felt; his breathing was short.

"How is it with you?" I asked.

He replied, "With Christ is my soul."

"Entirely?"

"Yes, entirely."

"No fear?"

"None at all."

"This is the hour of your death."

He was unable to speak, but pressed my hand. After a while he revived, and opened his eyes.

"You will, I trust, soon be with Christ," I said.

"Yes, I shall."

"To-morrow," I said, "is the Sabbath."

He said, "I shall be in heaven."

"How great the love of God in not leaving you in the ignorance of your heathen state!"

Raising his eyes upward, he said, "Great! great!"

With his son-in-law and daughter I then conversed on the difference between the death of a saint and sinner, all of which he heard and understood, as a reply he made fully showed. I left him for a little; but ere I could return, his spirit had fled to be with Him who had redeemed him with his precious blood.

Thus died Kaisara, a good man, a consistent follower of Christ, who was born a heathen, but died a Christian.

CHINA.

MR. Peet, American Missionary of Fuh-chau, speaks of the contempt with which many books and tracts, published by Missionaries, have been received by the literati of China, as having no literary merit, but calculated to injure the style of those who read them; and is very grateful in view of the fact, that, so far as the Scriptures are concerned, this stumbling-block has been removed. He writes—"The version published by delegates from different Protestant Missions is now received more extensively, more favourably, and is better understood by the natives generally, so far as my observation extends, than any other version in Chinese that has yet been published. And this is mainly from the fact that it is more strictly classical, contains a larger number of classical allusions and idiomatic expressions, and adheres more closely to the peculiar genius of the Chinese language, as opposed to foreign or western idioms."

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OTTA, IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

THE Rev. James White is stationed at Otta, a town lying between Abbeokuta and Lagos. The approach to this town from the Lagos side is very pleasing. The traveller advances along a picturesque lane or green alley, bordered on each side by a fence of natural bush and trees, through the gaps of which are glimpses of beautifully-cultivated fields of Indian-corn, with tall, white, spectral-looking trunks rising here and there, the remains of trees destroyed by fire to get them out of the way. This lane, with its showy white blossoms, looking out from the bush on either hand, leads on for a considerable distance until the town is reached with its ruined walls and its eager population of curious Africans. Otta was broken by the Egbas some years since, and its walls have never been rebuilt. Mr. White is laboriously engaged in the Christian instruction of its inhabitants, and has gathered a little flock of eighty native Christians. Of Ishagga, and the sufferings of the native Christians there, he thus speaks—

It is indeed a matter of deep regret to view, and yet without being able to correct, the gross error committed by the great powers of the Yoruba country in wasting their time in puny dissensions, and nursing their strength against themselves, instead of uniting together in defending their territory, and directing their arms in crushing their common foe, that monster of cruelty, the King of Dahomey.

Whilst, therefore, Ibadan, Ijaye, and Abbeokuta are foolishly thinning their ranks and weakening their forces by the destruction of one town after another, the King of Dahomey, who had all along been watching for a fit opportunity to attack Abbeokuta, is too wise not to take advantage of the distracted state of Yoruba, in putting into execution what he had long meditated upon. Thus, while Ijaye, Aways, and Makun are laid waste by the forces of Abbeokuta and Ibadan, Dahomey had courage enough to make a descent upon Ishagga, and massacre the greater part of the inhabitants, sparing the remainder only as victims,

to be shortly offered in sacrifice to his deceased father. As the church of God is more the concern of all God's people, so the question with them naturally is, "What has become of God's church in these places?" And what answer can be more appropriate than the words of the Psalmist addressed to God, and complaining of the misery and calamity which befel the nation of Jerusalem—"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance, thy holy temple have they defiled, they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heavens, the blood of thy saints have they shed like water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them. We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us." The servant of God, with the Ijaye Christian band, is gone into captivity; the Christian band of Awaye has undergone a similar fate; and the Christians at Ishagga are slaughtered, and Doherty, their leader, nailed to a tree. It is a great honour to Doherty that he should be counted worthy to suffer thus as his Lord.

These are heart-rending news and scenes of horror, such as must rend the heart of every true Christian. And who can tell how far the devastation will extend, and who are the next victims to follow. The devout breathing and earnest prayer of many individuals will be the same as that of the same Psalmist—"How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry for ever? Shall thy jealousy burn like fire?" But it may be asked, "Why does God permit his church to be desolated, and his beloved and chosen people to be delivered into the hands of the heathen?"

Surely for wise reasons, which at present our limited capacity cannot understand; for it cannot be from any want of power to save, as He has already given proofs of his omnipotence by his providential and signal deliverance of a John Baptist Dasalu and a Sally Bonetta Forbes out of the jaws of this barbarous tyrant. Nay, the very town of Abbeokuta was providentially delivered from his formidable and overwhelming host.

Our readers will perceive what need there is that fervent prayer continue to be offered. The Psalmist says—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." May there be providential interferences of such a nature as to impress the minds of the people of these lands with such a sense of the majesty of God, that we may see amongst them effects produced, such as the next verse of Psalm lxxvi. refers to—"Vow and pay unto the Lord your God; let all that be round about Him bring presents unto Him that ought to be feared. He shall cut off the spirit of princes; He is terrible to the kings of the earth."

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#### DESCRIPTION OF THE SNAN JATRA, OR BATHING FESTIVAL, AS SEEN AT SERAMPORE.

THE Snan Jatra, or bathing festival, was held on the 12th of June. The morning was very threatening, and about ten o'clock very heavy rain began to fall, and at intervals throughout the day the showers were very copious. We went out very soon after ten, and found a considerable

number already assembled. Our first preaching station is at the corner of the road leading to the Johnnugger village, where the boys' vernacular school was formerly held. The house, or rather shed, stands just at the junction of three roads, along the principal one of which all the people who come from that quarter must pass; and as it stands a little back from the main road, apart from the great noise and confusion prevailing through the whole of the day, it is a favourable preaching-place, and crowds gather round it all day. One of the native brethren is preaching as we enter. We listen to him for some time, and then go on. The crowd is evidently thickening. Special trains have just arrived, bringing with them their living cargo to swell the multitude of the worshippers of Juggernaut. All ages, and apparently all classes, join in the festival. Young children, and men and women, tottering with age, are there. Let us walk along the road with the multitude, and observe the scene as we go.

On both sides rude sheds have been run up, in which almost every conceivable thing is sold. Fruit, fish, vegetables of all kinds, brushes, combs, rings, toys, pictures of the very rudest description, uncouth shapes of animals fashioned in mud and painted in blue, green, red, yellow, or any gaudy colour to catch the eye,—all these things abound. Here is a blind man, whom we recognise as having been a regular visitor for years. Sitting down by the roadside, he holds out his hand, and sings some mournful ditty, and calls on the passers-by to pity his state, and, for the sake of Juggernaut, to help him. Some put down a little rice before him, others a few cowries, and some few throw him a pice or two. Here is an image, another of their gods, set upon a small impromptu altar, and covered overhead with a screen of calico. A Brahmin stands by the side beating a gong, and calling for offerings; the multitude passes by scarcely heeding, and some few only seem to have piety or care enough to offer a little. And though, by the end of the day, a rather large heap of rice may be seen and several pice be counted before the images, yet it is by no means so much as a stranger would suppose would be given to the deities. Here is a group of singing men and singing women, with cymbals and tambourines, playing and dancing, while every now and then between the trees, and a little off from the roads, we catch a glimpse of temporary places erected, and hear the sounds of music and dancing. All seem glad and joyous, but it is with the revelry of hell. Licentiousness and profanity, that we scarcely imagine, reign there. We pass by one of the great temples, and soon are at the entrance of the Christian village. In the distance stands the chapel, and close by a plain shed, where there is another body of native preachers, lifting up their voices in the midst of the universal wickedness, on behalf of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come.

Let us go inside and listen. The crowd stands outside, listening very patiently and attentively; they are not at all angry as they hear the evils of their system exposed; they laugh at the exposure of the vices and follies of their gods; they devour every word that is said, and apparently quite agree with all the preacher says. He finishes, and then one of the European Missionaries speaks. As he is doing so, the crowd in the road thickens more and more; the excitement increases; and there

rushes along the road a body of lattials, or club-men, preceding one of the great men, for whose arrival the priests wait. In a moment the throng around the preaching-station joins them, and not a man is left. The excitement is so great that the preaching must stop for a time. So we go out too, to observe what is going on. We push on with the stream. The shops still ply their vocation. Here is a batch of what we call "Ups-and-downs," so common to an English fair. They are all still now, though they have been and will be busy enough. How dense the crowd is! We can scarce push our way through. A drizzling rain is falling, but there is no room to keep an umbrella up.

To our left is Juggernaut's car: all around are men, women, and children, packed as closely as men, women, and children can be. Look down the road, to the left and right. As far as you can see, nothing but a waving sea of heads. Every tree is filled with human beings, and every house-top is covered. Perched on the top of the cocoa-nut trees, whose branchless trunks out-top the trees around, you will see one or two venturesome beings. Right before you is the plain, heaving with steaming men and women. On the far-off side of the plain stands the temple. Look, they have brought out the god. How carefully he is wrapped up. He is hoisted on the top of the reservoir, so that he can be seen by all around. What an ugly monster he is! His goggle eyes stare fiercely. His grinning mouth stretches all across his face. His stunted arms are fixed close to his side, and he looks altogether a hideous, helpless, misshapen monster. See, they fasten on the stumps of his arms a pair of silver hands; and now, lest the sun should smite him, or the rain hurt him, they hold over him a large umbrella; and lest the heat should overcome him, one stands behind with a large fan, made from the palm-leaf, and fans him gently.

And now what do they wait for? For the great man to come, to give the order to proceed. Ah, here he is. A larger crowd of lattials—a fiercer rush—the dense multitude opens—the great man passes—the gaps close up, and all wait in expectation as before. Flowers and fruit are thrown up as offerings to the god. Suddenly there is the stir amongst the multitude just around the reservoir; and now the officiating priest gets up by the side of the god, and pours over him water, milk, ghee, &c., and as the liquid runs down the face of the hideous grinning monster, the whole crowd bend with their hands to their face, and shout out, "Hurree Bol! Hurree Bol! Victory to Juggernaut! Victory to Juggernaut!"

Oh, you want to see a scene like that to know what Paul meant when his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the city was wholly given to idolatry. Without exaggeration there must have been at least 40,000 persons gathered together, and gathered together not for the purposes of the fair, but to do honour to Juggernaut. Do you ask when this was? In this present month and year, June 1862. Do you ask where? Within fifteen minutes' walk of the place where Carey, Marshman, and Ward laboured for years; of the place which was for so long a time the headquarters of the Mission; on the very spot where the Gospel has been preached week after week for many a year; within eyesight of the Christian village of Johnnugger, where a congregation assembles every Sunday, and where services are regularly conducted.—*Missionary Herald*.



ON THE QUEEN SENDING A BIBLE TO THE KING OF  
MADAGASCAR.

THERE was many a gift for the new-made king,  
 From many afar and near ;  
 THERE was many a rare and precious thing,  
 That well his heart might cheer.  
 THERE were costly robes, there were jewels sheen,  
 Bright swords, a regal pall ;  
 But a gift that was sent by England's Queen  
 Was the choicest gift of all.

IT is pleasant to see the rich things of earth,  
 But we know they must all decay ;  
 And man hath wrought works of priceless worth,  
 But their glory shall pass away.  
 One thing alone to the human heart  
 Abiding treasure brings ;  
 One thing alone can peace impart—  
 'Tis the word of the King of kings.

OH, Queen ! we loved thee well before !  
 Deep graven in our mind  
 Already was a countless store  
 Of thy actions good and kind ;  
 And in sorrow for thy widowed lot,  
 From many a bended knee,  
 In mansion fine and humble cot,  
 Has prayer been made for thee.

BUT now as we kneel our hearts are raised  
 By a thought before unknown—  
 We feel that Victoria's name is praised  
 By subjects not her own.

THOU hast touched a chord of loyal love  
 In that southern island fair,  
 And prayer for thee shall ascend above,  
 From the Christian thousands there.

OH, yes ! when for their faith set free,  
 They shall bless their own good king,  
 They will feel a debt is due to thee,  
 For thy thoughtful offering.

AND eyes that are moist with feeling's tears,  
 On that page shall love to look,  
 Where, in thine own hand, thy name appears,  
 As the giver of the Book !

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THE DAKOTAS.

A LETTER from Dr. Williamson, dated Traverse-des-Sioux, September 8, gives the particulars of his escape, with his family, from the scenes of plunder and massacre, having been warned, guarded, and aided, by the Christian Indians. He remained at his house until he feared that he was seriously endangering these friends, as well as his own life, by so doing, and then left, Tuesday night, August 19. He indignantly repels the charge that the Christian Indians were helpers, and even leaders, in the uprising. Nothing, he says, could be farther from the truth. "Near the Upper Agency, where the Mission had most influence, as yet it is not known that more than one man was killed, and he when attempting to shoot the Indians. More than one hundred are known to have escaped

unhurt, all through the aid of Christian Indians." He mentions the murder of Mr. A. W. Huggins, at his own house, near Lac-qui-Parle, by an Indian from another village. Mr. Huggins was the son of a former member of the Mission, had been a teacher under Government for several years, "was a good man, had the welfare of the Indians much at heart, and would have been protected by his neighbours, but they were from home." Mr. Riggs wrote from Fort Ridgely, September 10 (where he was as chaplain, with the military force)—"Messengers from Yellow Medicine report all the Mission buildings burned except the Hazelwood church—spared at the solicitation of our people." It is supposed, he says, that the Indians have between one and two hundred prisoners, "most of whom are treated pretty well, but they are watched."

A CONTRAST.

In June 1857, a British force of nearly 2000 men, European and native, besides civilians, women and children, were shut up in the Residency at Lucknow, while the city around was filled with masses of armed insurgents, eager for their destruction, and resolved, if possible, on compassing it; and there they had to stand at bay, until relieved by Havelock's little force on September 25th.

But though this had been happily accomplished, still the united body was not strong enough to leave the Residency and commence a march towards Cawnpore. The siege, therefore, was turned into a blockade, until November 16th, when Lord Clyde, driving away the masses of the enemy, extricated the beleaguered force, and, retiring to Cawnpore, evacuated for a season the Province of Oude.

It was a disheartening moment when the old veterans, in the silence of midnight, withdrew stealthily from the houses and barricades where, for some months, they had been, by God's mercy, so wonderfully preserved from the wrath of a fierce and powerful enemy.

Let us look into Lucknow as it is now. War has ceased. British power is once more established there; and so thoroughly changed is the condition of affairs in little more than four years, that there is not in India a more loyal province. Christian Missionaries are there peacefully pursuing their labours. Nor is there any part of India where they meet with so many and respectful hearers. "There is a peculiar feature in bazaar preaching here," writes one of our Missionaries, "which one does not meet with elsewhere, namely, the attention daily given by crowds of people to the preaching of the Gospel. We have more especially two preaching-places, where several persons assemble before we come, who wait for us, and feel disappointed if at any time we should be prevented from preaching on the accustomed day. Moreover, we have often addressed large congregations of the Mohammedans and Hindus, more than 200 in number, who listened with such decorum, that they may be favourably compared to many congregations in Europe."

The Missionaries, moreover, are invited to the houses of the people, and have thus opportunities of holding important conversations with them. There has also been gathered together a little Christian flock of 85 persons, of whom 17 are communicants. Let us pray for a rapid spread of God's saving truth in this lately-rebellious and still wicked city.

THE TUNGUSES.

THE Tunguses, or Tungusians, are a tribe of Manchoo Tartars, who roam over a great extent of north-eastern Asia, from the Yenisei to the Lena. They are only one of many Tartar tribes dispersed over these dreary regions, and are known by different names. They are of middle stature,



TUNGUSE SORCERESS AND NATIVES.

slender, and extremely active, with lively smiling countenances, small eyes, and dark hair. Their dress is nearly the same as that of other Tartar nations, and consists of trowsers of the rein-deer skin, with the hair inside, and stockings and boots of the same animal, the latter made from the legs; a waistcoat and jacket, also of leather, sometimes lined with white foxes' or hares' skins; and lastly, a single or double frock, with the hair in and outside, the two leather sides being together. A warm cap and large gloves, with a guard for the chest, made of white fox skin, and a comforter round the neck, of squirrels' tails, complete the costume. An axe, a knife, wooden spoon, and kettle, constitute their only utensils; and a pipe of tobacco, with a glass of spirits, their highest luxury. Their tents are composed of a few poles stuck in the ground, tied together at the top, and covered chiefly with the inside bark of the larch, rendered pliable by holding it over the steam of boiling water and smoke. They keep great numbers of rein-deer, one individual having sometimes more than a thousand.

The winter in these dreary regions lasts for eight months, during two whole months of which the sun is hid from sight. Then the snow rises as high as the houses, the wind blows strong enough to knock you off your legs, and the frost cuts short your breathing. The summer lasts two months, but it is one long day, during which the inhabitants see always the sun in the horizon. Then the waters of the great rivers supply an abundance of unrivalled fish. As they have no salt, they bury their fish in trenches, and the frost preserves much of it for their use in winter.

These poor people live in dread of evil spirits, whom they are ever endeavouring to propitiate, and in this consists their religion. The spirit of the forest is their special dread—a demon whom they imagine to be possessed of unlimited power. To him offerings are suspended from the branches of the trees; extemporaneous songs chanted to conciliate him; while at supper, the first spoonful is invariably thrown into the fire to secure a sound sleep for the genius of the place. The Greek priests have baptized many of these people, but, under a new name, they retain the old superstitions.

The Tunguses are characteristically honest and friendly, robbery being considered as unpardonable. A traveller describes himself as witness of their hospitality and improvidence, for they seem to have no thought of the future, and therefore rapidly share what they have killed. Yet it is strange that nothing will induce them to kill a rein-deer for their own consumption, until they have been eight days without food: the act is then considered justifiable. They bear fatigue, cold, and privations to an extraordinary degree. They are sensible of, and thankful for, kind treatment, but will permit no one to abuse them. To strike a Tungusian is indeed a great crime, and often leads to fatal consequences, as, in that case, they do not consider their word as sacred, but justifiable to be broken. They are exceedingly irascible, and can be done nothing with but by good words.

Yakoutsk is the chief town of the government, in which the Tunguses are found. It consists of seven churches and 400 wooden houses of one storey, with a bazaar, round which all the shops are placed. There is a

monastery and an hospital. It stands on a bleak plain along the bank of the river Lena, one of the finest streams in the world, being ten miles and a half broad in the winter and four miles in the summer, and from its sources to its entrance into the frozen sea, pursuing a course of 4000 miles.

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#### MISSIONARY PROGRESS AT CALCUTTA.

IN a recent letter, the Rev. J. Vaughan, our Missionary at Calcutta, communicates to us various items of encouraging intelligence, which will be found grouped together in the following extract—

✠ During the year I have had the happiness to baptize four adult converts. The case of one interested me much. He was the dewan (steward) to a Christian gentleman living at Serampore. One morning he came to me desiring instruction, with a view to baptism. I asked his history; and he replied that he had, from time to time, heard something about Christianity in his master's house. For two or three years he had been dwelling on the subject. He had opened his mind to no one before; but he felt so anxious and wretched of late, that he could not properly discharge the duties of his position: he had therefore asked the lady to give him his discharge. Two members of our church were employed in the same house: directed by them, he had found his way to me.

The story was so strange that I felt a suspicion as to his motives. I assured him that I would write to his mistress, and inquire into the case; and that, if it turned out correct, I should be most happy to give him instruction; but that no help whatever of a temporal kind could be afforded. He replied, that his only concern was for salvation, and that, as for money, he needed none—he had a deposit in the bank. Whilst he was speaking he seemed much excited, and at last he staggered and fell down in a swoon. I had him carried into the house, where, after a while, he revived. I found that he had fainted from sheer exhaustion: the distress of his mind had been such, that for three or four days he had scarcely touched food. Having obtained from his mistress a full corroboration of his statement, I at once placed him under instruction. He took employment with a gentleman in Calcutta; and, after a probation of four months, he was baptized last June. Bongshee is, I have no hesitation in saying, a humble, earnest, devoted follower of Jesus.

Jadunath,\* I am thankful to say, continues to walk worthy of his vocation. The meekness of his character, and the consistency of his deportment, are very pleasing to witness. His brothers, who were violently opposed to his baptism, are now fully reconciled to him, and many are the opportunities which he has enjoyed of commending the truth to their consciences; nor are his example and exhortations without fruit. One of his brothers already admits his conviction, that, "if there be a true religion on earth, it is Christianity." But another has got much further: he has been diligently reading the Bible; and he lately expressed to Jadunath his entire belief in Jesus as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. His brother is older than Jadunath. I well

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\* *Vide* "Church Missionary Gleaner," Dec. 1860, p. 135.

remember the day when, with tearful eyes and passionate entreaties, he tried to dissuade Jadu from a confession of Christ. Now he, too, is a believer. May God give him grace also boldly to name himself after the Lord! As yet he shrinks from a public avowal of his faith.

The work amongst the lepers\* continues to cheer me. Now and then there are weaknesses of character which grieve me; but there is sincerity and earnestness and increasing intelligence. The young man whose conversion was owing, in the first instance, to the instructions of one of my little boys in the hospital, is a most interesting character. He can never leave his bed, yet he is never sad: his face ever wears a cheerful smile, and his chief delight is the study of God's word. He has got, besides, a little library of good books by his side: by the aid of these his time passes by pleasantly and profitably. Sometimes he varies his exercises by writing hymns in Hindustanee. Every afternoon he gathers his suffering brethren around him for service. The scene is truly interesting to see the poor creatures, with their mutilated bodies, sitting around his bed, whilst he, with his Bible and Prayer-book, ministers to their instruction and conducts their devotions. Only one has been baptized during the year; but two or three are under preparation for that sacred rite. During the year four of these poor sufferers have been called away. The death of one is worthy of note, as illustrating the gracious sustaining power of our holy religion. Thakundas had always evinced deep earnestness and simple faith. During the year which elapsed from his baptism he had grown both in knowledge and grace. Poor fellow! dreadful were his sufferings; but his heart was steadfast, trusting in the Lord. One evening he called me to his side. "Sahib," he said, "I am very feeble and full of pain: I cannot rise, and I cannot eat: I feel as though the Lord were about to call me away. He knows best, and may his will be done!" In answer to an allusion to the mercy of God, he remarked, "Yes, indeed, He has shown mercy to me: the fact of his having brought me to this place to learn the way of salvation is a proof of his great mercy to me." In reply to a question as to the ground of his hope, he said, "Yes, my heart is fixed on Christ, and on Christ alone. I know it is only through his merits and love I can hope to be saved." His eyes filled with tears; and with faltering accents he exclaimed, "Ah! what an agony was that which Jesus endured on the cross for me!" I will not deny that my eyes, too, filled with tears, and I blessed God from my inmost soul for so inspiring a scene.

#### ANNUAL MEETING AT COEDCWYNNWR, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

WE now conclude the speech of Captain Waddington, which we were obliged to divide last month for want of space—

No one, who has not been in India, can realize the difficulties which are thrown in the way of a Missionary, even where the people are well-behaved, and inclined to pay attention to what he says. These difficulties are too numerous to mention in detail, but one of the greatest is the barrier of caste. I must explain what I mean by saying that in India

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\* Vide "Church Missionary Gleaner," April 1861, p. 38, and Feb. 1862, p. 16.

the people are divided into what are called castes. For instance : there are four grand castes ; 1. The priest ; 2. The soldier ; 3. The merchant ; 4. The working people. Now you can understand that the priests, being very bigoted, would not mix up with the other castes, but the evil does not stop here. One priest will not only not associate with another priest, but he would not drink a cup of water out of the other's cup ; nor will every labourer drink, or even take water from the hand of another labourer. In fact, if one labourer were to touch the water-pot of another labourer, the pot would be broken to pieces. The result of this is, that a man can only get a cup of water from one of his own household, or from one of his own relatives. I mention a cup of water, as, in a hot country, it is a great matter to get a drop of water when one is thirsty, and, indeed, it would go hard with a man if he could not get water sometimes : for instance, I know a place in India where all the Englishmen keep a jug of cold water near their beds, the heat being so intense, that, if the water be not handy to stop it, apoplexy comes on, and a person dies in a few hours. This is, however, an extreme case, but you all know what torture it is to be what is called "dying of thirst" even in this country ; so what must it be in such a hot country as India ?

It is, then, of the utmost importance to get water to drink in India, and, as I said before, no one but your relatives will give it to you. You can imagine how anxious the people are to keep on good terms with their relatives, and many are kept from avowing their convictions merely through fear of breaking with their relatives, or, as it is called there, of getting "put out of caste." A man out of caste is shunned as if he had the leprosy, and no one dares to give him any thing. Now when a man shows signs of becoming a Christian, he is immediately put out of caste : who can wonder, then, that our weak brethren think more of their present than of their future welfare ; or, if I may express it, think more of a cup of cold water in this transitory world, than of that living water which would be a well of water springing up into everlasting life ?

Who can wonder that our Missionaries need so much encouragement to support them in their labours ? Moreover, when a native of India becomes a Christian, it does not follow that his wife imitates his good example : on the contrary, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, she deserts her husband, and goes back to her father's house ; in fact, even were she so inclined, she cannot well live with him, for her caste would forbid her using the same dishes as her Christian husband, and if she lived in the same house with him, the people would at any rate give her credit for using her husband's dishes, and would accordingly put her out of caste. In most cases, however, the wife does not choose to live with her converted husband, so he literally has to leave houses, brethren, sisters, father, mother, wife, children, and lands, for Christ's sake—a task the hardness of which must be felt to be realized.

The Missionary has much reason to persevere in his work ; but as yet the good time has not come when the Indian congregations can support their own pastors, so it becomes necessary to supply funds from this country. We in India also subscribe our quotas, and do so the more willingly as we sometimes see the fruit of Mission labour : but our sub-

scriptions are not by any means sufficient; and to induce the good people of England to assist, meetings like the present are got up, where short accounts of the trials Missionaries have to undergo, the result of their preaching, and the state of the funds, are laid before those who attend. It is my firm belief that there are hundreds, nay, thousands of people in India, at this present moment, who are kindly disposed towards Christians, and who not only see the folly of worshipping idols, but would be readily convinced of the truth of Christianity if there were only Missionaries to send to them. Although, as I have already stated, the dread of being turned out of caste prevents many from openly confessing their belief in Christianity, if any man of consequence among them could be converted, thousands would follow the good example. In the district next to mine in India there are thousands of converted natives, men who are considered of no caste; and in the district which was under my charge there were thousands of the same class of men, who would, as far as we can judge, speedily throw their idols to the moles and bats. "But how shall they call on Him, in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Oh, how I should rejoice to see a preacher sent to this great flock, which at present has no shepherd!

But to prove to you that not only are Hindus of low caste, or, more properly speaking, of no caste, ripe for conversion, but also men of high caste, and men of the religion called Mohammedan. I will mention, that for the benefit of the people of the town where I lived in India, I had the Book of Common Prayer translated into Hindustanee, and every Tuesday fifty or sixty Hindus and Mohammedans, all heathen, used to join me in public worship. They were most attentive during the service, were very particular to kneel down at the proper times, and willingly paid for Prayer-books, Testaments, and other religious books. At these services old and young, rich and poor, high and low caste, mingled together, and, extraordinary to relate, the rich, who were entitled to, and at first were offered, chairs to sit upon, signified their desire to sit on the ground with their poorer brethren, saying, that in church all should be on an equality. In India, a poor man never sits on a chair in the presence of a rich man, while the rich are very exacting in their claims for chairs; so much so, that a rich man, who was entitled to a chair, would be grievously insulted if you were to ask him to sit on the ground; indeed, on ordinary occasions, they would stand for any length of time rather than degrade themselves by sitting on the ground. How great, then, must be their naturally religious feeling to lay aside their dignity and pride when entering the house of God!

You must not, however, suppose that the natives of India are all so tractable, or that those who lived near me were always willing to hear the Gospel; far from it: but, as far as I have heard from other parts of the country, and certainly in my own district, the minds of the natives are much altered to what they were, say ten years ago; and the difference has been more marked since the mutiny and rebellion in 1857-58.

You may perhaps have heard that when the native soldiers broke out into mutiny, they did so calling out "Deen, deen," that is, "Religion,



religion;" in fact, the Hindus and Mohammedans waged a religious war against the Christians; the result being that the God of battles upheld the Christians, and our enemies were constrained to confess that the religion of the English was all-powerful.

On this account many have been led to inquire about the Christian religion; and once they begin to inquire, there can be no fear of the general result. The difficulty hitherto has been to get them to listen; but that being now, in a great measure, removed, there is more need of greater exertion on the part of the Missionaries: but the number of labourers is so few, that many of the most promising fields for the harvest are of necessity left to themselves; and it is to England we must at present look, not only for labourers, but also for money to pay the expenses of sending them out to, and maintaining them in, India.

In due time, I doubt not that the Indian church will furnish and maintain its own preachers; but until that happy time arrives it cannot exist without aid from England.

All can assist in rendering this aid; and you should remember that our Saviour's approval of the widow's mite shows that the value of the gift does not consist in its extent, but in the spirit in which it is given. Moreover, the Indian church not only wants your money, but also your prayers. The latter, I have no doubt, will be willingly offered up; and I trust the former will not be withheld, for you know that God loveth a cheerful giver. Let every man give according as he is disposed in his heart. "He that soweth little shall reap little; and he that soweth plentifully shall reap plentifully."

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### THE GREAT RAPID OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

THE great river Saskatchewan descends into Lake Winnipeg by four distinct steps, or rapids, separated from one another by an interval of from one to four miles. The largest of these, called the Grand Rapids, is said by those who have had opportunity of examining the rivers of the American continent to be unsurpassed as a rapid in magnificence and extent, as well as volume of water. Its length is two miles and three-quarters, and in this space it falls forty-three and a half feet.

The upper portion of the rapid "presents a scene that strikes the beholder with wonder and admiration. The great body of water that has been stealing along, swiftly but silently, for many miles, appears to be suddenly imbued with life, the rippling of the water becoming gradually more turbulent, until it rises into huge rolling billows, crested with foam, like waves in a stormy sea."

This rapid is the greatest obstruction that we have in reaching our Missionary stations at Cumberland, the Nepowewin, and English River; and yet, in passing to and fro from Red River it must be met, and the boats in descending the river, run, or in ascending, track, the rapid.

Let us consider, first, the upward voyage. At the foot of a rapid the boat discharges half its load; then the bowman and steersman remaining in the boat, the remainder of the crew, consisting of some six or eight voyageurs, commence to track. Each man is attached to the tracking rope by a leather belt, and, thus harnessed, they drag the boat along, run-

ning and scrambling over the hard slippery and jagged rocks at the side of the rapid. At a certain point the boat is pulled across from the north to the south side, where the towing path is better; and here, such is the force of the water, that the "main line," a much thicker rope than the usual tracking line, has to be used. There being no footing at the bottom of the walls of rock which overhang the stream, the men have to run along the top of the limestone cliffs, hauling the boat along, on board which the bowman with his pole, and the steersman with his long-sweep oar, have their strength and skill tasked to the utmost to prevent the boat being dashed to pieces against the rocks.

We can realize such a scene, and paint it, as in a picture, before the mind. We cannot but admire the perseverance of these men, their unflinching courage, their endurance of hardship. Is there nothing to be learned from it? Is the Lord's work all smooth water? Are there no rapids, no resistances to be overcome? Do we never feel we are doing our portion of it, as though we were overstrained, and never could bear up against the force of the current? Shall we not emulate the intrepidity of these men, and learn from them to endure hardness, remembering that "in due time we shall reap, if we faint not?" Is there not One to look to, who has promised that as our day so shall our strength be, and whose smile is more than a recompense for all our toil and travail?

But if the ascent be toilsome, what shall be said of the descent, when the boat runs the whole rapid? For this hazardous experiment a guide is needed, and even then, under the most favourable circumstances, there is enough to make a stout heart tremble. The fierceness of the current, the turbulence of the surges, the dangerous proximity of the rugged wall of rocks bounding the channel, the sharp rocky points jutting out into the river,—what need, amongst all this, of a collected mind, a quick eye, a powerful and steady hand, when a hair's-breadth mistake may endanger the safety of all!

There are rapids we must each descend. There are many critical passages in the life of man, and at the termination of his earthly life lies the Great Rapid. We need One to guide—"guide us with Thy counsel!" Without his presence, how shall we proceed, how avoid wreck and utter ruin? How many are there not who have been broken on the rocks or swamped by the surges, because they trusted in themselves, their own wisdom and resolution, and refused to commit themselves to the guidance of the Saviour?

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#### THE GOSPEL AMONG THE SLAVES IN TRAVANCORE.

ONE of the most remarkable features in the South-India Mission is the movement among the slaves of Travancore, a down-trodden and ignorant people. Nor is their ignorance to be wondered at, when it is remembered that they have been almost entirely excluded from intercourse with other portions of the Travancore population. This is owing, in a great measure, to the nature of the country, and the circumstances under which the inhabitants were led to occupy their several localities.

A great part of Travancore is morass or paddy ground. This is dotted with smaller or larger hillocks scraped together from the surrounding swamp, and here the slaves reside and grow a few dry crops. From these and the adjacent grounds they contrive also to raise roots, or appropriate other people's paddy, so as to render themselves nearly independent of the markets; on which account, numbers of them, except in sowing and reaping seasons, never come in contact with the other inhabitants. But this infrequency of communion keeps up the prejudices of the class people against them. Besides that, being legally polluted and polluting outcasts, the slaves dare not walk or assemble in the public roads with other people, but are compelled to remain separate and excluded like people in quarantine, or lepers under the ceremonial law. And when compelled to walk where other classes go, they are obliged to shout and run out of the way when a caste man passes, lest he should be contaminated by their too near approach.

They have gained one advantage by this separation—they are nearly ignorant of the Brahminical religion—in fact they are a distinct people, their language peculiar, and their customs differing from those of the other inhabitants, by whom they are regarded as strangers and outcasts.

Their notions of a Deity are very crude. Of a God who loves them they know nothing. All their religious ceremonies turn upon keeping off the wrath of malignant spirits: for this purpose they sacrifice cocks, whose blood they sprinkle upon some altar: for this end they practise their incantations and charms. They believe in demoniacal possession. At every important ceremony such an apparent possession may be witnessed. A fiendish-looking man is painted over with yellow and red ochre, various feathers and skins of animals are fastened to his arms and legs, bells and brass rings are secured to his neck: accoutred thus, and with his greasy matted hair dishevelled, and brandishing a knife in his hand, he really looks satanic. Having been well drugged with a good dose of arrack, he begins to leap and dance, and to make the most hideous grimaces. Soon he begins to rave and foam like a madman, and then the possession is considered established.

Morally and physically they are much degraded. They are stunted in stature and are paralyzed in mind. Many are blind from want of medicine when suffering from eye diseases; crippled by falling from trees, and none to set the broken limb; knotted and deformed by rheumatism, for want of common clothing and shelter. As they are only paid when they are able to work, and receive nothing when ill, or on a Sunday, in case their master is a Syrian or Romanist, they must either starve or steal. Of course they take refuge in the latter alternative. Hence, no produce in gardens or fields is safe from their depredation. By night they go about, cutting down boughs from trees, which they sell as firewood by day. They take up cocoanuts, yams, and such like, as soon as planted. It requires vigilant watching to prevent their taking up by night what is planted by day. From the uncertainty in getting their food, they have acquired the habit of having only one meal a day, and that at night. Early in the morning they go to the toddy-shop, where

you may find them again at noon. Even the youngest child is trained to drink toddy. This vicious practice has its evil influence upon mind and body. Many become so dull and stupid, that they are not able to count up to ten, and can take in no idea beyond the daily routine work to which they have been trained from their early childhood.

Their numbers are considerable, in Travancore and Cochin there being very nearly 200,000 of this people.

How did the work commence? A devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ visited Travancore in 1854, the late Rev. T. G. Ragland. Amongst other places he came to Mallapalli, the extreme point at that time of the Mission work in Travancore. There he saw the slaves, and his heart was moved for them, and, entering into conversation on the subject with the Rev. J. Matthan, the native minister, he urged him to attempt instructing them in Christianity.

He lived, while there, in the gallery of the church, which is built after the Syrian style, the western gallery being divided into two rooms, one open, and the other closed in and arranged with two sleeping recesses, similar to the berths of a ship. There is every reason to believe that a large portion of dear Ragland's visit to Mallapalli was spent in the gallery of this truly Indian church, in earnest prayer to God for Travancore, and especially for its poor outcast slaves: such was the impression of those who saw most of him at the time.

The work commenced, and what was the result? Why, in the Tiru-wella, Pallam, Mavelikara, Cottayam, and Mundakayam districts, slave schools are to be found in all directions, and their simple thatched chapels are frequented on Sundays by congregations of earnest inquirers after truth, some hundreds of whom have made a public profession of their adherence to Christ in the sacrament of baptism. Those who examined them for baptism, and who witnessed its administration, have confessed with one mouth that they have never seen more satisfactory proof of the Spirit's work in convincing of sin and revealing the Saviour to the sinner, than that which they witnessed in these poor despised converts!

Last October a large number of these poor people openly professed their faith in Him in whom there is neither bond or free. Our Missionary, the Rev. H. Andrews, reports—

For the past month or two I have been busy with candidates for baptism, and have admitted ninety-seven to that ordinance: of these, seventy-five were full adults, and about ten more were able to answer for themselves, being more than mere children. This number is the harvest from some four congregations, including Western, Eastern slaves and Pariahs. I was much surprised by many of their answers. Their apprehension of spiritual things is very far in advance of their knowledge of common worldly things around them. They all seem to have a firm intelligent faith in a living present and personal Saviour, who Himself hath evidently taught them. Some old persons gave beautiful accounts of Christ's work for them, and grew quite eloquent on that subject. The movement still progresses, and inquirers join almost weekly. I hope also the higher castes are thinking more upon the claims of Christianity.

## THE CONTRAST.

THE following hymn, with its scripture references, was brought from England to the United States, and there printed and put into circulation. Some of the copies reached the school for the children of freed men at Hampton, in Virginia, and the verses were committed to memory by the children, who were wont to sing them in their Sunday and day schools.

Evil days came on Virginia. The dreadful war, which still rages, broke out, and its hills and valleys became a battle-field, where hundreds of thousands of armed men have met and fought in mortal strife, and tens of thousands have been slain. Hampton, amongst other places, felt the scourge. It was visited by a body of soldiers, who committed much violence. The school, amongst other places, was visited, and the children frightened and dispersed.

Next day a Christian man, wending through the streets of the village, and sorrowing at the change which had come, heard from the ruins of an old church the sound of children's voices singing in concert. He soon distinguished the words of the hymn, and, on rounding the corner, discovered from twenty to thirty of the school children, mostly girls, sitting on the grass, and on the broken steps and fallen bricks of the old church, singing. One-half or two-thirds of them knew the whole hymn, and all joined in the chorus. Never did music sound sweeter than that. The place, the circumstances, the condition of the singers, all combined to make the scene affecting.

|                                             |                   |
|---------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| I have a home above,                        | 2 Cor. v. i.      |
| From sin and sorrow free ;                  | Rev. xxi. 4.      |
| A mansion which eternal love                | John xiv. 2.      |
| Design'd and form'd for me.                 | Matt. xxv. 34.    |
| My Father's gracious hand                   | Eph. i. 3.        |
| Has built this sweet abode,                 | Heb. xi. 16.      |
| From everlasting it was plann'd—            | Eph. i. 11.       |
| My dwelling-place with God.                 | Exod. xv. 17.     |
| My Saviour's precious blood                 | Heb. ix. 11, 12.  |
| Has made my title sure ;                    | Heb. x. 14.       |
| He pass'd through death's dark raging flood | Ps. xlii. 7.      |
| To make my rest secure.                     | Heb. iv. 10.      |
| The Comforter is come,                      | Acts ii. 2, 4.    |
| The Earnest has been given ;                | Eph. i. 13, 14.   |
| He leads me onward to the home              | Rom. viii. 14.    |
| Reserv'd for me in heaven.                  | 1 Pet. i. 4, 5.   |
| Bright angels guard my way ;                | Heb. i. 14.       |
| His ministers of power,                     | Ps. ciii. 20.     |
| Encamping round me night and day,           | Ps. xxxiv. 7.     |
| Preserve in danger's hour.                  | Ps. xci. 7.       |
| Lov'd ones are gone before,                 | 1 Sam. xii. 23    |
| Whose pilgrim days are done ;               | Heb. xi. 13.      |
| I soon shall greet them on that shore       | 1 Thess. iv. 14.  |
| Where partings are unknown.                 | 1 Thess. iv. 17.  |
| But more than all, I long                   | Exod. xxxiii. 18. |
| His glories to behold,                      | John xvii. 24.    |
| Whose smile fills all that radiant throng   | Ps. iv. 6, 7.     |
| With ecstasy untold.                        | Jude 24.          |

That bright, yet tender smile,  
 (My sweetest welcome there)  
 Shall cheer me through the "little while"  
 I tarry for him here.

Thy love, thou precious Lord,  
 My joy and strength shall be;  
 Till Thou shalt speak the gladd'ning word  
 That bids me rise to Thee.

And then through endless days,  
 Where all Thy glories shine,  
 In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
 The grace that made me Thine.

Before the great I AM,  
 Around His throne above,  
 The Song of Moses and the Lamb  
 We'll sing with deathless love.

Num. vi. 25, 26.  
 Matt. xxv. 34.  
 John xiv. 18, 19.  
 1 Thess. i. 10.

S. Songs i. 2.  
 John xv. 10, 11.  
 S. Songs ii. 10.  
 S. Songs ii. 13.

Ps. xlv. 2.  
 Rev. xxi. 23.  
 Rev. v. 9, 10.  
 Eph. ii. 8.

Ex. iii. 14.  
 Rev. xiv. 3.  
 Rev. xv. 3.  
 S. Songs viii. 7.

### IT NEVER DRIES UP.

I WAS staying at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to fetch all their water from a well. Not a single house boasts the wealth of a pump. At all hours of the day, but chiefly before breakfast and before tea-time, divers little feet and great, often unshod, but very active, might be seen padding along a narrow lane, with every kind of pitcher, kettle, and can, to a fresh-water well. Not a very trustworthy friend, after all, was this village well.

"Is this spring ever dry?" I inquired.

"Dry? yes, ma'am; very often, in hot weather."

"And where do you go then for water?"

"To the Freshet, a little way out of town."

"And if the Freshet dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the Rock-well, higher up—the best water of all."

"But if the Rock-well fails?"

"Why, ma'am, the Rock-well never dries up—never. It is always the same, winter and summer."

I went to see this precious well which "never dries up." It was a clear, sparkling rivulet, coming down from the high hills, not with torrent-leap and roar, but with the steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every child's little pitcher. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The ewes and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way (as I could see by their hoof-dints) to the well that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the waters of life and salvation, flowing from the heart of the "Rock of Ages," and brought within reach of all men by the Gospel of Jesus Christ: Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and adversity; but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Without waiting till earth's wayside brooks shall fail, let us all hasten at once, with hearts athirst, to the heavenly well "WHICH NEVER DRIES UP."—*Carrier Dove.*

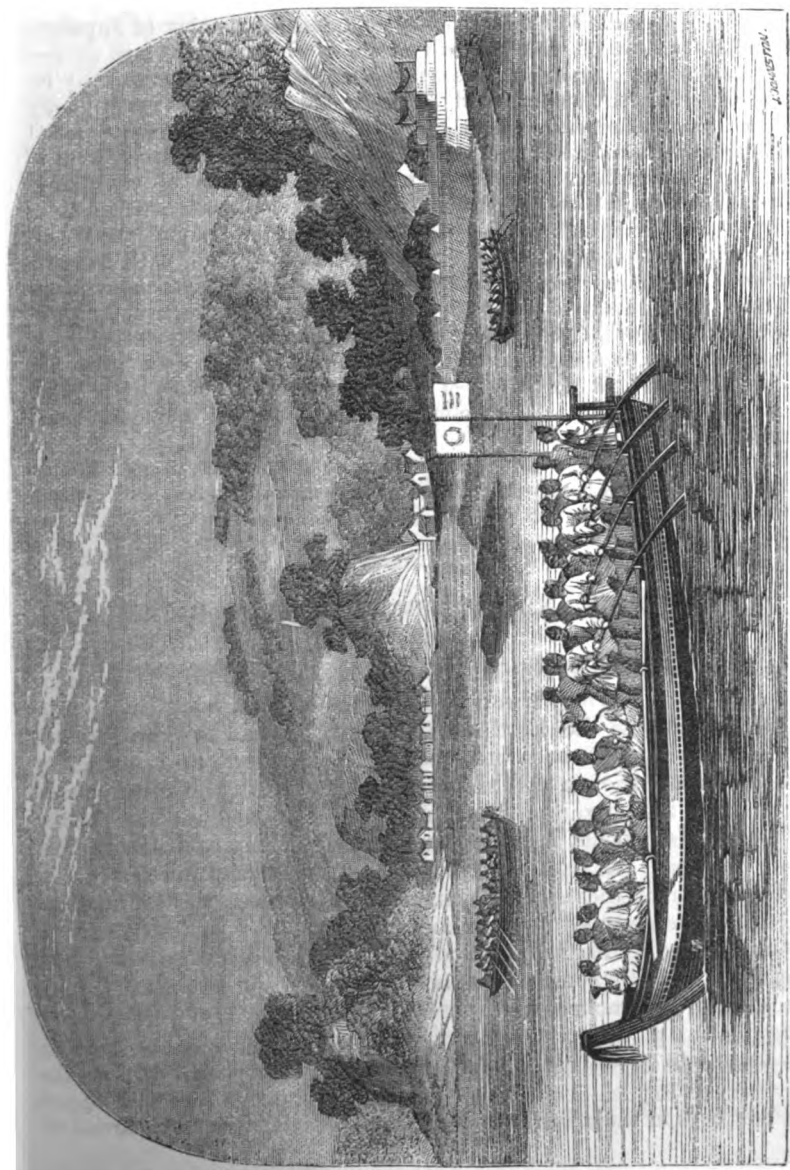
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### THE BAY OF YEDDO, JAPAN.

Our engraving presents a view of the Bay of Yeddo, that city in Japan which is the seat of the Tycoon's power, and where great political changes are going forward at the present time.

The Bay of Yeddo is exceedingly beautiful. The high cultivation of



VIEW IN THE BAY OF YEDDO JAPAN.

the land everywhere, the deep rich green of all the vegetation, the innumerable thrifty villages amidst groves of trees, the rivulets flowing down the green slopes of the hills, combine to form a landscape of great beauty. Along the western side of the bay, from its mouth to the capital, there is almost a continuous range of towns and villages. Yokuhama, where the Europeans are resident, is one of these villages, distant from the suburb of Yeddo called Sinagawa about five miles.

Dispersed over the bay may be seen an immense number of Japanese craft of all kinds, each with a tassel at its prow, and a square striped flag at its stern. Amongst these the guard-boats are particularly remarkable. They are constructed of unpainted wood, with very sharp bows, a broad beam, and a slightly tapering stern. They are propelled with great swiftness through, or rather over, the water, for they seem to skim upon the surface. The crews, numbering, in some of the larger boats, thirty or more, are tall and muscular men, the upper part of their tawny persons being naked. Towards night, however, they clothe themselves with loose gowns, some of red and others of blue, with hanging sleeves, on which are white stripes, meeting in an angle at the shoulders. On their backs, coats of arms are emblazoned. They are usually bare-headed. The hair is shaven on the crown, but, being allowed to grow long at the sides, is fastened up into a knot on the bald spot upon the top of the head. At the stern of each boat is a small flag, with three horizontal stripes in it, or a white one on either side, and a black one in the middle.

The opportunities for Missionary effort are as yet very limited in this land. Something is being done in the distribution of books, and conversation. It is, however, but the day of small things.

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#### CONVERSION AND BAPTISM OF A YOUNG PARSEE AT BOMBAY.

THIS Parsee lad, about eighteen years of age, by name Merwunjee Framjee Modí, having, through the grace of God, been brought to know and confess the Lord Jesus Christ, has had to pass through severe trials: he has been besieged by the prayers and entreaties of relatives and friends, and has been made to feel in the most powerful manner the anguish of parting with father and mother for the sake of Christ. This has been far more searching and severe than open violence. Let us thank God that he has been able to endure it, and pray that in these tribulations may be laid deep the foundations of an humble and useful Christian character. We introduce an account, written by himself, of God's providential dealings with him, prefacing it with some remarks by our Missionary, the Rev. J. Sheldon, of Kurrachee, who writes—

Merwunjee Framjee Modí is the son of one of our most respectable Parsees, of the influential Modí family. His father placed him in the Government English School in 1854. He was always considered one of the best boys in the school, and for several years in succession carried off



the best prizes. During the last two years of his course at the Government school he used to come occasionally to me for instruction. His respectful bearing and gentle manners at once drew me to him, and I gladly encouraged him to come to the Mission House after school hours. When he had learnt all the Brahmin head master could teach him, the educational inspector, Major Goldsmith, who had himself taken great pains to instruct him, gave him a recommendation to the income-tax office, just then established. In less than four months the office was abolished, and Mewunjee dismissed. Much to my surprise, he came to our school, and begged to be admitted as a scholar. He pressed me so earnestly to comply with his wishes, that, though he was far above all our boys, I consented, and placed him in a class I was then preparing for school monitors. Here he remained for some time, and, when satisfied with his motives, I gave him a class, which he taught with great zeal and ability. In a short time his talents and gentle demeanour gained for him a position of considerable influence in the school. He became the friend and adviser of all the senior boys. Every boy qualified to enter Merwunjee's class prayed me to admit him, and even the monitors gladly accompanied him to his home for instruction after school hours. During the whole of this time I used to give daily Scripture lessons to the monitors. The marked attention of Merwunjee I noticed repeatedly, but did not know how powerfully Christian truth was affecting him. A letter, to my great joy, revealed this to me, and I gladly promised to instruct him after school hours. Never was a pupil more apt to learn. Often, to my astonishment, he grasped some of the leading doctrines of Christianity, explaining with striking clearness their difficulties, and giving reasons for believing them. The doctrine of the Trinity was at first hard to be understood. It was the one he had heard most frequently attacked, and rejected as a contradiction in itself. One day he asked me why it was necessary for Christ to be God as well as man. In reply, I asked what was sin? Was it not an act committed against an Infinite Being? And could any one less than Infinite make atonement for sin thus committed? This seemed to remove what had evidently been a great obstacle to his heartily receiving Christianity; and gradually he learned to accept the doctrine of the Trinity, so difficult to the Parsee and Mohammedan mind, as the very foundation of the Christian scheme of salvation. Nothing could be more delightful than teaching such a catechumen; and now nothing is more assuring to me of the sincerity of his faith in Christianity than to recall the earnestness of his inquiring mind, and the love of prayer which he then showed. It was impossible for such a mind, impressed as it was with Christianity, to continue the practice of heathen ceremonies. Fearing to offend his father by openly renouncing them, and at times trembling to wound his conscience by following them, he asked me what he should do. I encouraged him to act as his conscience directed him, and leave the issue with God, who had commanded us to obey Him rather than man. Accordingly, on the following Sunday he refused to join his family in the performance of the usual ceremonies and prayer, and in consequence was withdrawn from our school. Then followed a season of anxious suspense. I trembled for Merwunjee's steadfastness,

because I knew his gentle disposition and affectionate regard for his parents could hardly resist their threats and entreaties. Once or twice I saw him, and as often as opportunity served—for he was closely watched—wrote to him to be firm, reminding him of his Saviour's own words, "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me;" and that He would, in his own good time, carry him safely through, if he would trust Him. This verse seemed to decide him to leave all for Christ. In order to carry out his resolution in the quietest way possible, he, without informing me (for I was opposed to such a step), escaped from his father's home, and went in the mail steamer to Bombay, where he was baptized. After three months' sojourn he returned to Kurachee. Another trial here awaited him, through which, by God's sustaining grace, he has passed unhurt. Since his return from his father's house he has been living under my protection at the Mission house. His Christian meekness, combined as it is with great natural powers and very considerable attainments, mark him as one, I trust, called of God to be a blessing to ourselves and our Mission in Sindh. That our God may make him a chosen vessel, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, is our constant prayer.

To such as are interested in the conversion of the heathen of this land, the following brief sketch may not prove entirely unprofitable—

A short account of Merwunjee Framjee Modí, written by himself.

"I am a Parsee by nation, but a Christian by religion. I was born in Surat, where I lived till I was eight years old, when I was called to Kurachee by my father, who had left Surat some time before in search of employment. On my arrival there I was sent to a private English school, where my progress was any thing but satisfactory. Some time after, the Government established an English school, into which I was admitted as pupil. Here I became sensible of the advantages of an English education. Thenceforth I made rapid progress in my studies. But of what avail was this to me, when I had not the knowledge of the true living God? The head, it is true, was filled, but the heart was left untouched. At the school above named, religious instruction of every kind, nay the very name of Christianity, was shunned as something dangerous. Lessons on religion, which occurred in the usual course of our reading-books, were purposely omitted by the teacher. It cannot, of course, be expected that scholars brought up under such influences could look upon Christianity in a favourable light: we were taught to hate it: we learned to do so, and our hatred increased with our years. I had, however, a high regard for Parseeism, and I read the wild stories of the supposed miracles of Zoroaster, the fictitious accounts of the adventures of Ardú Viráf, the Parsee reformer, with the deepest interest. And I not only read, but believed every thing that these books related, until my mind was wrought up to such a pitch of credulity that my veneration for them amounted to superstition. But the time was approaching when my faith in Parseeism was to be shaken. I was in the habit of reading other books besides my lessons, and the casual notices of the Christian religion that I now and then met with in private reading exercised a sort of counter-influence against the faith I held. Understanding that there was a work by Dr.

Wilson on the Parsee religion, I borrowed it from the library out of mere curiosity. I perused a few pages very attentively, and when I left the book I found my faith shaken in many things which I had till then held to be perfectly true.

"About this time I had a religious discussion with a bigoted Parsee, who, feeling himself unable to answer my objections to Parseeism, fell into a passion, and said he would inform all the Parsees that I was going to turn a Christian. He put his threat into execution, and the matter being noised abroad, reached the ears of my father, who threatened to punish me severely if I did not give up reading Dr. Wilson's book. I was obliged to yield; but though the work was laid aside, it left a lasting impression on my mind. Till this time, however, I knew nothing of Christianity, for I had not even touched the Bible. Two more years passed away: I was still the same, and would most probably have relapsed into heathenism, had not an all-merciful Providence opened a way for inquiry. On the abolition of the income-tax office, where I had been for some time employed after leaving school, I was discharged the service. I remained at home for some time, and then asked my father to allow me to go to the Mission school as a pupil under the Rev. James Sheldon. But knowing my predilections to Christianity, he would not at first comply with my request, but, after some altercation, he permitted me to go. Mr. Sheldon received me very kindly, admitted me into the monitor class, and, after some time, put me in charge of one of the classes of his school. The books used in this school belong to the Christian Vernacular Education Society, and contain much more really useful reading than any other school-books I have yet met with. The novel character of the lessons, as well as my duty as a teacher, obliged me to study the lessons beforehand; besides, I had to answer the objections, and remove the doubts of the boys under me. Necessity thus compelled me to exercise reflection, and this excited a desire for further inquiry into the subject of religion. This desire was fostered by Mr. Sheldon's expositions of Christian truth when instructing us; and although I made indirect inquiries into the matter, yet I never dared to ask him to give me further direct instruction on Christianity lest my intentions should become known, and I should be withdrawn from school.

"By attention to my duties, I had gradually won the confidence and love of Mr. Sheldon. Relying on him, I wrote a private letter to his address, laying open my motives and intention. He was greatly pleased with the contents, and promised to devote a portion of his time every day to give me religious instruction. Conversation and reading gradually enlightened my mind, until I came so far as to refuse to practise the Parsee ceremonies at home. My father remonstrated with me, but to no effect. I expressed my firm intention of never using the Parsee form of prayers. This greatly grieved him, and he said that he repented of having sent me to the Mission school. He held a discussion with me, which ended in favour of Christianity, according to his own confession. He left me alone for some days, hoping that I would come round; but God gave me grace to stand firm to my resolution, as will be perceived from the following instance. One Sunday morning my father came and asked me to pray. I remained silent. He repeated his command, but to

no effect. He then softened his tone, and pointed out the fearful disgrace which would be brought upon him by my turning a Christian. My mother and my brother joined their entreaties to his, and tried to persuade me to listen to their request. But still I remained firm to my purpose. However, my resolution gave way, and in an hour of weakness I yielded to their cries and entreaties. But before commencing to pray I addressed my father in these words—‘Since I see that this only will satisfy you, I am willing to grant your request, not because I believe in the efficacy of such prayers, but because I do not wish to grieve you any longer. Having said this I rose to pray. He seemed pleased, and expressed his determination of never again sending me to the Mission school. But though he was satisfied, yet this concession on my part made me very unhappy. Conscience rebuked me for not having acted with sufficient firmness. But though the approach of trial had shaken my resolution, yet I did not abandon all hope of being one day a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. I wished, also, that this result might be brought about in the quietest manner possible. With this design in view, I prepared a letter to my father, setting forth my views and laying open my wishes. My mind was filled with anxiety, and my thoughts so completely absorbed, that I retired to my chamber that evening without joining, as usual, the family at their meal. This attracted my father’s attention, and he, surmising what was passing in my mind, came to my bedside, and said, ‘For God’s sake do not trouble me, but tell all that is in your mind.’ I replied I would do so the next morning; but he pressed me to say it all at once. Having this letter in my pocket, I took it out and placed it in his hands. He went to the lamp in the adjoining room and tried to read it, but could not. I went to his help, and read it before my father, mother, and brother, who all listened most attentively. When I had finished, my father said, in a firm tone, ‘You may turn a Christian if you please; but remember that I will not survive the disgrace brought upon me by your conversion. I will put an end to my life, and this large family will remain weeping behind me, bereft of a supporter.’ These words, I confess, affected me deeply, and I remained silent for some time, yet I knew that silence would only burden my conscience, and make me the more unhappy. On the one hand I had the light of the Gospel and the hope of salvation beaming upon me; on the other I pictured to my mind the deep distress in which my family would be involved by my father carrying out his threat. Here again my resolution failed me, and I was once more driven into the promise that I would never think of such a thing any more. My situation now was extremely painful, and my mind was constantly employed in devising some means by which I could effect my purpose. Prayer, I thought, would relieve my mind, being assured that by no human means could I attain the object of my wishes. I prayed, and this, together with the promises of our Lord, enabled me to persevere.

“Shortly after, the idea of leaving my parents for a time, and going to Bombay, suddenly struck me. I cherished it until it became a resolution. I communicated this intention to a Christian friend, who promised to lend me every assistance in his power. At length the day of departure arrived. How deeply was my heart grieved

to leave those whom I loved so dearly. I could foresee how this step on my part would turn my home into a house of mourning; what grief it would entail upon my family. Yet, thought I, the Lord must be obeyed. There was no salvation without a sacrifice. Such thoughts now occurred to my mind. The Lord came to my help. I was reminded of his words, 'He who loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me.' This precept of Holy Scripture, as well as the thought that the step which I was about to take, was in obedience to the word of the Almighty, and that He would make all things work together for good, if I only discharged my duty towards Him, strengthened me. Confirmed in my resolution, I was prepared to go, with a few clothes, a bundle of biscuits, a bed (all provided by my friend). I left home for the steamer 'Higginson,' which was to leave that evening, without exciting the slightest suspicion. On the Bunder I saw several Parsees of my acquaintance; but, strange to say, they allowed me to pass without inquiry. My friend, who had accompanied me, hired a boat, and we prepared to go on board. The boat became unmanageable, and more than once struck some of the larger craft in the harbour. These were my first discouragements, and I have mentioned such little things, because I now regard them as so many trials of faith. At length we reached the steamer in safety about one o'clock, though not without difficulty. In order to escape observation, I next concealed myself for four hours in the engine-room, where I suffered greatly from the heat. Trust in God was my only support. I knew the cause was good, and hoped for assistance from above. At length the steamer started, and I came on deck. For two successive days I suffered severely from sea-sickness, so much so that I could hardly keep myself erect. There were some Parsees of my acquaintance on board, who, seeing my distress, took great care of me.

"On landing, I drove to Girgaum, where I asked and received protection from the Rev. James Wilson. My heart was filled with joy at having thus attained the end of my journey. And now, as I reflected upon the wonderful step I had taken, the difficulties I had passed through, solemn thoughts came across my mind, and my soul rose in fervent gratitude to the Giver of all things. Mr. Wilson, who did all he could to encourage me, advised me to persevere in prayer, asking of Him who had brought me so far to give me strength to stand unto the end. And it was now that I understood the importance of prayer. My late experience had taught me how incapable I was of doing any thing good, and I now rejoiced in making known my wants to Him who is both able and willing to give all things needful. I now felt a longing desire of being admitted into the church of Christ by baptism, and shortly after I attained that desire. On the 16th of May 1862, I was baptized in the cathedral at Bombay, by the Rev. J. Wilson. Some time after my baptism my father and father-in-law arrived in Bombay, with the express purpose of reclaiming me. Their visit to me proved to be sudden, and I, for the first time, lost all self-possession, but soon after recovered it. Knowing the efficacy of earnest prayer, I prayed inwardly, and felt wonderfully strengthened. My father, after having recounted all the misfortunes and disgrace I had brought upon him, entreated me to accompany him back to Kurrachee; a request which I neither thought wise nor safe to grant.

Yet his touching appeals made me irresolute. God sustained me in this and many other trying moments that followed, and I was, by his guidance and grace, carried safely through all. My father and father-in-law repeated their visits and entreaties for nearly twenty-two days ; but finding that I was firm, they were compelled to return to Kurrachee without me. During my stay in Bombay for the next three months, I applied myself to the study of the Scriptures and the doctrines of religion, and as I advanced in my Christian course, I felt more and more confirmed in the heavenly faith to which the Lord had brought me. After the above period had expired, I left Bombay for Kurrachee in the same steamer which brought me thence. During the voyage, which, in consequence of an accident, was prolonged to nine days, I had to suffer the greatest hardships. My fellow-passengers having come to know that I was a convert to Christianity, treated me with great contempt, and spoke very scornfully of the religion I had adopted. But even here God had reserved a few friends for me, who, though differing from me in caste and creed, behaved very kindly and respectfully towards me. On my arrival at Kurrachee I was received by Mr. Sheldon into his dwelling, and treated with the greatest kindness. The news of my return having spread, my father and brother soon after came to the Mission house, and requested me to go with them and pay my family a short visit. They promised to send me back whenever I liked. Relying on their faithfulness, I went. At home I was received with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. The pathetic remonstrances of my mother induced me to stay that day (Friday) at home, on their promising that I should be allowed to return on the following Monday. My parents had given out (indicating, as it were, the triumph of Parseeism over Christianity) that I had been reclaimed from the errors I had run into on account of my feeble understanding being perverted by the persuasions of an enemy. Accordingly, numbers of Parsees came in to congratulate them on their good fortune. Daily appeals, with tears, were made to me by my mother to induce me to leave the Missionary's protection altogether, and to live, as before, under my parents' roof. Not suspecting their design, I acceded to their request, thinking that, so long as they did not interfere with religion, I was bound to obey them. It was not long, however, before I perceived my mistake.

"On the evening before the ensuing Sabbath, I had declared my intention of going to church the following morning. This made them very uneasy, and they tried their utmost to put obstacles in my way. For a time they besought me with tears to change my mind. Here the Lord, by his mighty arm, upheld me. I positively refused to listen to their request ; and when they saw that all means of checking my intention had failed, they endeavoured to shut me up in my room. Observing, however, that I was determined at all hazards to go, they opened the door, and I walked out to church. During these trying moments, prayer was the only effectual weapon I could wield. My late experience had taught me that I was extremely weak of myself, and that if I expected to maintain my ground it would be only in the strength of the Lord. My parents still continued to dissuade me from venturing out another Sabbath. This state of things continuing for a week more,

I felt myself under the painful necessity of again leaving them. Accordingly, I went over to the Mission house without their permission, and once more claimed Mr. Sheldon's protection, who was delighted to see me once again. Here I have been for nearly four months, helping Mr. Sheldon in the school work, and thanking and praising the Lord (blessed be his name !) for all his past mercies.

"I have tried my best to bring about a reconciliation between myself and parents, and have of late begun paying them occasional visits. God grant that I may be made the instrument of bringing some of my family to a knowledge of Jesus !"

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### ONLY ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle ! Life is brief,  
And sin is here.  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours,  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.  
  
Not many lives, but only one have we—  
One, only one.  
How sacred should that one life ever be—  
That narrow span.  
Day after day filled up with blessed toil ;  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.  
  
Our being is no shadow of thin air,  
No vacant dream,  
No fable of the things that never were,  
But only seem.  
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,  
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.  
  
Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night,  
No idle tale,  
No cloud that floats along a sky of light  
On summer gale.  
They are the true realities of earth,  
Friends and companions even from our birth.  
  
Oh life below—how brief and poor and sad !  
One heavy sigh.  
Oh life above—how long, how fair, and glad !  
An endless joy.  
Oh to be done with daily dying here !  
Oh to begin the living in yon sphere !  
  
Oh day of time, how dark ! Oh sky and earth,  
How dull your hue !  
Oh day of Christ, how bright ! Oh sky and earth,  
Made fair and new !  
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green ;  
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

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## CEYLON, SOUTH OF JAFFNA.

THE following are notes of an American Missionary of a three weeks' tour in that part of Ceylon which lies south of the peninsula of Jaffna. As we have Missionaries among the Tamils in the north of the island, as well as among the Singalese and Kandians further south, they may be, to us, useful and interesting—

The region over which we travelled belongs to the northern province of Ceylon. There are 3758 square miles in this province, south of Jaffna; and scattered over this surface are 115,711 inhabitants. It is generally considered to be a vast jungle, inhabited mostly by wild beasts, and covered with wood. There are, however, more than a thousand villages of various sizes, and in them are found a most degraded people.

All our travelling in bandies was upon roads made and kept in repair by Government. The great central road, from Jaffna to Kandy, leads through a dense jungle so far as we travelled it. Once in four, six, eight, or ten miles, there are small openings with houses, and a few acres of cultivated land. All the rest is thick jungle, into which the traveller can see only a rod or two as he passes along.

The jungle swarms with animals of various kinds. The largest—elephants—are numerous. There is a set of men whose business is the catching and subduing of wild elephants. Besides the elephant, the jungle is full of chetahs, black bears, wild hogs, deer, elk, monkeys, hedge-hogs, rabbits, &c. The bear is the most ferocious. The chetah will sometimes attack a man—the bear delights in it. There are also many buffaloes, but those we saw had been tamed.

In the pleasant morning the woods resounded with the songs of birds. Some of them were rare, and we knew the names of but few. We frequently saw peacocks, very wild, and jungle-fowls were crossing the road at all times of the day.

When going from Anuradjapuram to Manaar, we were on the line of the telegraph. We were also meeting the tide of cooly emigration to the coffee-estates in the central parts of the island. The coffee-planters are mostly Englishmen, and they require labourers. As there was not a supply of coolies in Ceylon, they sought them from the poorer classes on the continent of India. They all come from Southern India, and arrive in great numbers at this season of the year. One day, from sunrise to sunset, we met five hundred, in little companies of twenty, forty, seventy, and one hundred each. Agents are sent to India by the planters, to induce them to come, and a certain per-centage is allowed for each person delivered on the estate as a cooly. They are poor and ignorant, but they go with high hopes, cheerful countenances, and expectations of wealth. From January 1st, 1843, to the end of 1860, 950,867 such coolies came to Ceylon from India, and 471,982 returned to their homes. This is the Government account.

We saw Sivites, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Romanists, and a few Protestant Christians. For ninety miles, almost all were Sivites, and then, to the 126th mile, there were Buddhists in abundance, and many Mohammedans. On the western coast, and near Manaar, Romanism prevailed. A few Christians are scattered here and there, but they are generally connected with Government service. The Sivites were such as



we have to deal with every day, except that they were more ignorant and degraded; the Buddhists—even their priests—were inclined to converse, but they were probably more free with us because we were strangers; and the Mohammedans were quite inclined to talk, and many wished to get our books and tracts. I was surprised to find them so liberal, and I believe that they might be greatly benefited if labour could be bestowed upon them. They can almost all speak Tamil and Singhalese also. The Romanists profess to be followers of the Christian Bible: many of them were anxious to purchase portions of Scripture; but when they discovered that we were Protestants, they were inclined to dispute, and exhibited great ignorance and bigotry. The priest visits them about once a year. Of course their religious privileges are very limited, and their spiritual state is deplorable. Drunkenness and immorality prevail to a very great extent among them, yet they claim to be Christians, but look upon Protestants as their bitterest enemies. They worship pictures, &c., so that in spirit their idolatry is about the same as that of the heathen. Romanism in this country is frequently called “heathenism baptized.” Add drunkenness, and you have a description of the Romish church in the East.

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#### ABBEOKUTA BAPTIST STATION.

THE following letter from the Baptist Mission in Abbeokuta, printed in the “Iwe Irohin,” will be found to contain interesting particulars of the progress of Christianity in Abbeokuta—

In giving you an account of the progress of the Gospel here, I shall go back to the time of first coming to this place from Ijaye.

In August 1859 I came to this place with eleven children, all of heathen parents. From then, until March 1860, we had collected together about seventy children, some of them of rather mature ages. But those of most mature ages were decidedly vicious heathen, so much so, that we almost despaired of their being reclaimed to Christianity. However, we at once began school, and a regular course of Christian instruction; and in less than twelve months serious impressions were being made upon the young, and also many adults were anxiously inquiring what they should do to be saved. Sometimes twenty or more were anxiously inquiring what they should do to be saved. Old men and women came regularly to hear the word preached on Sabbath. So great was the anxiety manifested (having no chapel), we were obliged to make seats, spread down mats, &c., in the piazzas, for their accommodation.

Men and women even, amongst the heathen, who had formerly cared nothing about the Gospel, or books, or any kind of instruction whatever, came almost daily for private religious instruction. They also bought books, and began very diligently to learn to read their own language. We had not to go and seek them, but were sought by them: some that we supposed were too old to learn to read, did really learn to read God's word in their own language. The result was, twenty adults were baptized upon a profession of faith in Christ. Some, indeed, of the elder children, were also admitted to the same rite upon an intelligent profession of faith.

Were I to give you instances of individual conversion, I am sure your readers could not fail to be interested, especially those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and know the worth of their own souls. One was a girl, about

seventeen years old, very vicious and quarrelsome. At last, however, her heart was touched, and she was evidently fully awakened to her condition. All her past conduct seemed to rush upon her mind, and for days, and even for weeks, she was cast down, and looked the very picture of despair. Often, after service on Sabbath, she would return to pray. One Monday morning she came rushing into my room, exclaiming, "Oh, I know I love Jesus now, I feel so happy!" It appeared, that, while in school, she felt so distressed, she went to her room to pray, and, while in prayer, light rushed into her soul. The first object seemed to be her mother, to whom she talked, and with whom she prayed often. By degrees the fights and contentions of the mother began to give way; then she brought me her orishas.

Sometimes most of the persons in the compound will come around me to hear the word. Many have offered me children, but as I know not how I shall further support what I have, I am compelled to refuse others.

To show you what effect the Gospel is having around me, in breaking the power of old superstitions, I will mention an incident that occurred near me a few nights ago. In a compound near me, the Aje (witch bird) came near, and began to cry after night. The people all came out of their houses and told it to go away. They said, "Don't you know we are white man's people. We do not fear you. You think we will offer you sacrifice, but we will do no such thing. We do not offer sacrifice, we serve God."

The next day they were exulting about it, and said the witch did not cry any more, but went off altogether. We think we have every reason to be encouraged, and that darkness is gradually giving way, and here and there rays of light are beginning to shine.

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#### A THANK-OFFERING.

WE request the attention of our readers to the following note, addressed, by an anonymous correspondent, to the Clerical Secretary of the Society. Should we not have more mercies if, when they come, they were more frequently acknowledged? When in distress, we pray; but when the relief comes, do we give thanks? And would it not be well, when the season of thankfulness comes, that there should be, not only thanksgiving, but, in some shape or other, thank-offering? Would it not be well to enter our name in the book of remembrance which lies open to receive willing contributions to God's service?

REV. SIR,—Please to accept the enclosed 1*l*. on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, as a Thank-offering for late mercies vouchsafed to me. The Lord has not only been pleased to help me to surmount great difficulties, but has also unexpectedly and greatly rewarded me. I therefore call the name of the place *Jehovah-jireh*—"the Lord will provide."

I pray God to accept this small tribute of praise, and to bless the operations of the Society, sending forth more labourers into his vineyard, till the "kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

I am, REV. SIR, yours, &c.,

A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.

**THE BUDDHISTS OF CEYLON.**

**BUDDHISM** is the most widely spread of all false religions. It commenced in India, and disputed with Brahminism for the ascendancy, but being worsted in the conflict, the Buddhists were driven out of Hindustan

**BUDDHIST TEMPLE, CEYLON.**

They then spread themselves over other lands, northward over Thibet, Mongolia ; southward to Ceylon ; and from thence to the Burman empire, China, Japan. In other countries it has been modified, and has become very much altered ; but in Ceylon, owing more or less to insulation and seclusion, Buddhism, for upwards of 2000 years, has remained as unchanged in all its leading characteristics as the genius of the people has remained torpid and inanimate under its influence. In this respect the Singhalese are the living mummies of past ages : they realize in their immoveable characteristics the eastern fable of the city whose inhabitants were perpetuated in marble. Ceylon is therefore the place in which, if we wish to examine Buddhism, the most genuine specimens are to be found.

It might be asked, How is it that this religion has spread so widely, and, in so many lands, retains its hold on the population ? We answer, because it is so pleasing in its tenets to the corrupt mind of man. It is not a powerful stimulant to evil, like Hinduism, irritating the corrupt passions of men, encouraging to acts of sin ; it does not, like the dark Shamanism of the Tartar tribes and aborigines of America, people earth and air with angry and vindictive demons : it is a narcotic, putting the conscience to sleep. It puts God aside altogether, for it recognises no Creator ; it does not trouble man with any remembrances of his sinfulness, for it teaches that man by his own power may rise to the attainment of every virtue, and become perfect. As human nature, while it eschews the spirituality of religion, still is uneasy without form, Buddhism provides this too, and multiplies idols from which its votaries may choose that which is most pleasing to them. Its code of morals, so far as theory goes, is good, but there are no principles which could enable men to its practice. The realities of a future life are all withdrawn from the contemplation of a Buddhist, and to live without fear and to die without hope is the utmost triumph of his religion.

The garment worn by the priests of Ceylon is always of a yellow colour. They carry, or cause to be carried, a fan and an alms-bowl. It is laid down as a strict rule that they must eat no food which is not given in alms, and, when in health, the priest must get his food by carrying his alms-bowl from house to house in the village or city near which he resides. When approaching a house with his alms-bowl, he must remain as though unseen : he may not have nor make any other sign that he is present, and he may not approach too near the dwelling : if any thing be given, he is to receive it meditatively. When the bowl is filled he is to return to his dwelling, and there, seated on the ground, he is to partake of his food meditatively.

Another appendage of the Buddhist priest is the water-strainer. This is to prevent him being guilty of the sin of destroying insect-life, which would subject him to penal discipline. A priest will not eat after noon, nor drink after dark, for fear of swallowing minute insects ; and he carries a brush with which he carefully sweeps every place before he sits down, lest he should inadvertently crush any living creature. Some even tie a thin cloth over their mouths to prevent them drawing in a small insect with their breath.

From the apathy of the people, their indifference to all religions, and

the mismanagement which has characterized the efforts made by the Portuguese and Dutch to force the natives into a profession of Christianity, Ceylon has been, as a Mission field, marked by peculiar difficulties. Nevertheless, scriptural Christianity is at work, and we doubt not, in due time, will produce more extensive results than those we have yet witnessed.

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#### THE YOUNG PARSEE, MERWUNJEE—FURTHER PARTICULARS.

SINCE we printed the interesting account of this young man's conversion and baptism, as related by himself, we have received some additional particulars, which are given by the Rev. J. Wilson, of Bombay, dated January 8th. Mr. Wilson says—

The days of trial were fast approaching, and Merwunjee's faith was to be put to the test. He had to come out of a fiery furnace; and thanks be to God for the grace that was given to this young man, not only to confront the adversaries of his faith, but to come out unhurt from a fiery furnace. News of Merwunjee's baptism soon spread among the Parsee community. Letters and telegrams from his friends at Kurrachee rapidly enlisted the services of his former co-religionists to prevent his baptism, and, if possible, to carry him away. But Merwunjee was already baptized, and I have had reason to thank God that his baptism was not delayed. I look upon it as a providential act, which has thwarted the evil designs of his Parsee friends against him. From Monday, the 19th of May, my house used to present scenes which would have gladdened the heart even of an apostle. Parsees of wealth, influence, and intelligence, would come, and, for hours, would try by kindness, by threat, by offering bribes, and by subtle arguments, to shake the faith of this newly-converted youth. But nothing could move Merwunjee to deny his Lord and Master. Merwunjee endeavoured to answer all their objections from Scripture, and proved to them that his faith was grounded on a rock which could not be moved. His friends saw that all their efforts were of no avail.

In the afternoon of the 20th of May, Merwunjee's uncle again came to him, accompanied by another intelligent Parsee, the head master in Sir Jamsetjee's Institution. They had a long discussion together, during which both the Parsees acted very wisely. In fact, they had nothing to bring against him or his views; but, on the contrary, at the close of the discussion, they candidly admitted the superiority of the claims of Christianity above those of all other religions. They rose to depart, but before going away, Merwunjee's uncle asked him if he would be willing to enter into discussion with a learned Parsee. Merwunjee declined doing so, and, in his defence, said, that if the Parsee really intended to know and seek after the truth, he would be prepared to do so; but if he came simply with the intention of showing his skill in discussion, he would not like to speak to him at all on religious subjects. Merwunjee openly told them to do what they liked: his faith was in Christ and Him crucified, and, as long as he lived, he would hold this fast. They bade him good-bye and departed.

The next day Cursetjee (Merwunjee's uncle) returned as usual, accompanied by two more Parsees, one of whom was a bigoted man, well

known to the Missionaries of Bombay for his bitter feelings against Christianity. This man, Nowrojee, artfully opened the conversation, by asking Merwunjee about his antecedents. He then gradually approached to Christianity, and said, addressing Merwunjee, "Will you be good enough to show me the truth of Christianity, and also to explain to me how I could find favour with God?" The artful manner in which he made this request convinced us that he could not be sincere; and Merwunjee, turning to his uncle Cursetjee, said, "Did I not tell you yesterday that I do not want to argue any more with men of this stamp?" Nowrojee felt very uneasy, but not being discouraged by what Merwunjee said, repeated his request. Merwunjee told him that he had plenty of work in hand, and did not wish to waste his time for no purpose. Just then I went down, and recognising Nowrojee as the old opponent of the Missionaries, who, some years ago, took a very prominent part in the discussion on the beach with the Brahmachâri Bâwâ, I entered into conversation with him. Both the Parsees who had come with Cursetjee began to discuss with me, but we very soon perceived that they had not any real knowledge of the subject. Nowrojee often tried to support his arguments by relating very frivolous and absurd stories. I shall only make mention of one of them. He said, that in a particular town in India there is the tomb of a Sayad (a Mohammedan saint) thirty feet long! Now what do the Padres say to this? We all had a hearty laugh at his foolishness, and said that it was beyond our power to convince any man, and especially men who were credulous enough to believe in such an absurd story as that of the thirty feet long Sayad. After a lengthened discussion on the Parsee religious books, especially the "Zendavesta," which was undergoing a translation, Nowrojee went away, foiled in his attempts to cast doubts in the mind of the young Parsee convert, and the other Parsees followed him. Thus ended this interview; and if we were asked what we thought of it, we may confidently say, that almost all the objections that were brought against Christianity during the discussion arose merely from an ignorance of the subject, and want of candidness on the part of our visitors.

Such scenes were of every-day occurrence in my house; and I thus had many opportunities of learning the mind of the Parsees with regard to Christianity. Some of them plainly said that they had very high regards for the Christian religion, and felt its superiority to their own religion, but they had not courage enough to give up every thing, as Merwunjee had done, for the sake of Christ. Even Cursetjee, Merwunjee's uncle, himself acknowledged as much.

A severer trial than all this was awaiting poor Merwunjee, which he least expected. I shall relate the same in Merwunjee's own words.

May 24—"At noon-day I was told that Cursetjee had returned. I went down to see him, but what was my astonishment, when, on entering the room, I saw my father's face. I lost courage by the sudden shock, and he fell upon me with the joy a father feels at his recovering a lost son. He himself was almost in a fit, and his careworn face testified the grief he must have felt in hearing of my sudden departure. Not being calm myself, I tried to calm and comfort him. I gave them seats. They were four in number, viz. my father, father-in-law, my uncle, and another

relative. I was really surprised to find myself in this company, but soon regained self-possession. We entered into conversation, and, at the close, my father said, 'I do not wish to intermeddle with your religious views, as you have already been baptized. My only wish is that you should pay a visit to your grandmother, and accompany me back to Kurrachee.' I said, I may possibly do the former, but it is impossible for me to agree to do the latter. At length I was persuaded to go to see my grandmother, and I prepared to do so. Before this, Mr. Wilson came down stairs, and my father had a discussion on certain points with him. I went with my father, accompanied by a police peon. I met my grandmother, and my father's sister, and they began to weep, and use harsh expressions now and then. I said I had not come to see and hear such things. Just then a Mobed (a Parsee priest), with a staff in his hand, entered the room. He sat down after the usual salutation, and began speaking to my father. Turning to me, he said, 'Never mind, what is done is done; but take some pity on your mother, and go to Kurrachee.' I remained silent. He then commenced a long discussion on Christianity, and, at the end, said that the Christian religion has been lately falsified from head to foot by a very clever author in England (referring to the 'Essays and Reviews'), and nobody has yet been able to answer his objections. Here I felt it my duty to speak, for I could not hear this man trying to impose upon his hearers by a show of learning. I said to him, 'Are you sure that no reply has been given to the book?' He seemed rather astounded, and said, 'Yes, I am sure.' I replied, 'Do you want to read the answer to the objections made in the book you refer to? If you really wish to read it, there is one on my table at this very moment.' On hearing this he frowned on me. I stopped him by saying, 'If you have a desire of knowing the truth, do not frown like this, but be rather calm, and then I shall be willing to discuss with you.' But finding the place too hot for himself, he stood up and went away, much annoyed by what he had heard. When he had gone I took tea, which was prepared for me. My father, and all in the house, now pressed me to go back to Kurrachee. They wept, entreated: one of them fell to my feet, but to no effect. Seeing me unmoved, they remained silent. I then asked leave, and returned home."

Since the above interview, Merwunjee had been visited at least three times a week by his father and other relatives, and many indeed have been the sharp discussions which they have had with him. His faith and patience have been put to a very severe test. Merwunjee's father and other relatives tried every means in their power to remove him from my protection, but he remained firm, and would not consent to go with them. Finding all their hopes frustrated, they discontinued their visits, and the period of Merwunjee's father's leave having expired, he returned to Kurrachee.

Merwunjee remained with me till the beginning of September, carrying on his studies under me. By remaining in Bombay, he allowed the storm that had risen in Kurrachee to subside, and also had opportunities of witnessing, in the lives of the native converts in Bombay, living Christianity. In the month of September, Merwunjee left Bombay for Kurrachee. I parted with him very reluctantly; but I knew that he



was going back among his own people, and especially those with whom he had been brought up. To the care of our heavenly Father I committed this young man. Merwunjee himself longed to return, that he might engage again in the work of the school. He received several letters from his old schoolfellows, urging him not to delay returning. This made Merwunjee more anxious to return; and Mr. Sheldon being quite alone at Kurrachee, we did not like to detain him in Bombay much longer, though I should have wished to have kept him here altogether. His trials now commenced anew. The entreaties of his parents, especially those of his mother, caused him to go and take up his abode with them. Merwunjee consented, on the condition that they were not to interfere with his religion. Here the poor boy was deceived; for no sooner had he gone to live with them, than they tried every means to get him to put on the sacred string and shirt, which are marks of Parseeism. This Merwunjee could not do. Once they locked him up in a room to prevent him from attending church. However, it became too evident that Merwunjee could not dwell in the same house with his heathen parents. He has returned to Mr. Sheldon, and I trust is now engaged in the work of his Lord and Master.

Converts like Merwunjee do require the sympathies, love, and prayers, of all Christian people. They have to be led on, and the smallest act of coldness or indifference shown towards them they feel very keenly.

#### THE CITY OF PEKIN.

THIS city has been visited by the American Missionary, Mr. Blodget. His notices are of interest and value. Writing from Pekin, he says—

This is a fine city, by far the finest in China. The walls, the streets, the merchandise, the buildings, the temples and monuments of antiquity, are all far beyond what are found in other cities of the empire. The site of the city itself is fine, the mountains lying round about, and the land within and in the vicinity being elevated and dry. Trees abound both in the courts of public and private buildings, and in the grounds pertaining to some of the temples, where there are large parks and groves. Here is the concourse of nations of north-eastern Asia, embracing Coreans, Manchurians of several tribes, Mongolians, Eastern and Western, Tibetians, and Russians from the frontier of Mongolia. The Chinese language is the medium of intercourse with all these nations.

This is the second city in the world for size, containing about two millions of inhabitants. Its walls are twenty-eight miles in circuit, and, at the north, fifty-four feet in breadth on the top. I have not measured the breadth in other parts. In the east, Yeddo is the only town to be compared with it. Yeddo is *rus in urbe*; nothing in China can bear comparison with Japan in natural beauty. God has bestowed upon that city, with a bountiful hand, all good things of his creation. But in size, extent of influence and power, civilization and the arts, monuments, present and prospective political importance, in comparison with Pekin.



The climate of this city is regarded as healthy for men of the West. I have visited a cemetery of Roman-Catholic priests, mostly French Jesuits, and made some notes of the length of their residence in China. Of twenty-six priests whose remains were interred there, the average term of life in China was 24 years, and the average total of life was 60 years. The average age for entering the field was 35 years. This is remarkable: it accords with what I have found true in Kiang Nan, and we may learn a lesson from it. No settled minister who feels inwardly called to this Missionary work, and who is an apt scholar, need be detained by his age from coming to China, if he is not above thirty or thirty-five. Five of these priests were over forty when they came; one was forty-five; and only two were under thirty. The average length of Missionary life among the Jesuits in Kiang Nan, ascertained in a similar way, was, as I remember, about eleven years. What circumstances of return for ill health, change of location, &c., should modify these tables, I cannot tell.

I went out with Mr. Edkins, a day or two since, to the hills nearest to the city on the west, to note their advantages for a health resort for invalids in the summer. The nearest hills are twenty miles from Peking. The temples are beautiful, clean, and affording every accommodation. The yards are spacious, and adorned with trees and flowers. The air at this season is cool and pleasant. These hills are on the slope of high mountain ranges, and cooler air may be obtained by ascending farther. I cannot see why a delicate female would not find herself as well situated here, in point of climate, as she would be, for example, on the hills in Philadelphia. It is a very inviting place, and will afford a quiet retreat from the great city.

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### MISSIONARY LABOURS AMONG THE AFFGHANS.

PESHAWUR is the province of British India which occupies its extreme north-west corner, being situated between the Indus and the Khyber mountains, through which is the great Khyber Pass. The city of Peshawur lies about eighteen miles east from the eastern extremity of the pass. It is the point from whence Missionary efforts, in due time, shall advance into the uplands of Asia; and here the Church Missionary Society has planted a Mission, which, a few months back, was strong in able and devoted Missionaries. There were four on the spot—the Rev. Robert Clark, the Rev. Roger Clark, the Rev. T. Tuting, and the Rev. J. A. M'Carthy. Of these, the second and third have been removed by death from the scene of their earthly labours, while the fourth has been obliged to return home in broken-down health. Mr. Robert Clark alone remains on the field. May he be spared and supported until help comes from home!

It is pleasant to dwell upon remembrances of beloved friends who have crossed over the Jordan before us; and the labours of our Missionaries are the memorials which they leave us. "Their works do follow them." They seem to linger behind them for a little while, that we may be stirred up to follow their example. It is beneficial,

therefore, when we can, to trace out their footsteps, and see what good men did for their Master before He took them to Himself.

There is a Missionary of the American Presbyterian Board at Peshawur, the Rev. J. Lœwenthal. He has been engaged principally in translational labours, but has also itinerated amidst the wild mountaineers who lie around Peshawur.

One of these itinerations was carried out in company with the lamented Mr. Tuting; and the details of it, as recorded by Mr. Lœwenthal, will be read with mournful interest. They first visited the villages lying between Peshawur and the Cabul river, which flows through the valley into the Indus.

The reception met with in these villages varied considerably. Sometimes it was difficult to get an audience at all; sometimes the people would be absolutely inhospitable, express their astonishment at the intrusion, and drive away any that might be inclined to listen. At one large village, again, which was visited frequently, over two hundred would gather together in a conspicuous mosque, and then the preaching, and the discussions subsequently, would be carried on in a somewhat regular manner, for two hours at a time; but even here the people would get tired if the visits were repeated too often, and suppress any little interest that might have been manifest: the Missionaries turning to the Hindus in the bazaar, however, on one occasion, made the Mohammedans soon again eagerly and curiously crowd around them. In some villages there would be much hooting, on the Missionaries leaving, though previously the audience may have been quiet and apparently respectful; in others again, the Mullah would be expecting the Missionaries—the villages being very near one another in the immediate vicinity of Peshawur—make his appearance in his best dress, scarlet and gold perhaps, talk very loud, very fast, and very Arabic, and thus attempt not only to over-awe these padres, but succeed in raising his parishioners' estimation of his own powers and ability. On the whole, with a few notable exceptions, the reception of the message and the messengers, in the villages within ten miles of Peshawur, was rather rude and repelling than otherwise.

They now crossed the Cabul river into the Yusufzye territory. The Usufzais are the most martial of all the British subjects on the frontier; and the history of many generations attests their military exploits. Participators in every war that convulsed the Peshawur valley, and always rebellious under the Sikhs, since British rule has been established they have become peaceable and industrious. Here the Missionaries were well received.

The people were absolutely civil, and even kind. They would readily gather together; they would lead the Missionaries from *hujra* to *hujra* (as the village rendezvous are called); they would give them guides, if night overtook them at a distance from their camp; they would offer them refreshments; they would always listen with attention, and then urge their objections without rancour or clamour. Whether this surprising treatment in one of the most fanatical Trans-Indus districts was

due to the novelty of the thing, or to some other cause temporarily acting, it is not necessary to decide. It would be rash, at all events, to infer from such quietness any favourable inclination towards the Gospel. It is very doubtful whether the people would have remained in the same mood, if the Missionaries had preached two or three times in succession in the same place. In the village of Toru, where a discussion had been held with some of the most respectable men of the place, the Mullahs held a council, after the Missionaries were gone, to determine whether it was proper, or rather lawful, for them to engage in discussions with the Missionaries. Some held that it was not only right, but obligatory on them to defend their faith by arguments, this being the only weapon the Missionaries were using; others said that discussions were good, as they always showed to the bystanders that the Missionaries were not so full of wisdom and knowledge as the common people were ready to give them credit for, and, at the same time, that they, the Mullahs, had read many books. Others again held that it was not proper to discuss with the Missionaries; they had tried, and these padres would not be silenced; they did not seem to know when they were beaten in an argument, and they certainly never acknowledged it when they were. Besides, it was grating to their feelings, they said, to hear unbelievers quote Arabic to disprove the mission of the Prophet. This brought out one man with a quotation from the Gulistan, in which Sadi's advice is, that no reply is the best reply to one who does not believe in the Korán. One of them, who, it was understood afterwards, was looking out for a place as a teacher in one of the Government schools, maintained that the Missionaries belonged to the ruling race, and if they should get exasperated, who could tell what might come of it? that it was therefore quite contrary to good manners to argue with them or reply to them, no matter what they said. Indeed, the want of unanimity was ultimately so great, that there was much chance that from the nice questions about breaking the laws of good breeding, they would proceed to actual breaking of heads. They separated without having come to any decision.

This council was only one out of a number that happened to be held at the very time during which the itineration took place; and it is not improbable that the peculiar and unexpected gentleness of the people towards the Missionaries was in some degree owing to the interest in certain religious questions which was then existing in Yusufzai. A great "Saint" in the village of Kota, whose fame extended far beyond Yusufzai, had just been declared a heretic by a number of venerable Mullahs, and indeed pronounced a kafir, or infidel, by the celebrated Akhund 'Abdul Ghafur of Swat. The adherents of the "Saint" maintained that it was nothing but jealousy on the part of the Swat Akhund, which had gotten up all this storm, inasmuch as the Kota luminary was diminishing the influence of the former among certain clans, and especially among the Sayids.

It appears to be, then, just the time for Christian Missionaries to enter in, and take advantage of the readiness of the people to hear. They would soon find in the Gospel something better than embittered discussions on controversial points. But

who will come forward to take up the part of the faithful men who have laid down their lives on the field? Perhaps some one who reads these lines may be led to ask himself this question, "Why do not I go?"

### HEART BREATHINGS.

ZWINGLE had laboured so arduously in his parish in the Canton of Zurich, that it became necessary for him, in order to recruit his health, that he should visit the waters of Pfæffer. This he did in August 1519. But his quiet was soon disturbed by the alarming intelligence that the plague, which was traversing Europe from the East, had broken out amongst his people. He hastened to their help, visiting the sick and dying, and comforting them with the blessed truths and promises of the Gospel. A few weeks, and he was struck down himself by the "great death," as the sickness was called. When first taken ill, he expressed his feelings in the following hymn—

#### ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS SICKNESS.

My humble prayer, O Father, hear,  
Oh help me in this strait ;  
With heavy foot grim Death draws  
near,  
And thunders at my gate.

O Thou, who in the stormy fight,  
Did'st hold in check his power ;  
Stand, Christ, I pray Thee, by my side,  
And help me in this hour.

My Father, if it be Thy will,  
Do Thou ordain once more,  
That the destroying angel still  
Pass me in safety o'er.

O cause mine agony to cease,  
Pull out the dart that burns,  
That grants me not an hour of peace,  
And rest to unrest turns.

But if my sun is to descend,  
At mid-day to the tomb,  
Oh do Thou resignation send—  
Prepare me for my doom.

What doom ? Thou shalt then from  
this earth  
Withdraw me in Thy love,  
And death itself shall be my birth  
Into the bliss above.

As in the potter's forming hand  
The clay is at the wheel ;  
Thus life or death's at Thy command—  
'Tis Thine to kill or heal.

My soul in resignation  
"Do all Thy pleasure" saith,  
Thy will shall be salvation,  
Be it in life or death.

His complaint increased, his strength left him, but his heart sought and found consolation in God through Jesus Christ, and he again sings, in the midst of his calamity—

#### ON HIS SICKNESS INCREASING.

Comfort, O Lord, I seek in Thee,  
The pains they are increasing,  
The might of sickness presses me,  
And woe my heart is seizing ;  
O Thou, Consoler, Thee I seek,  
Confirm and cheer Thy creature weak,  
With comfort from Christ's  
wounds.

Yes, Great Redeemer ! at death's gates  
Thou giv'st to him assistance,  
Who faithfully upon Thee waits  
With undismayed persistence,  
Who finds delight in Thee alone,  
And for Thyself without a moan,  
Would gladly quit the world.

My tongue is withered and dumb,  
 Each sense in torpor lying,  
 Is, then, the end of all things come,  
 And am I now a-dying ?  
 Then, Mighty Champion ! stretch Thy  
 hand,  
 'Tis time Thyself the contest grand  
 To end which I've begun.

I see, indeed, with dreadful rage,  
 That Satan on me presses,  
 While me, too weak the war to wage,  
 He more and more abases ;  
 But he'll Thy servant conquer never,  
 Because his faith rests on Thee ever ;  
 So then let hell still storm.

The faithful, as Bullinger mentions, were deeply distressed at the sickness of their dear pastor, and called on God in earnest prayer that He would be pleased to raise him up again. The Lord heard the prayers of his people, and raised his servant from his bed of sickness, that he might further contend for the honour of God and the salvation in Christ Jesus. The joyous feeling of gratitude which filled his bosom on his recovery he gives expression to in the following hymn of grateful praise—

#### ON HIS RECOVERY TO HEALTH.

I'm sound—through Thy great goodness ;  
 My God, Thou'st made me whole,  
 My speech, although in rudeness,  
 Will loudly Thee extol ;  
 To Thee, who me once more,  
 Hast raised, to death devoted,  
 My soul shall be devoted  
 More than it was before.

But had death in his fetter  
 Securely captured me,  
 I were now where 'tis better,  
 I were, O Lord, by Thee.

Now it remains again  
 The bands of life to sever,  
 When none is to deliver,  
 Perhaps in greater pain.

Yet on I go with gladness,  
 Since 'tis Thy holy will,  
 With joy, yet mixed with sadness,  
 My journey to fulfil ;  
 To wage 'gainst sin the strife.  
 And when life's toils are ended,  
 There will at length be extended  
 To me the crown of life.

#### THE ENGLISH BIBLE THE ACCEPTED STANDARD OF THE ENGLISH.

The following extract on this subject is taken from the closing paragraphs of an excellent tractate on "The Bible as an Educating Power among the Nations," by John S. Hart, LL.D., Editor of the "Sunday-school Times," and Principal of the Model Department of the New-Jersey State Normal School—

"If any one would appreciate fairly the influence of the English Bible, in keeping the language from drifting away from its standards, let him reflect that, in this respect, now, at the end of two centuries and a half, we are not farther from Shakespeare, whose writings were contemporaneous with King James's Version, than Shakespeare was from Spenser, who was only some twenty years his predecessor. The change in two hundred and fifty years since the publication of the English Bible has not been as great as it was before in less than a single generation. Had it not been for the influence of this marvellous book, Shakespeare might, even now, be to us the almost sealed book that Chaucer is ; and Dryden's translation of Chaucer would itself need to be again translated into more modern English. In fact, down to the time of James I., the language was in a constant state of flux. The authors of one generation became

obsolescent to the next generation, and obsolete to the third. But, all at once, this onward and downward tendency was arrested.

"To this benign result there can be no doubt that our English Bible has contributed more than all other causes combined. It has done for the English what no societies of the learned, no autocracy of letters, or of science, has been able to do for any other tongue. It has given to our language a fixed point, immoveable as the everlasting hills, a solid, granitic formation of rude, homely, elemental Saxon. No floods of change can ever disintegrate or wear away this enduring mass. Whether our race shall survive for two centuries or for twenty centuries, all the grand old terms by which the heart still continues to tell its joys and sorrows, will still be the same that our forefathers have used for more than ten generations. No legislation, civil or ecclesiastical, can ever weed out from the heart, or banish from the tongue, of the English-speaking race, the words of its English Bible. While infancy still continues to learn at its mother's knee, in its first lisping accents, to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' or old age with its last expiring breath shall say with Simeon, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;' while the lyric pathos of David, the lamenting wail of Jeremiah, the trumpet notes of Paul, or the subdued majesty of John the Divine, shall find an echo in the devout believer's heart, the words to which these glorious thoughts have been wedded shall live, and shall be a common medium of thought to all the unborn millions who shall speak this dear English tongue of ours to the end of time,

"Thank God, then, my friends, for the Holy Bible! Thank God, especially, for our good old ENGLISH BIBLE!"

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#### AN EARNEST COLPORTEUR.

AT Baghchejuk, in Turkey, there is a colporteur, of whom Mr. Parsons, the Missionary, says—"He is ever active. At one time he cries, with a clear loud voice, after the manner of a public crier, through the market and the crowded streets and the lanes, what he has for sale, 'The Holy Book,' and the description of it in the words, 'By God, the Father, given, brought by the Son, and inspired by the Holy Spirit—the precious Gospel;' which, in his language, is poetry metrical and with a sweet rhythm. At another time he is found in the barber's shop and coffee-house, preaching and praying. He says he used to talk awhile in these places, and then bolt the door, and say, 'Let us pray;' but upon the people complaining of the impropriety of it, saying, 'This is not a church,' and refusing to be attentive, he changed his course, and now preaches, and tells them how to act. He says, 'In order to avail yourselves of this precious Gospel, unto the salvation of your souls, you must do so and so: you must repent and come to God.' Of those who, two years ago, used to stone him, and throw him down and trample upon him, and seek to kill him, together with the three or four fellow-worshippers in the caves of the mountain, some have already been subdued by his love—the love of Christ in him; and many others, there is reason to hope, will yet be saved through his instrumentality."

**HINDU WOMEN.**

ALTHOUGH, within the boundaries of so vast an empire as that of Hindo-  
stan, there is a great diversity in the appearance as well as in the man-  
ners and customs of the people, the natives of the northernmost part of  
the peninsula, for instance, being fairer, better formed, and more ener-

**MAHRATHA WOMEN.**

getic than those to the south, who are in general of small stature, darker, effeminate, and cunning; and although there is likewise a great variety in the occupation of the various classes, the communities of most of the towns being composed of bankers, traders, Government officials, and bazaar-keepers, while those of the rural districts consist chiefly of agriculturists and the village headmen and officers of the Government; yet throughout the whole empire the life of the Hindu women of the lower class, such as those represented in our engraving, presents everywhere the same monotonous aspect. Theirs is a life of constant drudgery, of toil uncheered by the light of intellect, unsolaced by the comfort of Gospel truth. They have no social status, no education. Their hopes, their fears, their occupation and influence, are bounded by the walls of their miserable huts, which, consisting seldom of more than two small rooms, formed of stones and mud rudely thrown together, protected from the heat of the sun and the deluge of tropical showers by a simple roof of jungle-sticks and leaves, and usually without any garden-fence about them, present a striking contrast to the tastefully-finished mansions of their wealthy countrymen. But poor as the exterior of a Hindu hut is, its interior wears not a more cheering aspect. A handful of rushes for a carpet covers a part of the mud floor, a few earthen vessels for water or purposes of cooking, a bamboo stool, a rush mat rolled up in one corner, which at night performs the office of a bed—these make up the household inventory, so poor, so mean, so small in value, that were the insatiate tax-farmer to distrain for his rent, no coin would be found sufficiently minute to purchase them. Glass and crockery are mystic articles to the Hindu villager. He may have heard of such things at the next town on festival days, but the banana leaf forms his only supply of dinner-ware. Our engraving represents some Mahratha women clad in the native dress of long white cloth. There are, of course, classes superior to the above scattered over the land, heads of villages, district functionaries, and dwellers in small towns, who pretend to somewhat of Hindu gentility, whose wives and daughters dwell in distinct apartments, whose sleeping cotton mat is a little more showy, whose waistcloth is whiter and more copious, whose drinking-vessels, instead of being earthen, are of brass; who dine off real plates of clay, and do not tremble at the names of Zemindar and Burrah Sahib (great, or English master). But even under these more advantageous circumstances Hindu women are usually without education. It is, however, a cause of thankfulness that, under various influences, the prejudice against female education is beginning to give way, and that Christian instructions are welcomed into the zenana.

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#### DELIVERANCE OF ABBEOKUTA FROM THE ATTACK OF THE DAHOMIANS.

THE prayers of the church of Christ, offered up in his name on behalf of Abbeokuta, have been heard and answered, and this in so remarkable a manner that we feel sure that here is as manifestly a Divine interposition as when, at the prayer of Jacob, the heart of his brother Esau was changed towards him, and as when, in answer to



that of Hezekiah, the murderous armies of Babylon were constrained to leave the besieged city, Jerusalem. The Dahomians had formed a large camp within sight of Abbeokuta, the King of Dahomey was in the camp, and, for sixteen days, an attack was hourly expected; but, instead of this, the Dahomians suddenly retreated, leaving the relieved church at Abbeokuta to offer up praises and thanksgivings at this unexpected deliverance. We at home may join them, and say with David, "Verily, God hath heard me. He hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

The following letter is from the Rev. G. F. Bühler, April 6, 1863. It gives a lively picture of the state and deliverance of Abbeokuta—

You will be most anxious to hear the result of the King of Dahomey's expedition against this town. From March 7th, when we saw the Dahomians encamping at a distance of six or seven miles, up to the 23rd, we were day and night in suspense, not knowing whether we should be attacked by day or by night. I scarcely need say that a variety of thoughts crossed our minds. The primitive Church was persecuted and scattered, but all was to the furtherance of the Gospel. The Lord might do so with us in Abbeokuta. Yet, again, when I saw and heard how the Lord had stirred up his church at home to offer up prayers for his infant church in Abbeokuta; when I read of the sympathy, the zeal, the continual and earnest prayers everywhere; and when I looked at our Christians, how they simply trusted in that faithful covenant God who never forsook Israel, nor has ever forsaken them; when I further saw the courage and zeal of the heathen even to defend their home—in 1851 many ran away; this year all remained, as far as I am aware;—then I could be joyful and confident, because I consider this all the work of the Lord: He wanted to have his own church at Abbeokuta redeemed from the merciless Dahomians by the prayers of his saints.

One evening a false alarm was spread that the Dahomians were approaching: it was after nine o'clock. Every fighting-man ran to the wall. But how many secret prayers were offered up at that time the Lord alone knows. That evening I overheard one of the women of my congregation praying with a fervency which touched me almost to tears. I could not help thinking, if only this one prayer were offered up, Jesus would not refuse a gracious hearing. The following is almost the literal translation—"O Lord Jesus, lift up Thine arm; lift up, O Lord, Lord Jesus, our Redeemer, lift up Thine holy arm and deliver us from the cruel Dahomians. O Lord Jesus, remember what they have done to Thy saints in Ishagga—how much innocent blood they shed. O Lord, Lord, deliver us, that we may not fall into their hands. Thou hast sent Thy messengers to us with Thy holy word. We trust in Thee, O Lord our God: do not forsake us. Thou hast delivered Thy people Israel from the hand of Pharaoh, and hast overthrown his army; Thou hast delivered Hezekiah and his people from the hand of Sennacherib, who blasphemed Thy holy name. Do also remember us, O Lord, remember Thy church, remember Thy servants, remember our children. O Lord God, deliver us for Thy

dear Son's sake. Amen." Most of these sentences were repeated twice or thrice, as is the case when prayers are offered up in an agony. I sat in a quiet dark place, many hundreds of warriors passing along without observing me, but I overheard several saying aloud, "God will deliver us!"

I consider the retreat of the Dahomians as one of the greatest victories the church of God has obtained by prayer. The King of Dahomey has not come into this city, nor has he shot an arrow here, nor has he come before it with shields, nor has he cast a bank against it: by the way that he came, by the same has he returned, and has not entered into this city.

"There is great rejoicing among all the people, and many heathen acknowledge that it is the arm of the Lord.

We shall never be put to shame if we put our trust in the Lord.

### THE WORK AT BENARES.

IN the Mission work at Benares there is much that gives us hope that it will soon expand, and exercise a beneficial influence on a wider circle of the heathen.

The first hopeful symptom is, that the native Christians at Sigra have formed themselves into an association for the extension of the Gospel among their countrymen. The Committee and its officers are all native, with the exception of one hon. member, the Rev. C. B. Leupolt. In their first report they say—

The native Christians wished for many years to do themselves something for the poor heathen who are yet far from the true God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Thanks be to God that something has been commenced. During the first week of the new year prayers were offered up among the native Christians in the Sigra church, and that was a great blessing to us. After the conclusion of the prayer, it was proposed and agreed to that every Christian should willingly subscribe his name on the subscription list. This was done; and then, by the unanimous consent of the Committee, Japhet was appointed as a reader, on a salary of six rupees per month. His office is to make known the name of the Lord Jesus in the neighbouring villages of Sigra.

The Committee heartily thank the Almighty, who only is able to strengthen and prosper us in carrying on his great work. Japhet, whom the native Association chose, is a simple-hearted man, a Christian in reality, and an eloquent man in his own way. He only goes to the villagers, and if a pundit wishes to confound him, he comes with his—"Thus it is written in God's word, and thus it is to be believed."

This Association fund may eventually become the fund for a native pastor. By giving, our people will learn to give more liberally; and as the congregation and means increase, a catechist will be employed by them, whom we shall be able to exchange for a native pastor. May the Lord soon give us the man and the means to pay him!

Besides this, the branch congregations at Gharwa and Chakia are going on satisfactorily.

The spirit of our people at Gharwa, and the spirit of the non-Christian population in and around Gharwa and Chakia, is delightful. There are a few almost Christian; but with all the kindly feelings and goodwill which they manifest, they have not yet come further. May the Lord open their hearts to become altogether Christians, and may our little flock prosper and become a shining light !

These little plots are doing their work. They are as nurseries, where the seedlings grow until they are meet to be transplanted to the Lord's garden above. One of these happy cases is thus referred to—

Among the few whose remains were carried during the year to their final resting-place till the great day of the resurrection, was Bachan Maseeh. Many years ago a Benares Babu came to me, expressing a desire to embrace Christianity. I had a good deal of conversation with him. At times he appeared to be in earnest, at other times he went back. In his visits to me he was frequently accompanied by a Brahmin, who acted as a steward of his in managing his estates. I well remember the time when he came for several days together, appearing more earnest than ever in searching into the truth. On Friday he seemed to be near the kingdom of God, telling me, "I must embrace Christianity." He left me, much excited. Saturday came; I expected him, but he did not come: night approached, the clock struck twelve, and our gong repeated the sound, when a carriage drove up to my house, and, behold, the Babu and his steward stepped out. They wished to be baptized at once. I spoke to the Babu. He stated that he was sure that if there were a true religion in the world, it was Christianity, therefore do baptize me. I replied with Philip, Acts viii. 37, "If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest" be baptized; but he could not reply, "I believe that Jesus is the only Saviour." I therefore advised delay. For three weeks they visited me daily. I read and prayed much with them. The Babu took a trip to Calcutta, returned, and went back; but the instructions designed for the Babu were blessed to the servant. He came to me, saying, "My master has gone back; I cannot: I must save my own soul. I know and believe that Jesus is the only Saviour." He was baptized. From that time he led a consistent life, and although he was much persecuted, deprived of part of his property, he bore it patiently. Some two years ago he went on a journey to Saugor, took cold, the cold settled on his lungs, and he soon perceived that his days were numbered. Whilst he still was strong, he took up his quarters in a house on the road side, and spoke to the pilgrims passing by. His labours were not altogether in vain. One day a blind pilgrim passed by on his way to Juggernaut. He stopped him, spoke to and prayed with him, and made him finally over to me. I had him for a length of time, and on the 19th October he was baptized.

When Bachan Maseeh's illness increased, I took him, for a change of air, to Gharwa. The short time he was there, he spent in going about and speaking of Jesus. On my return from Chakia I saw that he was hastening fast to his eternal home. He knew it too. He spent many a sleepless night, and on speaking to him of his sufferings, he frequently replied, "These sleepless nights are blessed to me. I am not alone: his word is my portion; his word comforteth me. He fell asleep in Jesus in February last.

## NEW STONE CHURCH AT WILBERFORCE, SIERRA LEONE.

THE Native Church in Sierra Leone is rapidly becoming generally self-supporting. As far back as Nov. 1860, no less than nine churches, with all their responsibilities, were transferred from the support of the Church Missionary Society to that of their congregations. They are now connected with their parent only by ties of love and gratitude. And the native movement of self-support still increases. We have great pleasure in laying before our readers the following account from the "Free Press," of a ceremony which took place at Wilberforce, Sierra Leone, on the 9th of April last.

A large concourse of people assembled to witness the sight of the foundation of a new stone church being laid. Among them were the pupils of the Grammar school, who have contributed the sum of 2*l.* 9*s.* towards the church. The Lieutenant-Governor was attended by the Bishop, the Colonial Chaplain, and most of the Missionaries of the colony.

The proceedings were begun by singing a hymn. The Rev. H. C. Binns then read the 84th Psalm, and the Colonial Chaplain engaged in prayer. The Rev. G. R. Caiger, the resident Missionary, then read out the names of the friends who contributed towards the building. The various sums amounted to 373*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.*, 30*l.* of which had been given by the members of the church at Wilberforce, whom he commended for their liberality, and the labour they have willingly given, in having brought no less than 1100 bushels of lime, with a sufficient quantity of sand to mix it, and 3000 feet of board, from a distance of two miles. His Excellency then proceeded to lay the stone, and gave an interesting address, in which he expressed the great gratification it afforded him to take part in those proceedings, and to see the progress which Christianity had made in the colony in connexion with the Church Missionary and other kindred Societies. The substantial help given by the people in this district, and the erection of a stone church, were, in his opinion, a satisfactory answer to those who have been sarcastically inquiring, "What have the Missionaries done?" Civilization, too, was making rapid progress. A few days previous, a gentleman from the coast remarked to him his astonishment at the wonderful progress made in this respect. His Excellency commended the people, and dwelt upon the importance of character, saying that he knew no difference between colour, though he did between character: he could respect the conscientious, the virtuous, the industrious, and the Christian man, be his colour white or black. His Excellency concluded by wishing every success to the church, and the great object for which it was being erected. The Bishop then made a few appropriate remarks; after which the Rev. T. B. Macaulay gave out a hymn, during which a collection was made amounting to 5*l.* 17*s.* The Benediction was pronounced by the Bishop, which closed the proceedings; but the loyal assemblage did not disperse till they had sung the national anthem.

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## A GOOD CONFESSION AND DELIVERANCE.

SOME years ago a Turkish family, a man and his wife, embraced Protestant Christianity at Cæsarea, and after encountering much opposition and danger, escaped to Constantinople. Here they have passed through a severe ordeal, and this through the temporary backsliding of the wife, the husband being placed in great sorrow and in danger, from which, however, deliverance was vouchsafed, so that he can say, "I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."

The touching facts are thus related by Mr. Herrick, one of the American Missionaries at Constantinople—

On Saturday evening, July 19th, word reached me that Ahmed's wife, with her two children, had left him the previous day. It was to me, as also to all who had known her, a perfect surprise. The next day—Sabbath—I saw Ahmed, and learned from him that his wife had all along desired to return to her home and friends in Cæsarea, finding herself without much society, and lonely, in Constantinople. He did not believe she had gone back to Mohammedanism, and none of us could believe it. She had gone, he informed me, to the house of a distant relative, a Mussulman, a native of Cæsarea, and now an officer under Government, living in the city proper, *i.e.* Stamboul. He was greatly distressed, but bore the trial with the support of hope and the resignation of Christian faith. Her story, as afterwards learned, is substantially as follows. The relatives to whom she had now gone had long had their eyes upon her and the children, hoping to get them back to the old faith. They supposed her attachment to Christianity to be mainly on her husband's account, and believed she might be allured to return. Through a Cæsarean Turk, who had become a Catholic, and whom Ahmed had befriended in time of need, in the hope of doing him good, these relatives obtained an interview with the wife in her husband's absence. Learning that she was now more than usually discontented and a little irritated (on account of discipline to which Ahmed had subjected the children the day before), they used kind words and fair speeches; and, after much urging, and against many objections, they at last over-persuaded her to take her children and go with them. They promised to call her husband the next day, and together arrange for their living in a Turkish quarter of the city, where she could have more society.

After they had thus got her and the children within their power, they at once set about securely retaining them, by making the separation of the husband and father from his family complete, in case they could not frighten Ahmed himself back, of which they had little hope. On Wednesday, the 23d of July, they presented a petition to the Minister of Justice, in the name of Fatima, but at first entirely without her consent or knowledge even, in which it was represented that she had been deceived by her husband on leaving Cæsarea—he pretending that they were to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, in place of which he brought the family to Constantinople, made them live among "giaours," received giaour priests to their house, and sent the children to a giaour school.

The petition further stated that she would receive him back as her husband only in case he would again become a Mussulman. (When a Mohammedan becomes a Christian, his wife is, according to Mussulman law, divorced from him, *ipso facto*. He must pay back her dowry, provide for her support for a hundred days, &c.) Fatima gave her consent to this petition, using the words put into her mouth, not knowing what to do, and fearing that, if she declared her real attachment to Christianity, and her desire to return to her husband, her children would be kept by the relatives with whom they then were.

Ahmed was also summoned before the Minister of Justice on the presenting of this petition, and when asked as to his faith, replied that he was a Mussulman, or "Islam;" (our Turkish brethren have often used this term, "believer," in the way of caution and conciliation, which is well enough etymologically, but objectionable from its uniform application to Mohammedans, and not likely to be correctly understood;) but he also added directly, "I believe in Christ, and receive Him as my Saviour." The case was referred from this court to that of the Sheikh ul Islam, the highest religious tribunal, to be heard on Monday, the 28th. Mean time Ahmed presented a petition, through the English Embassy, (our own declining to act in the matter), to have his case brought before the Minister of Foreign Affairs, as we feared to have him appear in a court where Moslem bigotry and fanaticism are strongest.

Ahmed was kept out of the way on Monday, but was brought before the Sheikh ul Islam on Tuesday, the 29th, the petition referred to not having reached the Minister of Foreign Affairs in time for him to stay proceedings before this court. Or it may be that he chose to let it go on without interference. The Mussulman relatives, with Ahmed's wife, again appeared, and the petition above mentioned was re-read, Fatima keeping silence, as she had been instructed to do. Ahmed was again interrogated, and replied, "I confess that I am a Christian, and that woman," pointing to his wife, "has for eight years been one with me in the examination and reception of the Gospel." "We do not ask you to speak for her, speak for yourself," said the official. "We are Christians," said Ahmed, "both of us. I am a Christian." "Then these books are false?" asked the judge, pointing to certain volumes of Mussulman religious law, drawn from the Korán. "How can I know?" was the reply "You are wise and learned; it is for you to examine the books sent from God." "Do you, then, deny the later prophet?" (Mohammed.) "I worship God, through Jesus Christ." "To which of the Christian sects do you belong? Are you a Protestant?" "I am a Protestant." Attention was then given to some details about the money he was to pay his wife, and the formal ratifying of the divorce.

Thus was our brother called, in God's providence, to make a clear, unequivocal confession of his faith in Christ alone, in a presence where, probably, such words had never before been uttered. The confession created a profound sensation. The Turks were greatly incensed. Some struck or spat upon Ahmed; and many demanded that he should be put to death. Bail had before been accepted for his appearance, but now it was refused, and he was sent to prison.

It was already near evening. The next day the assistant of the

Minister of Justice was asked the reasons for the imprisonment. He replied, "He has no acceptable bail, and he has 10,000 piasters debt." On Thursday the money was offered and his release demanded; but contrary to all right, and contrary to Turkish law, he was still detained, the officer pretending that it was on account of his refusing to sign a paper ratifying the divorce, saying, "I am a Christian, and Christians do not divorce their wives."

On Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, nothing could be done for his release, and he remained in prison, visited, however, by his friends, happy in preaching the Gospel to his fellow-prisoners, and conscious of no crime except that of confessing Christ as Lord, before rulers who reject him.

In the way of apology for the Government, perhaps even in the way of commendation, it may be observed that they claim to have saved Ahmed from mob violence by the security of prison walls. He was saved from the abuse to which he was at first exposed from Mussulmans in the prison, by a stringent order from Government.

On Friday, August 1st, the most welcome news reached me, that Fatima and her children had escaped the day before, and were at Dr. Schauffler's, at Bebek. It appears that she had not been allowed to leave the house, nor to remain alone. Indeed, after her appearance the second time in court, she was guarded like a prisoner, a woman sleeping with her at night and men watching at the door. She spent most of two nights and one day, from Tuesday evening till Thursday morning, weeping and praying, and meditating some plan of escape. The woman who had special charge of her was much moved by her distress, and became very friendly.

On Thursday morning, Fatima entreated the mistress of the house to let her walk out a little way with the children. After considerable urging, she was allowed to walk with the woman who slept with her at night, and who lived near by, to her house. This attendant refused to go farther, but was, with great difficulty, persuaded to let the mother and children walk a little way alone. Fatima seized the opportunity, and, quickening her steps, went to the nearest landing-place, took a caique, and came direct to Bebek.

A word from the English Embassy, on Saturday, secured the prompt release of Ahmed, and the refunding of the money; and the family were united after fifteen days' separation, grateful for the deliverance God had so signally wrought, grateful even for the discipline and the trial. They seem very happy since, living in all quiet, after a week of rest spent in our families. Fatima appears penitent and humbled for having fallen into the snare so skilfully laid for her, and for the trouble of which she has been the occasion. We hope and pray that this trial may be used as a means of strengthening them both in the faith of the Gospel, and of uniting them more closely to each other.

Application is now being made, through the British Embassy, to the Porte, to have the family properly registered as Christian subjects. Such matters often move slowly, and I will not delay writing to learn the answer which may be received.

In applications to the English Embassy, special aid was rendered by Dr. Schauffler; and grateful mention is made, also, of assistance rendered

in the case by the Rev. Mr. Thomson, Agent to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. Herrick states that some other things, which have recently transpired, serve to confirm a report, that a Society has been organized among the Turks expressly to oppose any movement of Mohammedans towards Christianity. "They have already," he says, "annoyed some of our Turkish friends considerably, and frightened away several who sometimes came to our places of meeting."

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#### TROUBLES IN THE MINNESOTA COUNTRY.

MINNESOTA is that frontier district of the United States which lies directly south of our British Red-River district. Through its territory flows the upper course of the Red River, which, advancing northward, enters the British territory, and, affording a site, in its lower course, to the Selkirk Settlement, enters Lake Winnipeg. In a previous Number we referred to the troubles which have prevailed there in consequence of a break-out of the Dakotah Indians (see p. 24), the loss of life among the settlers, and the breaking-up of the American Missionary stations which had been planted amongst that people. The following more detailed account by a Missionary on the frontier will help us to realize the calamitous character of such a crisis—

On the 18th of August the Dakotah or Sioux tribe made a simultaneous attack on the settlements along this frontier. With no previous warning, families, in fancied security, were engaged in their usual avocations, when suddenly bands of Indians rushed into separate neighbourhoods, and commenced the work of death. Neither age nor sex was any security. Families fled, as they could, toward the nearest towns, for protection. So appalling is an Indian massacre, and so horrible the cruelties attending it, that a panic seized the people, and, with but few exceptions, no attempt at first was made to stay these bands in their depredations. Indeed, many of the settlers had no fire-arms; many, too, were killed while at work in their fields, so that, in the alarm, the confusion, and the effort to save the women and children, the Indians, wild with blood, and mad with revenge, pursued their horrid work of death and burning almost unmolested. Whole districts of country were laid waste, or left desolate of inhabitants. The barbarities of Indian raids in the earlier settlement of our country were re-enacted here, only on a larger scale, and over a wider extent of country. Whole families have been murdered: in many cases only one has been left to tell the sad, sad story of blood and outrage. A physician and his family, with whom I was well acquainted, all sleep their last sleep by savage hands, save one son, who hid in the bushes close by. The mother and children were burned in the house. I saw a woman with her babe, who told me her father, her husband, her sister and her husband and five children, another sister and her husband and three children, all were killed: out of seventeen persons, she and her little one only escaped. I have listened to scores of cases of terrible desolation and suffering, but space will not permit to relate them. The number of lives sacrificed by these savages I now estimate at not less than 1000.



More refugees fled to St. Peter for protection than to any other point in the State. Many fled without any provision, and no clothing but what was on their back. The result was, that for several weeks a terrible pressure was upon us, as 6000 people had to be fed, and many provided with clothing. In this county about thirty farm-houses were burned, and in some cases the grain; bedding and clothing were pillaged or burnt, and the crops almost destroyed by cattle before persons were willing to go back and save them. The amount of suffering and destitution thus caused cannot be described. Some families, on the alarm, loaded their waggon and started, but, being pursued, were obliged to leave them on the prairie, and hide in sloughs, cornfields, or among the grass. As a result, hundreds had nothing for their support when they got here. To add to our burdens and anxieties, we knew not at what time this place might be attacked. All our houses and public buildings were crowded. Our church for several weeks was filled with families. Some seventy wounded were brought here, some of whom have since died. No one can have an idea of the pressure, the alarm, and the anxiety that was upon us, unless identified with us during the three or four weeks immediately succeeding the outbreak.

It is well to remember that these troubles brought out in striking contrast the difference which Christianity makes in men. While the heathen Indians showed no pity, the Christian Indians so exerted themselves as to be instrumental in preserving the lives of many hundreds of persons, who must otherwise have perished.

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#### JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.

THIS celebrated old Latin Hymn, with the translation, appeared in an American periodical, from which we copy it. Latin in the pages of the "Gleaner" will no doubt by some be thought strange; but the translation is open to all, while to a few the Latin may be intelligible and interesting.

Jesu dulcis memoria,  
 Dans vera cordi gaudia,  
 Sed super mel et omnia  
 Ejus dulcis præsentia.

Nil canitur suavius,  
 Nil auditur jucundius,  
 Nil cogitatur dulcius,  
 Quam Jesu Dei Filius.

Jesu, spes poenitentibus,  
 Quam pius es petentibus;  
 Quam bonus te querentibus,  
 Sed quid invenientibus.

Jesu dulcedo cordium,  
 Fons vivus, lumen mentium,  
 Excedens omne gaudium,  
 Et omne desiderium.

Jesus, Thy memory sweet,  
 Joy of our hearts most dear,  
 When Thou our souls dost greet  
 Naught thus our sense can cheer.

There is no sweeter sound,  
 More pleasing to the ear,  
 No thought more grateful found  
 Than that of Jesus dear.

Hope of the sadly meek !  
 To those who ask, how kind !  
 How good to those who seek !  
 How blest to those who find !

Sweetness without alloy,  
 The living fount of light,  
 Exceeding every joy,  
 Surpassing all delight.

Nec lingua valet dicere,  
Nec litera exprimere,  
Expertus potest credere  
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

Quando cor nostrum visitas  
Tunc lucet ei veritas,  
Mundi vilescit vanitas,  
Et intus fervet caritas.

Qui te gustant esuriunt;  
Qui bibunt, adhuc sitiunt,  
Desiderare nesciunt,  
Nisi Jesum quem diligunt.

Quem tuus amor ebriat,  
Novit quid Jesus sapiat;  
Quam felix est quem satiat!  
Non est ultra quod cupiat.

Jesu Deus angelorum,  
In aure dulce canticum;  
In ore mel mirificum  
In corde nectar coelicum.

Desidero te millies,  
Mi Jesu quando venies?  
Me lætum quando facies?  
Me de te quando saties?

O Jesu mi dulcissime,  
Spes suspirantis animæ,  
Te quærun't piæ lacrimæ,  
Te clamor mentis intimæ.

Tu fons misericordiæ,  
Tu veræ lumen patriæ,  
Pelle nubem tristitiæ,  
Dans nobis lucem gloriæ.

Te cœli chorus prædicat,  
Et tuas laudes replicat;  
Jesum orbem lætificat  
Et nos Deo pacificat.

Jesum ad Patrem rediit,  
Celeste regnum subiit;  
Cor meum a me transiit,  
Post Jesum simul abiit.

Quem prosequamur laudibus,  
Votis, hymnis, et precibus,  
Ut nos donet celestibus  
Secum perfrui sedibus.

No tongue can ever tell,  
Nor written words express,  
But he who loves Thee well,  
Knows how that love can bless.

When Thou the heart dost cheer,  
Truth sheds her living light,  
How vile earth's joys appear!  
Love glows divinely bright.

Who taste Thee, more desire;  
Who drink, they thirst for more;  
No love their hearts can fire  
But his whom they adore.

He whom Thy love inspires,  
Knows what his Lord would teach;  
How blest, whose strong desires  
No higher good can reach!

Jesum, like angels graced,  
What music to the ear!  
Naught sweeter to the taste,  
Nor to the heart more dear.

For Thee I greatly long;  
When, Jesum, wilt Thou come?  
When fill with joy my song?  
When make my heart Thy home?

O Jesus! dearest friend,  
My soul to Thee doth go;  
To Thee my cries ascend;  
For Thee my tears o'erflow.

Thou fount of pitying love!  
A light our land to cheer;  
Drive darkness from above,  
Let glory's light appear.

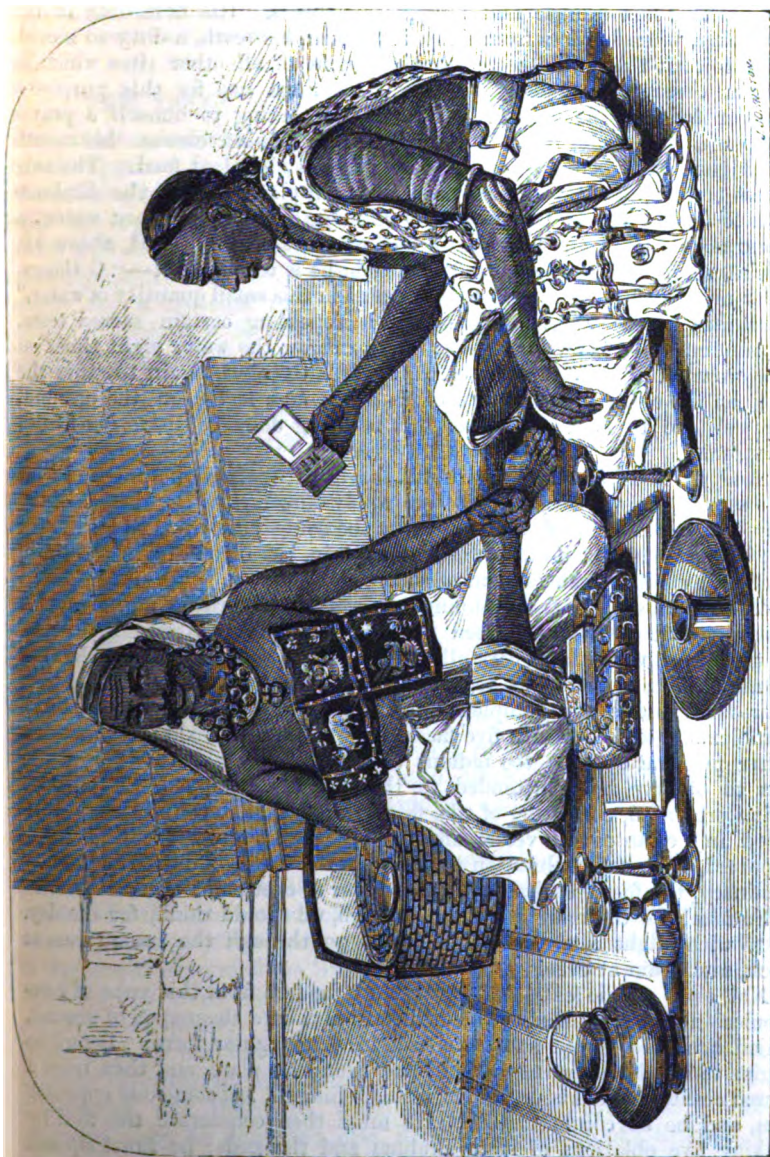
The heavenly choirs repeat  
Thy praise in worlds above;  
Earth joys Thy name to greet,  
And share the Father's love.

Jesum to heaven ascends,  
He rules above the skies:  
My heart, too, upward tends,  
And to his presence flies.

Then let us offer praise,  
With vows, and hymns, and prayer,  
That He our souls would raise,  
His heavenly bliss to share.

**THE BRAHMINS.**

THE Brahmins, according to the Hindu system, are the chief amongst men, having sprung from the mouth of Brahma. To the Brahmin alone it appertained to read the Vedas, or sacred books, while the inferior castes



SURATI BRAHMINS. (From a Photograph.)

might not even touch them. Thus he was to be the sole depositary of religious knowledge, and from his lips alone might the people learn. Yet if he was thus placed in the position of a ruling priest, to whom the people were to be submissively obedient, he was himself to be the slave of the ritual which he was bounden to observe daily. It is scarcely possible to conceive how minute and burdensome this is. His first duty in the morning, when he rises from sleep, is to clean his teeth, a duty so sacred, that to omit this would be to lose the benefit of all other rites which he might observe throughout the day. He must use for this purpose a proper twig of the racemiferous fig-tree, repeating to himself a prayer to Soma, the king of herbs and plants, that he would cleanse his mouth with glory and good auspices, that he may eat abundant food. The twig must be carefully thrown away in some clean place. Then the Brahmin has to wash. He is to choose a stream rather than stagnant water; a river than a brook; a holy stream before a vulgar river; and, above all, the Ganges. If this be beyond his reach, he is to invoke it—"O Ganga, hear my prayers: for my sake be included in this small quantity of water." Standing in the water, he is to sip it, repeating certain sacred texts. Sprinkling some before him, he is then to throw the water eight times on the crown of his head, on the earth, towards the sky; again towards the sky, on the earth, on the crown of his head; and, lastly, on the ground. Prayers are to be repeated as this is being done, consisting of foolish rhapsodies.

And yet it is true our day should begin with ablution and end with the same. As we rise from sleep to apply ourselves to the duties of the day, we should use that which cleanses the soul—and which the waters of the Ganges never could do—washes away sin, the blood of Christ, which, applied by faith, cleanses from all sin.

The fourth duty of the Brahmin is to worship the rising sun, and this must be done after a prescribed form of ceremonial. Applying himself to the water, which he is carefully to sip, he has then to dispose himself to meditation, realizing as the most edifying of subjects, Brahma with four faces and a red complexion; Vishnu with four arms and a black complexion; and Siva with five faces and a white complexion. These and other preparatory rites, too tedious to describe, but which the Brahmin has to observe, being attended to, the sun is worshipped, an oblation being presented, consisting of tila, flowers, barley, water, and red sandal-wood, in a clean copper vessel, and various prayers and invocations being repeated, such as, "salutation to the sun, the cause of day, the mighty luminary, the foe of darkness, the destroyer of every sin," &c.

So much for the morning—quite enough, we should think, for the day. But, with slight alterations, he has to go through the same forms at noon, and again at evening.

Not even at the eating of his meals is he free from this yoke of ceremonies. His plate must be placed before him on a clean spot of ground, which has been wiped and smoothed in a triangular form. Before he begins to eat, he must move his hand round his plate, and then trace a sacred circle around his person, to insulate himself, lest some one approach him, and he be contaminated. He must then consecrate the food by making five oblations of it to Brahma and the gods; he must sip and

swallow water, repress his breath, wet both his eyes, and then he may eat.

Among the Brahmins there are several degrees or orders. Of old they were wont to be supported by the contributions of the other castes, but this source of supply is greatly diminishing, and the Brahmins, like other people, are learning the lesson, which their forefathers so desired to eschew, that if a man will eat he must work.

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#### THE VALUE OF TRUE CONVERTS IN A MISSION.

THE most powerful argument in favour of Christianity is that which appears in the practical good effected thereby in men's character and conduct. In this respect it is like a medicine. Let only the cures which a medicine has wrought be pointed out, and more will be done to commend it to popular use than a thousand advertisements. And Christianity is a medicine provided in God's mercy for a sin-sick race. If its healing influences are not more widely diffused, it is not because its power to heal is limited, but because men are indisposed to use it. They do not believe in its efficacy. They prefer to employ vain expedients of their own. This is a great difficulty which Missionaries have to contend with in heathen lands. With the prophet of old, they are often compelled to exclaim, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" When genuine converts, therefore, are granted them, men who not only profess, but live out Christianity, the help thus afforded is beyond measure great. When the heathen see a man whom they once knew to be evil, carried away by strong passions, and yielding himself unresistingly to their power, pursuing a different course, giving up his old vices, and successfully resisting his old temptations; when they see one from amongst themselves rising superior to those evil influences to which they find themselves unhappily enslaved, and acting as they know that they cannot do, then are they led to ask, What is this? what secret power is this? what has so changed him? And when the man himself does not hesitate to confess his indebtedness to the Gospel, and that it is faith in Jesus which has made him a new creature, then do men begin to think that the Gospel is a reality, and the conviction gains ground that the new religion which the Missionaries preach is that alone which can satisfy the great need of their nature. It is a high attainment when Christianity has progressed so far as to be enabled to present to the world around these living epistles known and read of all men. Miracles, its first credentials, have ceased; but these more than supply their place. It is this which makes the first converts in a Mission so important. They are won under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Such first-fruits are the most difficult of attainment, and therefore, when they are won, are most valuable, provided they be genuine; else, if, with the name of Christian, the

old heathen ways are retained, the injury which is inflicted upon the Gospel is not to be calculated. Hence, in a Mission, the need of great circumspection as to those who are first admitted to baptism, that they be genuine converts. Better to wait until such results be yielded, than, by our impatient adoption of what is unreliable and unsatisfactory, inflict a permanent injury on the entire work.

The following fact, communicated to us by the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, of Benares, will illustrate the preceding observations—

We have just had a triumph, if I may say so. In April last, one of our native Christians took the contract of a market-place here in Benares, offering to pay Government 13,000 rupees annually for the same; that was 3000 rupees more than the former contractor paid. He obtained the *chauk*, or market-place. During the rains he lost, i.e. he paid Government a large sum above his income, but these losses are made up during the cold weather. Things went on very well. He paid 800 rupees, the regular instalment, when, towards the middle of last week, a native lawyer met Barnaby in the city, and asked him whether he was aware of what was taking place in the court—that the Collector had issued orders to stop his contract, and to make a new agreement with some one else. He replied, “No, I have had no intimation of it; but why should my contract be taken from me? I paid these four months nearly 2000 rupees out of my own pocket, and now, as the time of profit has arrived, why should I be turned out? This would be unjust.” “Just or unjust,” the native said, “the order will be finally given to-day.” And the order was given; and the next day the town crier was sent through Benares to give notice that the *Thika* of Barnabas Christian was at an end, and tenders were invited for a new arrangement. The reasons assigned were, that Barnabas Christian was ruining the *chauk*, so that the place was being deserted by the people. I could scarcely believe that an English Collector would break a contract, like Barnabas’s, with Government, without going to the *chauk* to see whether his information was correct. Well, the people of the *chauk* heard of it. I told Barnabas to ask the people to sign a paper, stating their views on these two points, for I knew the whole was untrue. About 150 signed at once their names, stating that they had never had a better contractor than Barnabas, and that the *chauk* had never been more prosperous. The day after, twenty of the most respectable grain-dealers went to court of their own accord, and wanted to know the reason for the Collector’s order. The Collector gave his two reasons. To the first point they replied that they had never had a more considerate and honest contractor than Barnabas. Every previous contractor had taken something more than Government allowed, but Barnabas had not. Every man of the *chauk* would bear witness to this. As to his ruining the *chauk*, that was equally untrue, for the *chauk* had never prospered more than now. The Collector called his *daroga*. He stated he had heard the people say that Barnabas was oppressing the people, &c. The Collector gave him a lecture, and finally went to see and to inquire on the spot. The end was, he asked Barnabas whether he would take the contract for four years more. He replied,

"No, not for the large amount of 13,000 rupees; but if the Collector was willing to reduce the amount, he would. The Collector at once issued the order that Barnabas was to have the contract for four additional years, this year at 13,000 rupees, and the next four years for 2000 rupees less. The order was written out. It was worded, "That Barnabas Christian was to have the contract for this year for 13,000 rupees, and next year, if no one gave more, for 11,000 rupees." "Stop!" the Collector called out; "this is not what I told you. You write, that Barnabas Christian is to have the *chauk* this year for 13,000 rupees, and the four succeeding years for 11,000 rupees, profit or loss being his;" adding, "I have made full inquiries, and I find he has given too much."

This will give joy to hundreds of people. This is the first tribute paid by the Hindus to Christian honesty and Christian conduct, and the first battle Hindus fought for a native Christian.

When Barnabas took the *chauk*, or rather *gang*—Bisheiswar Gang (*gang* is a market-place where grain and vegetables are sold), I told him that he must behave so that we at all times might be able to say, in our preaching, "If you want to know how a Christian acts, go to Bisheiswar Gang and see." He acted up to this injunction, and the Lord took his part and saved him.

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#### LIGHT AMIDST DARKNESS.

THE Chipewyans of North America are accustomed to light a fire at night on a newly-made grave. They think, as they do so, that light is thus thrown on the path of the deceased, to guide his footsteps as he journeys onward to a new home. Very touching it is to see the Indian squaw, in the solitude of the night, alone by her husband's grave, tending the fire which she has lighted. Alas! it only lights up the gloom just so much as to show how dense it is.

Yet there is a reality of which this may be regarded as the symbol. The Gospel of Christ can give hope when all seems hopeless: it consoles in sickness, supports in bereavement, and irradiates even the darkness of the tomb. On the graves where repose the remains of those who have gone to sleep in Jesus it kindles a light which is never extinguished—it is the promise of the resurrection. Friends need not fear to visit the graves where that light is burning: there is no room *there* for the sorrow which has no hope.

Accounts from America serve to illustrate the consolatory power that there is in the Gospel. Sad scenes have been going forward in that land; battle-fields stained with blood, where thousands and tens of thousands of human lives have been sacrificed. There have fallen, not only the man in the prime of life, but the inexperienced youth, whose bodily and mental powers were alike in their immaturity.

Yet even here, where mighty hosts have met and struggled, leaving behind them the harvest which death has reaped, Christianity has come in to cheer the heart of the dying man with messages of mercy from heaven, and to drop its balm into the

wounds which human passion has inflicted. Take for instance a brief communication inserted in one of the American periodicals—

Many interesting and touching incidents might be given, illustrating the power of divine grace upon the hearts of our sick and wounded soldiers. Hundreds and thousands have been cut off. The emblems of mourning are seen all through the land, and the hearts of parents and friends have everywhere been made sad by the terrible war. But God has made the sufferings through which many have passed the means of leading them to Christ. We were in many of the battles on the peninsula—through those which raged for seven consecutive days—and the bloody contest at Antietam. Our task was to seek out the wounded, to administer relief to the wants of the body, and whisper the words of Scripture to the suffering and the dying. We have seen many die, leaving no hope that their end was peace; but we have seen many others pass away rejoicing in a Saviour's love, blessing God for all their sufferings, since through these they had learned the way of life.

A man, whose leg was amputated, and who seemed to be recovering, having been for six weeks in one of our field hospitals, observed "I was an infidel before I came into the army. I was twice wounded, and, while in the hospitals, good books and tracts were given me. I read a great many of them, and then I began to read the Testament; and now I see I rejected the Bible because I was ignorant of what was in it. I have lost my leg, but, through the goodness of God, I hope to go home a better man. I have found Jesus, and this is of more value than all my limbs."

The thirst for reading matter is intense: not only in the hospitals, but in the regiments, is this the case. We have given away many hundred copies of the "Soldier's Pocket-Book," and the tracts and publications in large numbers. Eternity only can reveal the good accomplished in this way. I was called one evening, as I was picking my way through an old barn, covered in every spot with wounded men, by a youth of about seventeen years of age. He wanted me, he said, to sit down on the straw beside him, and to talk to him "about God, and how to be a Christian." His leg had been taken off. He had fought bravely in the battle of Antietam. I sat down near him, and endeavoured to point out the way to be saved. He said, "One of those little books or tracts you gave me two days ago has set me to thinking about my mother, and how she used to do when I was little—how she read to me out of the Bible, and prayed with me, and taught me to pray; and now I want to be a Christian." I asked him if his mother was living. He said no, she had died about six years ago. I have strong reason to hope that this young man has indeed become a follower of Christ. Three months afterwards he left the hospital to go home. Then he told me his trust was strong in Jesus, and that he hoped to spend his life in his service. We might relate many more. What an encouragement for Christians to give liberally, that this religious reading may be scattered among all our soldiers.

"I shall pass over that river in safety," said a young man who had been wounded in a most terrible manner, and who, after two months of indescribable suffering, in which the whole bone at the thigh joint had



decayed away, was told that he must soon die. "Why," we asked, "do you think you will go over in safety? Are you not afraid to die?" "Why should I be," he replied, "since Jesus died for me, and took away the gloom of the grave, and quieted the stormy billows of the river of death?" The nurse, or some one, had been singing, "We'll cross the river Jordan, happy in the Lord." He was thinking of this as we came into his tent. He asked me to pray with him. I did so; and then he raised his own voice, and poured forth one of the most touching and heartfelt prayers that I had ever heard. We all wept. There were five other wounded boys in the tent. The tears rolled down the cheeks of each one. It was the prayer of simple faith, and of a heart taught of God. He forgot his sufferings. Never had we seen so much comfort afforded under bodily pains and agonies, by the religion of Jesus, as in his case. He died the next morning, after this scene, in the same happy frame of mind to the last. Poor B.! for eight weeks we visited his tent daily, hoping sometimes that he might recover. But he has crossed the river. We hope to meet him, and others of our brave soldiers, whose lives were given in defence of their country, on the other side, where

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death  
Are feared and felt no more."

#### GIRLS' ORPHANAGE AT UMRITSUR.

THE periodical famines that occur in India originate Orphanages. Numbers of poor children, whose parents have died from famine, and who are left without any one to care for them, are collected, and usually sent to the nearest Missionary stations, as though it were the proper business of Missionaries to take charge of them. When thus sent to them, they cannot shut the door upon these poor wanderers, who, at so early an age, have come to drink so deeply of human sorrow. Hence Orphanages spring up. Thus, at Agra Orphanages for boys and girls sprung up out of the famine of 1837-38, and the children grew up to be men and women, and formed an industrial settlement, which supported itself by a printing press, until the mutiny of 1857-58, when the settlement was broken up, and the native Christians compelled to take refuge in the fort at Agra. This people have since been transferred to Allahabad, where they form a Christian flock, under the charge of a native pastor, the Rev. David Mohun. But now, since the famine of 1860-61, a new Orphanage has sprung up at Agra. Similar to this is the girls' Orphanage at Umrtsur. During a period of sixteen months, twenty-six girls have been received into the Orphanage, twenty of whom were from the famine districts, and sent in from Delhi in August 1861.

Of their condition, when they reached their future home, the Missionaries thus speak—

Some of the girls reached us in such a weak and miserable condition, that, on being lifted from the conveyance in which they had travelled, they

were unable to stand. One never spoke afterwards, except to ask in most pitiable tones for water, and died on the second day after their arrival. Two others lingered, the one till the middle of October, the other until the third week in November, when, notwithstanding all the efforts that had been made to restore their wasted strength, they, too, sank from the effects of starvation: indeed, such a living skeleton as one of these poor girls was, I never before or since have seen. Four months the utmost care was requisite with respect to their food, which was of the most nourishing kind, given frequently, and in small quantities. Most of the girls are greatly improved in health and appearance, but several of them are still suffering much from their former wretched state of starvation. They are under the treatment, and receiving the kind medical attendance of Dr. Maclean. May the hearts of all these little ones be touched, and may they be filled with thankfulness to God, who delivered them out of so great misery; and may the Lord prepare their hearts to receive the good seed which shall be sown in them, so that they may bring forth fruit abundantly to his praise and glory, and devote their lives to his service! Besides the three, from among those we are accustomed to call the Delhi girls, two other deaths have occurred; but in these instances they were babies of a few months old only, who, having suddenly lost their natural nourishment, pined away under the attempts to find either a suitable nurse, or to bring them up by hand.

The instruction is carried on by Miss Jerrom, with the assistance of a native teacher, Fanny, the wife of one of our catechists, a nice, quiet and intelligent woman, who was formerly for some years teacher in Mrs. Lamb's School at Meerut. Miss Jerrom, who from the first studied with a moonshee, has made very good progress in the language, and is now able to convey instruction to her pupils easily and fluently in the vernacular. The advantage of regular and systematic teaching is already visible in the school, and another year will no doubt show still greater progress amongst the girls.

Yet progress is made, although amidst difficulties. Miss Jerrom thus speaks of her charge—

That the first year's labour should be attended with peculiar difficulty is what is only naturally to be expected. Their own vernacular, the language in which they think and speak, seems to be the true and proper medium for imparting both the knowledge which will render them useful in life, and elevate them above the heathen among whom they dwell, and also those glorious truths which are able to make them wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. It is, of course, with a stammering tongue and a faltering lip that this is done for some time; but notwithstanding this drawback, and the more serious one still, the repeated and long-continued illness of a great number of the children, I think I can testify that some little progress has been made. The minds of some seem so thoroughly dormant, that it is only by line upon line, precept upon precept, that they can receive any instruction, even the simplest, and patience must have its patient work with the teacher. Yet some few might rank with European children of the same age who have not possessed greater advantages. They read

Roman Urdu with great fluency, English and Urdu in the Persian character tolerably well.

Several of the elder and more healthy of the Delhi orphans already afford me great pleasure and encouragement: they are very obedient and docile, and are advancing in spelling, reading, and the rudiments of arithmetic, step by step. Many work very neatly, and, what is of paramount importance, they are daily becoming acquainted with the leading facts and truths of the word of God.

All the domestic arrangements are under Mrs. Harrer, who is eminently qualified for her office of matron, combining as she does much kindness with firmness in the discharge of her duties to the children. They all call her mother, many evincing as much affection towards her as they could towards a parent; and their happy faces betoken that they have a happy home. Her kind care of, and attention to, the sick, who have formed the larger portion of our number for the last seven months, have been very marked; indeed, her whole heart and time are devoted to her work.

The house, which was found to be altogether too confined for so great an increase of girls, has been much enlarged and improved. It is now a good-sized and well-ventilated building, capable of accommodating eighty girls, with a good verandah to serve as a dining-room, and a nice open play-ground (enclosed) at the back of the house. For the funds which have enabled us to make these much needed and very great improvements, and also for a building yet to be erected, and to serve as an hospital, or a sick-ward for our girls, we are indebted to the Committee of the Famine Relief Fund for a grant of 1500 rupees, and also to the kindness and liberality of many private Christian friends, both in this country and in England.

To all those kind friends who have so generously come forward to assist us in this work we tender the best thanks of the Mission at large; and I also offer especially my own warm and grateful thanks. May the Lord abundantly bless both donors and gifts, and accept and use both to the spread of his kingdom and the promotion of his glory!

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#### JAPAN.

Is there any thing doing in Japan? Not much. The jealous action of the authorities interferes. We must be prepared, therefore, for political convulsions in that country, until the way be made plain for the teaching of the Lord's word to the millions of that benighted land. Meanwhile, what is being attempted in the way of preparatory labour will be found embodied in the following communication from one of the American Missionaries in that island, Dr. Hepburn.

I have contracted for putting up the building of which I spoke in my last, to serve either as a dispensary, schoolroom, or chapel, as circumstances may require.

The building is to be twenty-three feet front by thirty-two feet deep.

I have been compelled, by recent events, to erect this building earlier than I intended. The reason is one of some interest. I received a communication from our consul some time ago, stating that he had been requested by the Governor of Yokuhama to inquire of me whether I would be willing to teach a class of Japanese in geometry and chemistry. I replied that I was quite willing to teach them any thing I knew, provided they would promise to remain long enough with me to learn. This was some two months ago, and I supposed that it would not result in any thing, judging from former experiences; but, lo! about two weeks ago, a grand deputation of Japanese officials, with nine young men as pupils, waited on me, agreeing to my stipulation, and taking me at my word. I was greatly taken aback, and my heart failed me, but I could not retract, and felt that nothing remained to me but to accept the office and do my best, hoping that the Lord's hand was in it. If you knew how hard it is to drill these hard and rigid Japanese mouths into emitting correct English sounds, you would feel more sympathy for my shrinking from the labour. I had tried it before, and knew what it was. Then I felt that it was changing, to a certain degree, the whole plan of my work. Still I must not decline.

But I was much surprised when I began to teach them. I told them that to learn geometry they must first learn to read English, and must learn to cypher with figures, and not with the abacus, which is the Japanese way of cyphering. They agreed to every thing I said, saying, that is very true; so I spent the first morning in teaching them the letters, and to make figures and count to a hundred. All went on very nicely until we were nearly through the allotted time for study, when I showed them how we add numbers together, and asked them if they could do it. One, the youngest, took the pencil, and performed it very quickly and correctly. I tried them in multiplication: that he did just as easily; then in short and long division: that was also familiar; so I began to inquire about their proficiency, and found that they had thoroughly mastered algebra, including quadratic equations, and had studied geometry and plain and spherical trigonometry, with which they seemed quite familiar. I told them that I could not teach them any further in mathematics than they knew. Indeed, there are few of our college graduates who could beat them in this branch. I concluded to confine myself, for a while, to the English language, and give them English text-books to read. They are very studious and earnest, and are making rapid progress. You may perhaps wonder, as I did, how they got such a knowledge of mathematics. It has been entirely through Dutch books, and a Japanese teacher at Yeddo. They are a wonderful people: such a craving for knowledge and foreign science is seldom seen in like circumstances. The Dutch have been of much use to them, and will doubtless be found to have done a great work of preparation in this land for the Gospel. To be able to say a few Dutch words is an accomplishment which every one strives after. Some have Dutch letters on their rough boards. The most common Dutch word I hear is "drunken." This is a great deal better than to hear dreadful oaths in English, which is not seldom heard now in the streets. Oaths are the first English words which these heathen seem to learn. I have heard

Malays, Chinese, and Japanese, all swearing in English: indeed, they have no oaths in their own language.

I have heard lately, through Japanese authority, that the old custom of excluding Christianity, in books translated into the Japanese from foreign languages, has been modified. Every thing alluding to Christ Jesus was carefully left out, heretofore, in such translations, but henceforth it may be also published without restriction. This is a great and important step, and shows how gradually and truly the Lord is working and preparing the way.

I have lately made a translation of a little Chinese tract, written by Dr. McCarree, called, "An Easy Introduction to Christian Doctrine." I intend, if possible, to have it published here in blocks.

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### THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

My love is fayre, yea, fayerer than the sunne,  
Which hath his light but from his fayrest love,  
O, fayrest love, whose light is never donne,  
And fayrest light doth such a love approve.  
But such love lost, and such a light obscured,  
Can there a greater sorrow be endured?

He came from highe to live with me belowe,  
He gave me life and shewed me greatest love,  
Unworthy I so highe a worthe to know,  
Left my cheife blisse, a baser choyce to prove,  
I sawe His woundes, yet did I not believe Him,  
And for His goodnesse with my sinnes did grieve Him.

I sawe Him faultlesse, yet I did offend Him,  
I sawe Him wronged, and yet did not excuse Him,  
I sawe His foes, yet fought not to defend Him,  
I had His blessinges, yet I did abuse Him.  
But was it myne, or my forefathers' deede?  
Whose'er it was, it makes my heart to bleede.

To see the feste, that travayled for our goode,  
To see the handes, that brake that livelye breade,  
To see the heade, whereon our honor stooode,  
To see the fruite, whereon our spyrite fedd,  
Feste pierc'd, handes bored, and His heade all bleedinge,  
Who doth not dye with such a sorrow readinge?

He plac'de all rest, and had no restinge place,  
He heal'd each payne, yet liv'de in sore distresse,  
Deserv'de all good, yet liv'de in greate disgrace,  
Gave all hartes joye, Himselfe in heavynesse;  
Suffered them live, by whome Himselfe was slayne,  
(Lorde) who can live to see such love againe?

A virgin's child by vertue's power conceivede,  
 A harmelesse man that liv'de for all men's goode,  
 A faithfull freinde that never faith deceiv'de,  
 An heavenly fruite for hartes espetiall goode,  
 A spyrite all of excellence devine,  
 Such is the essence of this love of myne.

*From "Our Saviour's Passion," a poem by Mary Sydney, Countess of Pembroke. From an unpublished MS. in the British Museum.*

#### THE NESTORIANS.

JOSEPH, one of the Bishops of the Nestorian church, in writing to the Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, desiring, on behalf of himself and his brethren, to be identified with the proceedings of the week of prayer with which our English year is now opened, communicates various interesting particulars respecting that isolated body of Christians to whom he belongs, amongst whom, through the labours of the American Missionaries, the light of evangelical truth has been so rapidly extending itself.

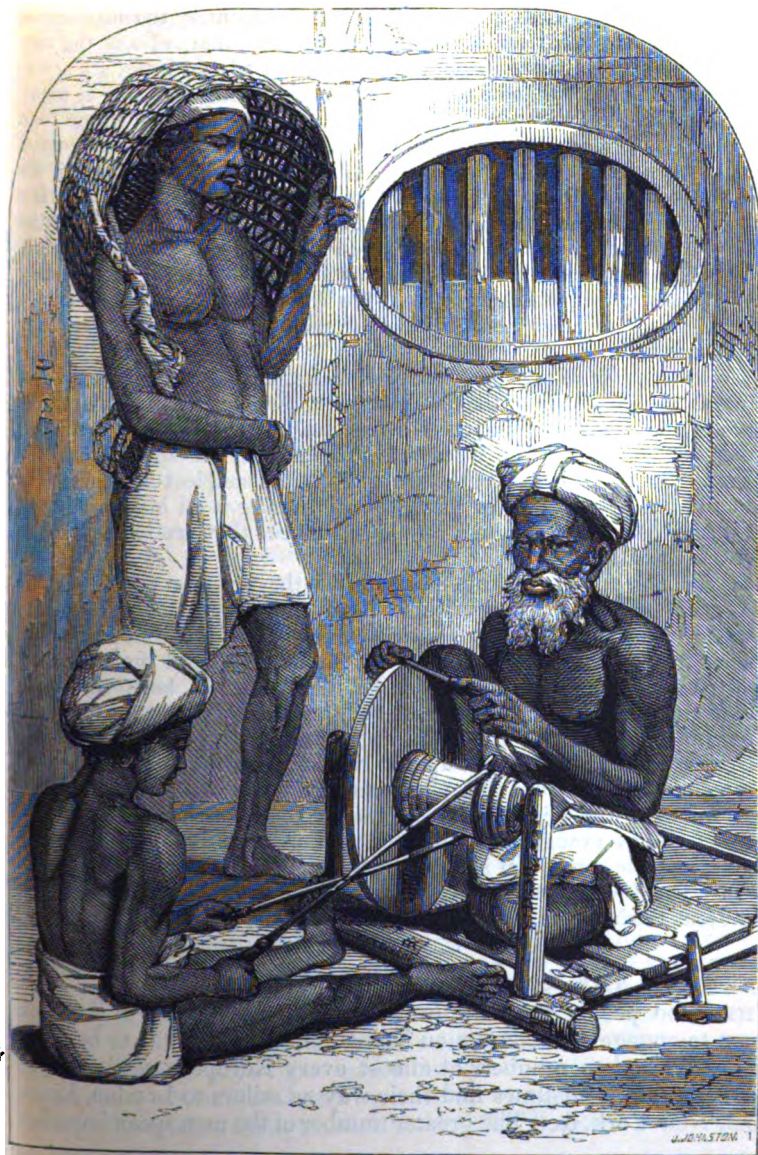
The number of our people is about 100,000. A portion dwell in the Kurdish mountains, and the rest in Oroomiah and the adjacent districts. You are aware that we dwell among Mohammedans, who are very zealous for the false prophet, who has made them believe that his doctrine must bring to nought that of Jesus. On this account they disperse our people. They reckon us unclean, and no justice is done to us either in law or government. Even until now this has been a country of disenfranchisement for Christians. Their produce cannot be sold in the markets, because it is unclean; and, if possible, no profitable business or trades are ever committed to their hands. More than this, they suffer much oppression and violence from their Mohammedan masters, who take for themselves far more than is written in the law register of the Government. The condition of our poor people is a wretched one; thousands every year leave their native lands. Do not think it exaggeration if the condition of our people be compared to that of the children of Israel in the land of the Pharaohs.

We are grateful to the glorious government of England, whose noble ministers have often attempted, like Moses, to lend us aid, and redeem our nation; but in the kingdom of Persia, so corrupt, where remains no longer the law of justice, they cannot do much for us.

I feel sure you are also acquainted with the religious condition of our people. Before the American Missionaries found us, our people were dark and benighted, as were all the churches of the East. Though we were sometimes called the Protestants of the East, all our books were in ancient Syriac, and the Holy Scriptures were never used except at the celebration of the ordinances. Thanks to God, we have seen a great light, and his light has reached and affected a large portion of our people, and there are also some signs that it may soon arise upon our Mussulman neighbours. When our people, in mass, shall be one with Christ and each other, then we believe that these—deluded by the Arabian deceiver—will all see their error, and find the true way as it is in Jesus. Very many are, indeed, enlightened among us, and we have reformed churches, containing many, we trust, who have passed from death unto life.

## SOCIAL LIFE AMONG HINDUS.

THE village community is one of the most remarkable of the Hindu institutions. It is mainly through this, in those times of anarchy and confusion which have so often prevailed in India, that some order has been preserved; for however rulers have changed, this has remained un-



WIFE-GRINDER. (From a Photograph.)

changed. And thus each village has constituted a little miniature state, with its own government, laws, lands, and trades. Take, for instance, a village in the Deccan. The arable land belonging to it is divided amongst different occupants, the inhabitants being principally cultivators, some being hereditary occupants, others tenants-at-will. Besides the cultivators, there are other castes and trades in proportion to the size of each village. Amongst these are to be found the carpenter, the blacksmith, the shoemaker or currier, a very low caste the Mhar, who is the very lowest caste, and lives outside the village, but whose duties are nevertheless so important that he cannot be dispensed with. He acts as scout, guide, and attendant upon travellers, and removes all dead things from the village. Besides these are the potter, the barber, the washerwoman, the guru, who attends the idol in the village temple; the astrologer, the goldsmith, the tailor, &c. These are ruled over by the Patel, who is a sort of village mayor. The Brahmins generally do not form part of the village community, but as "gods" stand apart from the vulgar herd, upon whose gifts, nevertheless, they condescend to live. These palmy days, however, are passing away from the Brahmin caste, and its members are beginning to learn, that, like other men, if they would eat, they must work.

With respect to the various trades and crafts, one of the most remarkable points is the simplicity of the implements in use; yet with these, rude as they are, the Hindus produce excellent results. This is true of the cabinet-maker, the goldsmith, the blacksmith, the mason, the spinner, and the weaver. So in agriculture; the plough is of the simplest kind, and is so light that the husbandman may be seen bearing it on his shoulders to the field, driving before him a couple of bullocks that are to be yoked to it on his arrival there.

In the absence of all true religion, and the presence of a false creed and gods of evil character, which have only served to irritate and develop the seeds of evil which are in the human heart, one cannot but wonder that human society has held together at all, and that it has not resolved itself into a chaos. Sad and degraded has been the condition of the millions of Hindus; still they have been preserved for better times, and those better times are beginning to dawn upon them. The leaven of Christianity is at work. Not only in the great cities, but throughout the rural districts, Christianity is being preached and taught. Faithful men are being raised up from amongst themselves, who are going forth as evangelists. Idolatry is rapidly losing its hold on the people, and the conviction is gaining ground that Christianity is the true faith. The Lord hasten the time when India shall confess the true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent!

#### THE KROO PEOPLE OF WEST AFRICA.

THE Kroo people were the first of all the inhabitants of the grain coast to engage as labourers on board ships. They are to be found in greater or less numbers at almost every European settlement on the coast, and sometimes find their way as sailors to London, Liverpool, New York, &c. The greater number of the men speak imperfect



but intelligible English. They are of manly and independent carriage, and the person who meets them for the first time cannot fail being struck with their open, frank countenances and their robust and well-proportioned forms. Their complexion varies from the darkest shade of the negro to that of the true Mulatto. Their features are comparatively regular. Their most marked deficiency is in the formation of their heads, which are narrow and peaked. Experience, however, shows that they are as capable of intellectual improvement as any other race of men. The following paper, written by one of the native pastors of Sierra Leone, will show what is being done for their improvement in the neighbourhood of Freetown—

It is pretty near a year since our small church was built for the benefit and accommodation of the people here, who had hitherto been living as if they have no soul to save, no God to glorify.

In the history of Kroo Town (if I may so speak), there never was a period which calls for gratitude and thanksgiving to God, and excites the hope that we shall yet see better things, like the present. On the spot of ground which was formerly occupied by ungodly men, who, by their daily lives and conversation, declared plainly that they would not have "the Lord's anointed" to reign over them, is now erected a church for his praise and glory.

Several friends, who left the colony only one or two years ago, have, on their return, been heard to remark, whilst passing by, "Can this be Kroo Town? Where are the Sunday wrestlers? Where are the public profaners of the Lord's-day? Surely Kroo Town is now becoming a better place, and what cannot the Lord do?"

With regard to our people—I mean those who cleave to us to the intent that they may be taught the things that concern their souls' salvation—I am glad to state that their conduct has been somewhat satisfactory; their attendance on all the means of grace, regular, and they appear to have profited thereby. On Sunday, October 26th, we had the morning service, at the usual hour. Some of those who were lately discharged from a man-of-war, where they had laboured as seamen, attended. The number of attendants, including some of the school children, was above one hundred. My text was taken from Titus ii., 11—13, "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation," &c. The address, which was, as usual, adapted to the understanding of the people, made a serious impression on their minds; and one among the congregation, whose name is Rühn, *alias* Jim Will, unable to suppress his feelings, came quietly to me to the pulpit, touched me, requesting that I should allow him to speak to his country-people for a few minutes. This was before we sang the concluding hymn. And as I did not know what he had to say to the people, I felt I should not at all deny him the request. Then, standing near the pulpit, he began to address his countrymen thus—"My brethren, you and myself are Kroomen. When we were in our country, you know how very wicked we were; but as we have come to this land, where the Gospel is preached continually, it is good for us to cease from doing evil, and learn to do well. We have heard the word

of God spoken to us by his servant, our brother. I feel from my own heart that they are words of truth—that ‘if we wish to be saved, we must deny ourselves of our lustful desires, and then come and follow Christ.’ I beg of you, my countrymen, to consider these words seriously when you go home, and change your ways. As for myself, I do not say I am righteous, but, thank God, I am able to declare publicly to you all, that since that good white man in the grammar school (meaning the late Rev. J. Millward) led me to Jesus, I have continued to own him as my Saviour and my God. Once, indeed, I was blind, but now I see. I’ll tell you how I maintain my position. After the death of that good white man, as there was no church built here expressly for us, as at this time, I went and unbosomed my feelings to my neighbour, a Christian brother of the United Missionary Free Churches, who took me to his minister, and told him that I wished to join myself to their class-meeting. The minister asked me why I was desirous to be a member of his class. I told him, because I should like to have a teacher who would be always telling me of Jesus, as that white man in the grammar school used to do. A few months after this I was married, and then baptized by him, and thus I and my wife became members of his church; and though she is now dead, and I alone am left to bemoan her loss, yet I have not forgotten the good that God has done to my soul, nor have I yet forsaken Him. I always beseech Him, in prayer, to keep me from falling again into those sins of which I am now ashamed. And now, fellow-countrymen, I would beg of you, in addition to what you have already heard, to begin to think of your souls’ salvation, and turn from your evil ways, that so, when you die, you may, to your joy, be found at God’s right hand in heaven.”

In the address and confession of this Krooman (though of another connexion) we see at once an evident token of good. We sincerely hope that such may happen to all his countrymen, who have heard from his own mouth, and oftentimes seen in him, the testimony that “He has been with Jesus.”

On the 24th of December I was highly gratified in hearing from one of the people another pleasing proof of the change that has been wrought in him by regularly attending the means of grace. As we went out this day, on our usual visit, we met two of our people conversing together, We-ah and Wa-ca-do, the one a class member, the other not.

“Do you know,” I asked both of them, “what day to-morrow will be?” “Yes,” they replied, “to-morrow will be Christmas-day.” “What do you think,” I continued asking, “you ought to do on that day?” Wa-ca-do said, “Christmas-day is the proper day to eat plenty of rice and cassada, and drink plenty of rum, and then dance from morning till the evening.” “What would you do then?” “I don’t know yet,” he answered, “until I am spared to see the day.” Turning to We-ah, *alias* Jack Smart (a class member), I said, “Tell me, Smart, what do you think you ought to do to-morrow?” “I think, massa, it is right for me to go to church. On last Christmas-day I indeed went down to the Bay, in a drunken state, and wrestled and danced, as I was fond of doing on all other Christmas-days, as well as Sundays; but since we have had a church built for us, and I have put down my name in the class-book, I feel,

from what I used to hear in the church and class-meetings, that I must not spend my days any longer in working wickedness, which would cause me to go into a bad place when I die."

This resolution of his heart Jack Smart attended to on the following day (December 25th), and after divine service he accompanied me home, and continued with me till evening, during which time I explained to him the object for which our Saviour was born into the world, and that is, "to deliver us from the curse of the law by being made a curse for us." The Lord, indeed, has not suffered the preaching of his word in this place to return to Him void.

I am sorry, however, to state that Jack Smart was not permitted to live long in this world, after that he had begun to know that Christ Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life; but, contrary to our expectation, he breathed his last in the evening of the 4th inst., deeply lamented by us and all who knew him. His remains were interred by me on the following day at eight A.M.

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### PREACHING TOURS.

ITINERATIONS for the purpose of broadcasting the Gospel seed, and affording to the largest possible number of the heathen the opportunity of hearing the message of mercy, are being extensively carried out in every part of India. In one of these enterprises the Rev. C. B. Leupolt has been engaged, going out from Benares as a centre, and having for his companion a very remarkable man, who, when a heathen, had been a sort of demi-god amongst the people, and was followed by many, who thought he had the power of working miracles. With this man the Missionaries had several conversations; and it was evident that there was some conviction struggling in his mind, and that he was uneasy and disquieted. For three or four years, however, he disappeared, all respecting him had been forgotten, when one day it was announced that Ramaiya Baba had come back, and wished to see the Missionaries. He was indeed altered; no longer the wild-looking man he had been, but sad and sorrowful. With downcast countenance, and voice scarcely audible, he said that he had come to be instructed in the way of salvation: that he had tried all the ways of the Hindus, and had found no satisfaction; and his only hope now was that he might find rest and peace in Christ. This man, after due instruction, was baptized; and, by thus publicly professing Christ, has lost much that men esteem valuable. He has sacrificed his popularity, and the large presents and offerings he used constantly to receive. He is now acting as an itinerant preacher and pioneer, without receiving any pay.

With this man as his companion, Mr. Leupolt set out on a preaching tour. They penetrated through the jungles and up the hills, until they got amongst the Coles and Kharwars, a simple-hearted people, very ignorant, without priests, temples, or idols. It is the

more necessary that Christian Missionaries should endeavour to lay hold upon them for good, seeing that the Hindus are endeavouring to make converts among them. They were told what God had done for sinners in the salvation of Christ, and their answer was, "Give us teachers to instruct us, and we and our children will come and learn God's word."

On another occasion Mr. Leupolt went with Ramaiya amongst the villages on the plains, and in this trip several new features presented themselves, which Mr. Leupolt recounts, and which we consider so interesting and important that we introduce them—

The first that struck me was, that we had no occasion to go after the people, for they came to us from the surrounding villages, wherever our tent was pitched. We had numerous willing and attentive hearers from morning to sunset. We preached much, often till our chests ached. In our preaching we endeavoured to set before the people God's plan of redeeming mankind. We had also regularly morning and afternoon prayers, at which many attended, and I do not remember an instance in which any interruption took place during prayers; on the contrary, our mode of prayer impressed their minds. One man said to me, "You speak to God as if He were present: well, it is no doubt the way in which we should address God."

Another peculiarity was, that zenanas were opened to Mrs. Leupolt and Gopijan, Ramaiya's wife. We received invitations from Zemindars, former acquaintances, if not followers, of Ramaiya Baba, to spend the day with them. They provided us with food, and during the day Mrs. Leupolt and Gopijan spent part of the day in the zenanas, and, besides, collected the women of the village around them, to speak to them of Christ, and Thakur Singh and myself spoke to the men. It happened occasionally that we had the whole village before us, whilst others also, from the surrounding villages, joined us, having been invited by the zemindar to meet us. In every place we were received with the greatest kindness and much goodwill.

Another point, which I had not previously observed to that degree, was, the general contempt which the people manifested towards their idols, in almost every place we came to, whether the people had been followers of Ramaiya or not. More than once I heard them say, "What are our idols? Stones! They cannot save us." In one place a man exclaimed, "Our gods have become old and infirm: they cannot help us." "The truth is," added another, "our gods and idols are nothing." Connected with this there appeared to be an aspiration in many to know something of the true God, and the question was literally asked, "What must I do to be saved?" Some who had thought a good deal about religion felt that they ought to receive Christ; but they said, "What can we do? There is caste, there are family ties: all these things hold us back." Whether we shall be received with equal goodwill when we come a second time and visit them remains to be seen. Meanwhile our duty is plain. We must follow up these visits with our prayers, and by revisiting those persons.

The Lord hasten the time when they shall cast their idols to the moles and to the bats, and India, as well as Ethiopia, stretch out her hands to the Lord!

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A CONVERTED NUSAIRIYEH.

Few countries possess a more mixed population than Syria in Palestine. There are to be found Arab and Druse, Metawely and Nusairiyeh, Bedawin and Nowar, Maronite Greek, Greek Catholic, Armenian, Armeno-Catholic, Jacobite, &c.

The Nusairiyeh inhabit the villages north of Tripoli, extending round the gulf of Alexandretta into ancient Cilicia. They form a considerable portion of the population of Antioch. They are said to be a degraded, treacherous, and barbarous tribe of heathen, whose religion is sacred, and whose general character, as far as known, connects it with the abominations practised by the most ancient of the inhabitants of the land.

The American Missionaries, writing from Beyrout, give the following narrative of one of these people, who, after many wanderings, appears to have found rest in the sanctuary of scriptural truth.

We have just become much interested in the case of a converted Nusairiyeh, from that mysterious pagan sect which inhabit the mountains north of Tripoli, towards Antioch. He is now in Beyroot, apparently a firm Protestant, and his history is of such interest that I will state it in brief.

He was born in Antioch, about thirty years ago, and, when a child, removed to Adana, near Tarsus. At the age of seventeen he was initiated by the sheiks of his religion into the pagan mysteries of the Nusairiyeh faith. The initiation occupied several days; and he was bound by the most terrific oaths that he would never disclose the secrets of the sect, on pain of death. Being naturally of a shrewd and inquisitive mind, he devoted himself to the study of that faith (which none but the initiated can understand), learned the worship of the sun and moon, and adopted the horrible and gross superstitions of the sect. They hold to the transmigration of souls; that is, that all unbelievers are, at death, transformed into some one of the lower animals. The Mohammedans are changed into donkeys, the Christians into swine, and the Jews into monkeys, but the Nusairiyeh ascend to the milky-way, and are transformed into stars. They also teach that when a believer dies, the planet Jupiter descends, and takes his spirit up to the milky-way.

When this man, Solieman, began to investigate the mysteries of his faith, he determined to watch the planet Jupiter at the death of every Nusairiyeh, and see whether it actually descended to the earth or not. To his great amazement, though he watched the planet at the very moment when several well-known sheiks died, it did not remove from its place, nor undergo the least change. His faith was thus shaken; and he went on from one step to another, until he concluded that there must be a better religion than such pagan absurdities, and turned Mohammedan. He was a Mohammedan about a month, when, as he says, he

"found in the Korán three hundred lies, and seventy great lies," so that he was unwilling to remain longer a Moslem. He then studied the books of the Greek Church, turned Greek, and was baptized by a merchant of Adana. Entering on this new faith, he was horrified to find, that though professing to worship the true God, the Greeks actually worshiped pictures, and ate their God (in the mass). He says he had read, in an old copy of Robinson Crusoe, translated into Arabic, about men eating one another, but here were people eating their God, for they claimed that the bread and wine in the sacrament were really changed into the humanity and divinity of Christ!

Finding Christianity to be of such a nature as this, and knowing of no better form of it, he concluded that he would become a Jew, as the Jews read the Old Testament in the original, and all sects acknowledge the Old Testament as true. For four years he continued a professed Jew, and learned to read the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Talmud. He was at first greatly troubled lest God could not admit a heathen among his chosen people; but says he was quite relieved when he read that Ruth and Rahab, both heathen women, were among the progenitors of David. Two things at length led him to leave the Jewish faith, viz. the absurdities and blasphemies of the Talmud, and the prophecies with regard to the coming of Christ. He then decided that he would become a Christian again, hoping to do so without adopting picture worship and transubstantiation. As he was baptized before by a layman, he now applied to a priest, but found no special difference, as he was obliged to worship pictures again, and eat his God. He could not remain a Greek; he had tried Paganism, Judaism, and Islamism in vain, and now began to look for something else.

The Greeks had told him of the "religion of the Angleez" (Protestants), and that they were an heretical sect, who denied the resurrection; and he wrote a tract against their heresy, bringing proofs from Scripture for the doctrine of the resurrection. A Greek from Beyroot, living in Adana, told him that there were learned Greeks in Beyroot who could convince him of the truth of transubstantiation and the propriety of picture worship. While visiting this man, he saw a book lying on the table, which he took up and began to read. It was a copy of Dr. Meshaka's work on the Papacy, in Arabic. He was so absorbed in the book, that the Greek, who had bought it for his own use against the Romanists, and not to make Protestants, became alarmed, and took it from him. He then went out, determined to get it for himself, and finally found Mr. Coffing and Adadoor, the native helper, whom he had before regarded as Sadducees, and obtained the book. He was delighted. Here was Christianity which neither enjoined picture worship nor taught transubstantiation. He became a Protestant at once, and wrote to Damascus, to Dr. Meshaka, thanking him for having written such a book.

The Mohammedans and Nusairiyeh were now leagued against him, took away his wife and child, and his property. He was thrown into prison, and two Moslem sheiks came and tried to induce him to become again a Moslem or Nusairiyeh. They pictured before him the sensual delights of Paradise; but he replied that they were welcome to his share of their Paradise: he was rooted to the religion of Christ, and would not

leave it. He remained in prison twenty-one days, and then was sent as a conscript to enter the Turkish army in Damascus. While in prison he wrote several prayers, which he has read to me, in which he pleads that God, who rescued Joseph, and David, and Daniel, and the three Hebrew youths, would rescue him from prison and from the hands of his enemies. Though illegally arrested, being a Christian, and not liable to conscription, his hands were put in wooden stocks, and he was marched by land all the way to Damascus. Just before reaching Damascus, he found some Protestants at Nebk, and requested them to write to Dr. Meshaka, to use efforts for his release after he reached that city. After a week's search, Dr. Meshaka found him in a loathsome prison. Though his fellow-conscripts declared that he was a Christian, the Turkish authorities refused to release him until, providentially, Colonel Fraser, the British Commissioner to Syria, visited Damascus, heard of the case, and procured his release. He remained a month with Dr. Meshaka, and has now come to Beyroot. He says he is anxious to labour for the conversion of the Nusairiyeh people, who are in gross darkness and ignorance. He has a thorough acquaintance with the Scriptures, knowing whole chapters by heart, and is familiar with the Arabic, Turkish, and Armenian, and somewhat so with the Hebrew.

THE COUNTRY ROUND NINGPO.

AMONGST other labours carried on by our Missionaries at Ningpo, have been journeys into the country districts.

One of these was to the district of San-poh, the inhabitants of which have had opportunities of Christian instruction from the location amongst them of a native catechist, and the occasional visits of a European Missionary.

This, like the other districts in the vicinity of Ningpo, suffered severely while the Taepings had possession of the city. Traces of the havoc they wrought were not wanting. On the way up, at a place called Ts'o-kyin, the side of the hill at the back of the village bore these marks, several skulls and human bones being scattered about. To those who assembled, Christ was preached as a refuge from sin and sorrow. Proceeding up the hill, the Missionary reached the "convent of the influence of rain." Here was a monk busy in reciting Buddhistic canons. The Missionary, being invited so to do, took a seat opposite him, and conversation ensued. "After putting questions," writes our Missionary, "as to the escape of his convert during the rebel days, I was drawn on to speak earnestly to him of the true way. He was as dull-looking a man as usual; but I felt much comfort in telling him of the long-suffering of my God. I had no books left, but I wrote him the Lord's Prayer with pencil on a scrap of paper."

While at San-poh, Mr. Moule visited Meing-ngoh-dziang, a very considerable unwall'd town at three or four miles' distance. The ruin was great, some few good houses remained unburnt. One stately mansion, which he passed in front of, arrested his attention. It had official flag-staves before it, in token of having acquired dignity through the promotion of a scion of the family domiciled in it. Alas! these honours

afforded no protection to the inmates from the sword of the Taepings. The old householder and grandfather to the mandarin, with seven or eight other persons, chiefly women, who had sought to hide in a clump of bambus near the house, had all been butchered.

Advancing through the burnt streets of the town to the chapel of the deity of the great eastern hill, which was unburnt, idols and all being left, as usual, the Missionary took up a position in a door-way, and spoke to some of the people who had gathered round him. He spoke of the terrible judgments which had come upon the place; of the mockery with which the clay gods seemed to look out on the misery of their worshippers; of the rejection of the messages of the true Lord by many who had heard them, and then of mercy—"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee."

Another Missionary visit was to the eastern lakes to visit a town of some 20,000 people, the abode of two of the native Christians, Andrew and Peter. A third trip was of a still more interesting character. It was in answer to an invitation from two men, who had paid visits of inquiry to the Missionary, to visit their family, residing nearly twenty miles away in the heart of the western hills, for the purpose of instructing their aged mother, who was most anxious for Christian teaching. At this picturesque village an interesting day was passed. The old woman appeared to understand and to receive the truth, giving up her stock of Buddhist indulgences and charms, and thus affording a tolerable proof of her sincerity.

Some months after she fell ill, and the Missionary was suddenly summoned to visit her on her death-bed. He found her sensible, though unable to utter more than a few syllables, and baptized her by the name of "Evening Glory," in reference to the words of Zachariah, "It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." About an hour after she died.

Thus, amidst much that is dull and dead, instances occur from time to time of souls won to Christ, the harbingers of happier times, which shall surely come.

THE RIGHTEOUS ADVOCATE.

"FATHER, I bring this worthless child to Thee
To claim Thy pardon—once, yet once again,
Receive him at my hand, for he is mine.
He is a worthless child; he owns his fault:
Look not on him, he will not bear the glance:
Look but on me, I'll hide his filthy garments.
He pleads not for himself; he dares not plead;
His cause is mine; I am his Intercessor.
By that unchanged, unchanging love of Thine,
By every drop of blood I shed for him,
By all the sorrows graven on my soul,
By every wound I bear, I claim it true.
Father Divine! I would not have him lost;
He is a worthless child, but he is mine!
Sin hath destroyed him—sin hath died in me;

Satan hath bound him—Satan is my slave :
 Death hath desired him—I have conquered death.
 My Father, hear him now, not him, but me ;
 I would not have him lost for all the worlds
 Which Thou hast long created for my glory,
 Because he is a poor, a worthless child,
 And all his every hope on me it lies.
 I know my children, and I know him mine.
 By all the sighs he pours o'er outcast Israel,
 By all the prayers he breathes o'er Judah's sins ;
 I know him by the sign my children bear,
 That trusting love by which he cleaves to me.
 I could not bear to see him cast away,
 Vile as he is ! the weakest of my flock,
 The one that grieves me most and loves me least.
 Yes ! though his sins dim every spark of love,
 I measure not my love by his returns ;
 And though the stripes I send to bring him home
 Should seem to drive him further from my arms,
 Still he is mine ! I lured him from the world.
 He has no right, no home, but in my love.
 Though earth and hell combined against him rise
 I'm bound to rescue him, for we are one."

Oh sinners ! what an Advocate is thine ;
 Methinks I see Him lead the captive in,
 Poor, sorrowful, ashamed, trembling with fear,
 Shrinking behind his Lord, accused, condemned,
 Well pleased to hide the form himself abhors,
 With that all-spotless garment of his Friend.
 But look ; some secret impulse lifts his eye,
 To see if love be mingled now with wrath,
 If mercy beam upon the Father's face.
 Poor sinner ! read thy welcome in that smile,
 And hear the Father's word to Him for thee,
 "Take Thy poor worthless child ! I have forgiven."

MISSIONARY WORK AT KAPURTHALA, IN THE PUNJAB.

THE principality of Kapurthala is situated on that Doab of the Punjab called Jullunder Doab, which lies between the Beas and the Sutlej. It ranges along the eastern bank of the River Beas, and contains a population of less than 300,000. The father of the present Rajah united with his countrymen and co-religionists the Sikhs in their hospitality to the British, and shared in the consequence of their defeat, his principality not only coming under British control, but the Rajah being mulcted of a considerable portion of his dominions. Instructed by previous experience, the present Rajah, on the occasion of the great mutiny in 1857-58, adopted a very different line of conduct, and, siding with the British power, afforded to us, at that critical period, the most important aid. Honours and rewards have been heaped upon him ; there has been added to his dominions more than his father lost, and he has been appointed a member of the Legislative Council at Calcutta.

The Rajah has taken as his second wife an Eurasian lady, who was

brought up in the school of the American Missionaries, and is professedly a Christian. The Rajah himself has not so avowed himself, and remains unbaptized; but from the encouragement he gives to the Christian Missionaries, we are led to entertain the hope that in his heart he is convinced of its truth, and will eventually, if life be spared, honour that conviction, and give it strength by openly avowing it. He himself invited the American Missionaries to his capital, and presents to us the first instance in India in which the progress of the Gospel has been fostered by a ruler who makes no profession of faith in its doctrines.

In Kapurthala the Missionaries have more than toleration: they have open encouragement. On the Lord's day there are Hindustanee and English services. The latter is attended not only by all the European residents, but by the Rajah and his family, together with the Rajah's brother, Sardar Bikrama Singh. These services are at present held in the house of one of the Missionaries, but a church is being erected at the cost of the Rajah, and will soon be completed. May it long stand, a noble monument to the first Indian Prince who has raised, not temples to Shiva and Kali, but a sanctuary to the true God.

The Mission school is attended by the Rajah's two sons, the issue of a previous marriage, Kharak Singh, aged fourteen years, who is the heir apparent, and Harnam Singh, aged eleven; both of them boys of singular intelligence and promise. These, together with their cousin, Bhagat Singh, a young man of nineteen, no way inferior to the others in ability, form by themselves a class, which receives at the Missionary's hands special attention. And he is repaid. Rank and wealth, instead of inducing in their case habits of indolence, appears rather to stimulate them to exertion; so that few lads of any rank or county can display greater quickness of apprehension or love of knowledge for its own sake. These young lads, destined as they are one day to fill positions of influence and authority, should attract the sympathy of Christians.

The Missionaries, as might be expected in such circumstances, labour earnestly to spread abroad among the masses the knowledge of the Gospel. As yet, however, not one soul has publicly professed faith in Christ. A dispensary has been established by the Rajah, and is visited by the Medical Missionary, who prescribes for all who present themselves. But as the Missionaries inform us, "the people look with distrust upon all medical science that is at variance with the precepts of Bokrat and Jalinus. And yet it is patent to all that the man, who, for weeks has been shivering with an inveterate ague, recovers within a day or two after he begins to take quine at the *Haspatal*. Moreover, other patients who enter the building from time to time go forth to declare themselves quite cured. Such being the case, the intelligent population have determined to secure such advantages as may be derived from Farangi medicine, without yet running any unnecessary risks. Having exhausted all the resources of all the hakims in the town, and found them unavailing, they consent, at length, to try the dispensary.

If such prejudices exist as to the dispensing of medicine for the body, we cannot marvel if the great medicine for the soul, in the first instance, is much distrusted.

GOOMPA, OR MONASTERY, OF SIMONBORG, SIKKIM.

SIKKIM is a mountainous district, divided from Nepaul by a southern spur of the great mountain Kinchinjunga. It is inhabited



GOOMPA, OR MONASTERY, OF SIMONBORG, SIKKIM.

by Lepchas, Limbus, and Sikkim Bhoteas. The country is so rugged that the spurs of the mountain ranges are the chief sites on which they build their houses. On these shelves they rear their crops, and thus, on one of the spurs projected from the steep mountain slopes into the valleys, may be seen congregated a village of these people, surrounded with small fields of cultivation.

The Lepcha house is far more roomy and comfortable than that of the others: it is generally square, built on posts, with a stage in front of the door, and low-eaved thatch of bamboo stems, split and laid flat. The walls are of bamboo wattle-work. In all respects it resembles the Bhottea house, but these are larger, better, and the framework is of strong wooden beams, for it is not worth the Lepcha's while to render his habitation strong and durable. Both Limbus and Murmis build smaller houses, often on the ground, but more frequently raised: the roof is of grass-thatch, or occasionally of a piece of bamboo-work matting.

Simonborg is one of the smallest and poorest Goompas, or temples, in Sikkim, being built of wood only. It consists of one large room, raised on a stone foundation, with small sliding shutter windows, and roofed with shingles of wood. Opposite the door, a wooden altar was placed, rudely chequered with black, white, and red; to the right and left were shelves, with a few Thibetan books, wrapped in silk, a model of Symbo-nath temple in Nepaul, a praying cylinder, some implements for common purposes, bags of juniper, English wine-bottles and glasses, with tufts of *Abies Welbiana*, rhododendron flowers and peacocks' feathers, besides various trifles, clay ornaments and offerings, and little Hindu idols. On the altar were arranged seven little brass cups, full of water, a large conch shell carved with the sacred lotus, a brass jug from Lassa, of beautiful design, and a human thigh-bone, hollow and perforated.

Facing the altar was a bench and a chair, and on one side a large tamborine, with curved iron drumsticks. The bench was covered with bells, and censers with juniper ashes, and on it lay the *dorge*, or double-headed thunderbolt, which the Lama holds in his hand during service. Of all the articles, the human thigh-bone is much the most curious: it is very often that of a Lama, and is valuable in proportion to its length. As, however, the Sikkim Lamas are burned, these relics are generally procured from Thibet, where the corpses are cut in pieces, and thrown to the kites, or into the water.

Two boys usually reside in the temple, and their beds were given up to us, which, being only rough planks laid on the floor, proved clean.

The European visitor finds himself awakened at daylight by the discordant orisons of the Lama: these commence by the boys beating the great tamborine, then blowing the conch shells, and finally the trumpets and thigh bone. Shortly afterwards the Lama enters, clad in scarlet, shorn and barefooted, wearing a small red silk mitre, and loose gown girt round the middle. He walks along slowly, muttering his prayers, to the end of the apartment, where he takes a brass bell and dorge, and, sitting down crossed-legged, he commences matins, counting his beads, ringing his bell, and uttering most dismal prayers. After various disposals of the cups, a larger bell is violently rung for some minutes, himself snapping

his fingers, and uttering most unearthly sounds. Finally, incense is brought, with charcoal and juniper sprigs: it is swung about, and this concludes the morning service, to our great relief, for the noises were quite intolerable.

It is pleasant to remember that Missionary work has commenced on this mountain home, and that, at Darjeeling, Missionaries are kindling a beacon light which will be seen in due time far and near.

There are upwards of twenty Lama establishments in Sikkim, numbering 800 monks. Many of these are of excellent masonry, Chinese in architecture, gorgeously decorated, and, for so poor a country, richly endowed.

ITINERATIONS IN CENTRAL INDIA.

OUR Missionary at Jubbulpore, the Rev. E. Champion, is engaged in these important journeyings. Amongst other places visited by him is the Mela of Birman Ghaut.

This Mela, the locale of which is not far from Jubbulpore, was visited by him in November last. In reading his description of it, we find ourselves introduced into the midst of one of those crowded scenes so often witnessed in India, where idolatry and sin strengthen one another's hands; idolatry prompting to sin, and sin, when committed, sending the people back to their idols; and this combined influence, which can only be broken by the action of the Gospel, degrading these multitudes to the dust.

On arriving in the evening, I found I was too lame from riding to be able to go down to the Mela, but my people went and preached. I went to the top of the high bank of the river, from whence the Mela was to be seen in great perfection. The tents, shops, &c., are placed in the dry bed of the Nerbudda, and the banks, which are here on either side high, were covered with the tents of the various European officers who were present. It was a most interesting and animated panoramic scene. At the time of evening prayer the bells from the various temples on either side the river rang out, and reminded me of the church bells of my own native town. I was much moved to think that this was in honour, not merely of false, but of abominable idols. Oh, that the masses gathered below may hear our word, and live!

Nov. 19—Had a moderately large and attentive congregation in the Mela. Many listened in a way which made us hope for the best. On returning, went into a temple near, where is the image of a pig. It is the representation of one of the Hindu avatars. The image is large, and stands facing a temple. Between its fore parts and the wall of the temple is a small space, about large enough for a moderately-sized man to creep through. Many people creep through this opening, and it is considered that if any one is not able to accomplish the feat, his own or his mother's character is compromised. A young man crept through while I was

standing near, and the smile of triumph had scarce departed from his face, ere he stood with hands folded and muttered a prayer to the senseless stone before him. At a Shewala, in which was a Brahmin chanting, we met four or five countrymen, and had a long and interesting conversation with them. They hotly defended their religion at first, but afterwards appeared convinced, and took books.

After dark, heard a man say, as he passed my tent, "The holy incarnation has come. I heard so in the Mela to-day." The reply of his companion I could not catch.

Nov. 21 : Nursingpore.—Preached near a "Nursing" temple. This is another incarnation, half-man (nur) and half-tiger (sing). I was anxious to see the image, never having met with a temple dedicated to this incarnation before, but as the Brahmin in attendance would not let me even approach the door with my shoes on, I was disappointed. After preaching a short time, the people said that their guru was near, if we would come to him. We asked why he should not come to us. They said he was unwell, and I therefore waived all scruples and went, hoping, if we could impress the guru, we might win his disciples also. The people led us to a temple, and gave us a charpoy. I sat down, and began to look about for the guru, but could not discover him. At length my attention was directed to the roof of the temple, and, behold, there sat the guru! he in heaven, and we on earth! However, we submitted to this degradation in the hope of doing good. We soon found there was little chance of this, for the old guru was quite childish, very willing to talk, but unwilling to hear, and unable to understand. Nemi asked him to explain a difficulty, and after avoiding it a long time, he said that if we would sit and listen to him two years he would make all clear. We declined, and, giving a summary of Gospel truth, commended it to the attention of both guru and disciples. It is strange that such men gain and maintain an influence over their followers. In this case the people laughed heartily at their guru's absurd proposition.

My second tour was to Mandla, for which place I started at the end of December. My object was to learn as much as possible about the Gonds, and to ascertain what would be the best position, and the prospects of a Mission among them. We visited as many villages as possible, but these were comparatively few, on account of the distance of the villages from the road, and the impossibility of finding them without the assistance of a guide. These harmless people have withdrawn from the main road on account of the oppression they experience from travellers, servants, &c. Their timidity at first put an obstacle in our way, but we soon established ourselves in their good opinion, and they then became most free and confidential in the trust they reposed in us, gladly welcomed us to their villages, listened with much attention (especially to reading in their own language), and came to our tents to see us. On this occasion we preached several times in Mandla, and also in the neighbouring villages. I was also requested to hold a service at Mandla similar to those which Captain W., the Deputy Commissioner, had been in the habit of holding on Sunday. It was held in the schoolhouse, and about forty persons connected with the school, and the catechumens, were present. The novel sight was there seen of Hindus and Mohammedans (several) kneeling

during the reading of our Litany! One man, occupying a good post as Tahsildar, has long been an inquirer, and he was very anxious to be baptized. Unfortunately, the distance of Mandla from Jubbulpore prevents that intercourse which I think necessary. I also held services in English for the Christian residents (six or eight only).

Blessed be God, the light of Christianity rising in its strength is beginning to break upon the gloom in which India and its millions have been so long immersed.

ITINERANCY IN LOWER BENGAL.

A LARGE portion of the districts of Moorshedabad and Berbhoom was recently visited in the way of Missionary itineration by some Missionaries belonging to the London Missionary Societies. The population of these two districts amounts together to not less than 2,600,000. It may be interesting to our readers to know how these gentlemen were received, and how far the dark population amongst whom they went, imparting instruction in every available way, were willing to hear them. The journey was a very extensive one, occupying two months and a half, during which time 300 villages were visited.

Portions of the country were in a very pitiable condition: they had been wasted by a mighty flood.

Large portions of the road had been swept away, and in some places, where the waters had not yet subsided, at every step the oxen sank up to the knees in mud, and had to be helped on by men putting their shoulders to the wheels or pushing at the carts behind. The result was, the completion of a journey of six miles in eight hours. But impediments to travelling were not the only effects produced by the flood: the crops of the season were destroyed. With no rice in store, and little money to purchase it, many of the labouring poor were living on one meal a day, and some of them not always able to procure even that limited sustenance. Cholera followed in the track of squalid want, and carried off great numbers. Of the feelings with which the disease inspires the people, a pretty correct idea may be formed by the means which were adopted to arrest its desolating progress. Goats were killed, and their skins fixed on high bamboo poles, one of which was stuck in the ground at the eastern, western, northern, and southern boundary of the village, because it was believed that, on coming to these sacred landmarks, the malady would stop, and go in another direction. No sanitary precautions were taken. Shallow ponds, or rather puddles, covered with thick putrifying vegetable matter and heaps of refuse, the accumulation of years, surrounding the dwellings, invited the pestilence, and augmented the number of the victims. Numerous cattle died for the want of fodder, and their carcases were seen in every stage of decomposition; jackals, dogs, and birds of prey, were devouring the flesh, or the bones already picked lay bleaching in the sun. In some villages many houses were

deserted, and portions of the walls and of the thatch fallen. Either the late occupants were dead, or, as was not unfrequently the case, having been hardly pressed for rent and not able to meet the demand, they had secretly left the place, and gone to settle on the estates of gentlemen who show kindness to their tenants in times of trouble, and allow them to liquidate the arrears of rent by degrees, as returning prosperity gives them the means. As on most large estates tenants are greatly needed, and as every additional acre which is brought under cultivation augments the income of the proprietor, there is a powerful self-interested motive to let unoccupied or waste land, and, in consequence, an indisposition to inquire closely into the character of the applicants, and the causes that led them to leave the farms on which they formerly resided : hence this moonlight flitting is not an uncommon occurrence. The effects produced on the minds of the people by the distress which had overtaken them varied ; some were softened, and disposed to receive religious instruction ; others hardened, and indifferent to their spiritual interests. Some said, "This great calamity has befallen us on account of our sins. God has chastised and forsaken us." At another place they said, "We are sensible of being in a sad condition, both temporal and spiritual, and do not see any remedy within our reach. We therefore wish you to speak not about our religion and the evils which flow from it, but to tell us in a few words the way in which we ought to serve God." But then, again, one exclaimed, "I cannot obtain food : how, then, can I think of religion ! When I can eat, then I can worship." And in another place a man cried out, "My god is my belly ;" and many of the persons who heard the sentiment apparently sympathized with it. In a barn-yard a considerable number of people assembled, chiefly husbandmen, and on being informed of the object of the Missionaries in visiting them, one after another exclaimed, "We are on a level with our oxen, and cannot understand religious subjects : those who are able to read may, Brahmins and wealthy persons. We no longer regard Shib, Vishnu, or any of the deities. God has severely chastened us by destroying our crops in the inundation. Our cattle have perished for the want of fodder, and we ourselves are reduced almost to the point of starvation. This may have happened to us for our sins. Still, we are indifferent as to what becomes of us. When we die, there will be an end of ourselves and our misery." When informed that the body after death would again be tenanted by the spirit, and live for ever in another world, they said, "That can never be." A young man, pointing to a very aged person who was speaking, and placing his hand on his shoulder, said, "When he dies he will be burnt to ashes : how, then, can those ashes be collected again and formed into a body ?" The nature and design of the resurrection were explained to them, but they heard apparently with doubting minds.

At another place they said, "When our fear of losing caste is gone, we shall embrace the Gospel, and in a very little time this fear will leave us. The next incarnation of the deity will be a revelation of love and mercy, and after that there will come a dispensation of judgment." At the close of a sermon, in which the true was contrasted with false religions, the villagers, who had attentively listened, repeated these words several times, "Shib and Durga, and the rest of the gods and goddesses, are gone ; now

Jesus Christ is to be worshipped, and all men are to be of one caste." In a place called Phatapore the people said, "This doctrine is good, and the worship of idols of no use whatever." At Daultabad they made this admission—"All you say is true; but our minds are evil, and therefore we cannot receive the doctrines which you teach." The inhabitants of Manicknagar made a similar acknowledgment: "The doctrines which you preach are indeed very excellent, but to embrace and practise them is exceedingly difficult." A poor old woman, while listening to the preaching in Srikrishnapore, said, "What excellent words are in the Christian religion! but the people, being evil, do not regard them." The inhabitants of Kumarsundee thus expressed their opinion—"The instruction which you give is good, and our receiving it would do us good;" and a sentiment like it was uttered in Andolee—"The doctrine is pure, and if the people regard it, it will make their natures pure." Such direct testimony respecting the nature and tendency of the Gospel was borne in many other villages, but as it was given with little variety of expression, indeed almost in the same words, it need not be cited, because it can add no force to what has already been advanced, and might rather fatigue than instruct and interest the reader. The inference to be drawn from these admissions is, that doubts of the utility of idolatry, which are now and then accompanied with a conviction of its sinfulness, are widely spreading; while a belief in the Gospel, in its divine, pure, and beneficial character, is gradually gaining ground.



"THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE."

I BARE with thee long weary days and nights;
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bare with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared:
Give thou me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth;
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost;
Much sweeter thou than honey to my mouth:
Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on my shoulders and rejoiced:
Men only marked upon my shoulders borne
The branding cross; and shouted, hungry voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon my hands, thy name
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between my eyes:
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame;
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon my right hand and my left;
Six hours alone, athirst, in misery:
At length in death one smote my heart, and cleft
A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch myself and sleep:
So did I win a kingdom,—share my crown;
A harvest,—come and reap.

THE VALLEY OF SPITI.

THE valley of Spiti forms the north-eastern angle of the Punjab, having on its south and east the British province of Kunawur, from which it is entered by four passes, the highest points of which reach an elevation of from 17,000 to nearly 19,000 feet, and are open at the utmost for not more than five months in the year. There are two principal valleys, Spiti and Pennoo.

This dreary sojourn of a secluded portion of the human family was visited by a gentleman interested in geological investigations about two years back, and we glean from his journals some points of intelligence respecting our fellow-men, who are shut up within this mountain home, in the hope that, as rugged Lahoul has been entered by the Moravian Missionaries, something also may be done for the people of Spiti.

He entered Spiti from Kunawur, by the Manirang pass, the foot of which is upwards of 15,000 feet high, and its summit nearly 19,000 feet. The great elevation of the place was indeed evident in the snow-bridges which spanned the stream in many places at the foot of the pass, until eventually the road entered on a glacier. Above rose the snowy peaks, among which the avalanches might be heard, crashing and booming with a roar surpassing the heaviest artillery. Once or twice the traveller thought he should have fainted from sheer exhaustion: the rocks and mountains seemed to swim round, so that he was forced to throw himself on his back to avoid falling over the steep rocks he was ascending,—a catastrophe which would have abruptly terminated his journey and his life. On first entering the Spiti valley, the visitor is struck with the unexampled barrenness and sterility of the hills, which are devoid of even a trace of trees, and merely support a few grovelling furze-bushes on the slopes of their base. After a sharp descent, the first village, that of Mani, is reached, situated at a height of nearly 12,000 feet. Nothing can be more peculiar than the whole scene—the bare and precipitous hills, of a peculiar and uniform yellow colour, their sharply defined and jagged outline, the total absence of trees, save a few poplars planted around the village. And yet there were traces that this isolated portion of the human family,

in the distribution of providential mercies was not forgotten of the Lord. There were around rich crops of wheat and barley. The square flat-topped houses, with their tiny windows, had stores of furze for their winter fuel accumulated on the roofs; yaks and shawl-goats were grazing among the rocks; and there, in the midst of all these, were the inhabitants themselves, genuine Tartars in physiognomy, with their nationality stamped on every particular of their figure, dress, or speech.

They are introduced to our notice in the following description—

Both men and women dress in loose coats and trousers of a coarse woollen cloth, and puttoes, or boots, of untanned leather. These boots are very warm and substantial articles, composed of a sole of leather, which is turned up all round the foot and stitched to a thick woollen stocking, or legging, which is tied above the knee. Though rather clumsy in appearance, these boots afford perfect protection against cold, and from injury from rough ground or ice; and, after a march, a coolly may often be seen with a needle and thread putting a few stitches into a weak place in his boots, which often exhibit signs of having had half-a-dozen soles added from time to time, one over the other. The men wear either conical caps, or ones much the shape of a comfortable travelling cap, and their hair in a pigtail, except the Lamas, or priests, who are closely cropped. The women wear their hair braided behind in numerous small plaits, often twenty or upwards in number, sometimes tied loosely together at their ends, and sometimes kept equidistant by having their ends passed through a horizontal ribbon half-way down the back, the plaits then recalling to mind the bars of a gridiron. Most of the men wear necklaces of large amber beads or turquoise, of very irregular shapes, but very frequently an inch or more in diameter. The amber is mostly sulphur-coloured, and it is by no means easy to purchase a fine necklace, as they seem to be regarded as heir-looms, and are all brought from Maha-chin. Besides these large beads, the less affluent wear smaller ones of glass, agate, or coral, though usually with a few beads of their favourite amber or turquoise intermixed. Some beads are a very clever imitation of dark onyx of Chinese manufacture, which is not readily detected, save on close examination. They are the same, I believe, as are met with occasionally in Hindustan, where they are called "Solimains," and are greatly prized, though none here can tell where they originally came from. The women wear similar ornaments, but rarely so large or fine as the men. They also wear white shell bangles, imported, I believe, from China—though India could supply them, I should imagine, far cheaper—and also head lappets of cloth, extending some way down the back, and ornamented with large turquoises, glass, &c. Both men and women, too, invariably carry a small willow-wood cup some five inches in diameter, a flint and steel at their side, and a leathern tobacco-pouch filled with the dry tobacco leaf. The Spiti pipe is of iron, about a foot and a half long, with a small shallow bowl an inch across, and a square fluted stem half an inch broad, and tapering off to a round mouth-piece, but very strong.

These poor people were found to be friendly, hospitable, and of placid temperament. Between them and the men of Hindustan, in their bearing towards each other, a great contrast was observable. Disputes, when they occurred, respecting provisions or loads, were carried on with great noise and animation, but without any of that abuse so current in Hindustan, where children of tender years soon acquire the command of the foulest language, which they pour out, without restraint, when provocation arises.

Occasionally suspension bridges had to be crossed.

These bridges are constructed of ropes made of birch or willow-twig. The supports are two stout cables, each composed of some twelve or fifteen small ropes, stretched over rude piers on either bank at about five feet apart, and firmly secured by being buried deeply beneath the stones forming the piers. Between the main cables, and about two feet below them, a third, of smaller dimensions, is stretched and supported by light ropes passed over the side cables; and when the bridge is in good order, a passenger treading on the central cable, and supporting himself by the ones on either side, can cross a river with perfect ease and safety, far more so than over the best cane bridge of the Eastern Himalayas and Khasia hills, as the cane and bamboo of which they are constructed is far more slippery than the ropes which are used in their place throughout Spiti. When, however, out of repair, and the small side ropes supporting the central cable in many places deficient, the job of crossing is trying to the nerves, and actually dangerous.

Sometimes, near a village, is to be seen a large pile of stones, covered with slabs, on which is inscribed the mystical formula, "Aumi mani padme hun."

Does a childless man wish for a son? or a merchant about to travel hope for a safe return? Does a husbandman look for a good harvest? or a shepherd for the safety of his flock during the severity of winter? Each goes to a Lama and purchases a slate, which he deposits carefully on the village Mani, and returns to his home in full confidence that his prayer will be heard.

Alas, these dark nooks and corners of our earth! When and how shall the light of Gospel truth enter in by the snowy passes of Spiti, and open up to the secluded inhabitants the prospect of a happier home in heaven?

BIBLE MEETING AT ABBEOKUTA.

WE desire especially to direct the attention of our readers to the following account of the first Meeting held on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society at Abbeokuta. That town has recently experienced a great deliverance. The Christian people there are not unmindful of the mercy vouchsafed to them; and in this Meeting, and the anxiety of the people to be present, the attention paid to

the various speakers, and the large collection made to help the extended circulation of that book, the truths of which are so full of blessing to men of all nations, we see some expression of their thankfulness. They may indeed say, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad;" and their inquiry seems to be, "What can I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" The collection is well worthy of especial notice.

It has been long thought advisable to hold a Public Meeting in aid of the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from whose good work we have derived so much benefit in having at command a supply of portions of the holy Scriptures in the language of the people, which is ever most kindly and liberally renewed when wanted. The state of the country—the drain upon the resources of the people, caused by war and the stoppage of trade—seemed to forbid one making an attempt to draw upon their liberality; but, nevertheless, it was deemed right to make the attempt. Notice was given of the Meeting in the various places of public worship on Sunday week last, and sermons were preached last Sunday, in order the more effectually to stir up their liberality. On Monday morning, before the time of meeting, groups of people in their holiday attire were seen directing their steps towards the Ake church. At the time for opening the Meeting a large assembly was gathered together within the walls of the church. It was found necessary to arrange and pack the people together in order to find room for those still pressing in. A hymn was sung—

"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."

After the hymn, the Rev. W. Moore, of Oshielle, engaged in prayer, and Mr. Williams read a portion of Scripture. The Rev. G. F. Bühler first addressed the Meeting. He was followed by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, the Rev. J. L. B. Wood, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Faulkner. At this stage of the proceedings two Resolutions, which had been spoken to by the previous speakers, were put to the Meeting by the chairman—"That we seek to promote the circulation of the holy Scriptures, and pray for a blessing from God on their circulation." On being told to signify their assent by holding up their hands, every hand was lifted and stretched up to the utmost, with a suddenness and vigour that is seldom witnessed. Three verses of a hymn, commencing with the words, "Precious Bible! what a treasure does the word of God afford," were then sung. Dr. Harrison next addressed the Meeting most effectively, having for his subject the promises made to obedience in Deut. xxviii., showing that the promises are now being fulfilled in the case of England, and that the heathen here were suffering in every particular, in a marked manner, through the want of God's blessing. They listened with the closest attention: the address made a great impression. The next and last speaker was the Rev. T. Champness, who, in a lively manner, spoke on the need of their making a good collection; that they had received so many benefits, had been fed by the word of life until they had grown up in Christian knowledge; and now it was necessary for them to make a suitable acknowledgment. At

the termination of the address every hand was lifted up two or three times to express their satisfaction and assent. A blessing was pronounced by the chairman, and the assembly called upon to pour out their offering on the floor before the pulpit. A great rush followed: all were eager to contribute; and a heap was soon raised that took eleven strong persons to carry away, amounting to 222,000 cowries, several cards of "I promise to pay" to the sum of 4*l.* 8*s.*, together with 9*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* in gold, silver, and copper coins, amounting in all to 20*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* sterling, the cowries being bought at 12*s.* 6*d.* per bag.

The various coins used in a collection like this serve to indicate the progress made by the natives in the use of coin and the advance of civilization. The readers of the "*Iwe Irohin*" will be interested to know the amount and value of the coins collected: they were as follows: two sovereigns, two half-sovereigns, one five-franc gold piece, four dollars, four half-dollars, two half-crowns, eleven florins, twenty-eight shillings, forty-seven sixpences, fifty-eight threepenny pieces, twenty-five pence, three halfpence: various sums were sent afterwards.

BAPTISMS AT ABBEOKUTA.

(From the *Iwe Irohin*.)

ON Monday, the 14th instant, thirty-one adults were received into the church at Ake by baptism, of whom seventeen were men, and fourteen women. Of these, twelve were of Abbeokuta, ten natives of Ijaye, two of Aibo, one of Oyo, one of Effon, a country beyond Ibadan, in the interior, two of a town called Abala, beyond Ilorin, one of the Ibomna country, somewhere near the Niger, one of Abaka, and one who had been stolen away at an early age, and had forgotten his country: thus there were twelve of Abbeokuta, and nineteen strangers of various countries, who had been driven by distress, or taken as slaves and brought to Abbeokuta. God in his own good providence will cause his truth to be known among all nations: He often causes his work to go on by means most unlooked for by men. Aibo refused to receive the messengers of the Gospel; but now, the people having been scattered by war, many have received the truth in Abbeokuta. The afflictions the Ijaye people suffered are giving many of them ears to hear, who, in the days of their prosperity, never listened with attention to the word of God preached among them. People from countries beyond the limit reached by Missionaries, are forced by the hands of violence and cruelty to come within hearing of the glad tidings of salvation from a greater bondage than that caused by the slavery of man. Thus in Abbeokuta the white man comes in contact with representatives of very many tribes that will be for a long time to come inaccessible to them. The slave-trade brings down people of all the interior tribes, but the check given to the slave-trade on the coast stops the outward flow of slaves: the encouragement given to lawful traffic gives employment to the slaves brought down, and means of self-emancipation; so that, in course of time, and by the help of God, many will return to their father-and-mother-land better people than when they left.

THE LEPCHAS OF SIKKIM.

A **SANATORIUM**, sufficiently near to Calcutta to be promptly available, having been found most necessary, Darjeeling was purchased from the Rajah of Sikkim about the year 1840, being 370 miles



MEMORIAL CHAITS IN SIKKIM.

northward from Calcutta, and from 6500 to 7500 feet above the level of the sea. The view from hence of the snowy range is unparalleled in grandeur. The mountains are so near, and yet of such altitude, more than 12 peaks rising above 20,000 feet; none falling below 15,000; while one rises above 28,000, and seven others above 22,000. The nearest snow is on a beautiful sharp conical peak 19,000 feet high, and 32 miles distant, whilst Kanchin, which forms the principal mass both in height and bulk, is 45 miles distant.

This mountain country is Sikkim, and we wish to introduce to our readers its inhabitants.

The Lepcha is the aboriginal inhabitant of the country, and the prominent character in Darjeeling, where he undertakes all sorts of out-door employment. The race to which he belongs is a very singular one, markedly Mongolian in features, and a good deal, too, in habit; still he differs from his Thibetan prototype, though not so decidedly as from the Nepalese and Bhotanese, between whom he is hemmed into a tract of mountain country, barely sixty miles in breadth. The Lepchas possess a tradition of the flood, during which a couple escaped to the top of a mountain (Tendong) near Darjeeling. The earliest traditions which they have of their history date no further back than some three hundred years, when they describe themselves as having been long-haired, half-clad savages. At about that period they were visited by Thibetans, who introduced Buddh worship, the plaiting of their hair into pig-tails, and many of their own customs.

An attentive examination of the Lepcha in one respect entirely contradicts our preconceived notions of a mountaineer, as he is timid, peaceful, and no brawler; qualities which are all the more remarkable from contrasting so strongly with those of his neighbours to the east and west; of whom the Ghorkas are brave and warlike to a proverb, and the Bhotanese quarrelsome, cowardly, and cruel. A group of Lepchas is exceedingly picturesque. They are of short stature—four feet eight inches to five feet—rather broad in the chest, and with muscular arms, but small hands and slender wrists. The face is broad, flat, and of eminently Tartar character, flat-nosed and oblique-eyed, with no beard, and little moustache; the complexion is sallow, or often a clear olive; the hair is collected into an immense tail, plaited flat or round. The lower limbs are powerfully developed, befitting genuine mountaineers: the feet are small. Though never really handsome, and very womanish in the cast of countenance, they have invariably a mild, frank, and even engaging expression, which is perhaps due more to the absence of any thing unpleasing, than to the presence of direct grace or beauty. In disposition they are amiable and obliging, humorous, and polite, without the servility of the Hindus; and their address is free and unrestrained. Their intercourse with one another and with Europeans is scrupulously honest: a present is divided equally amongst a party, without a syllable of discontent or grudging look or word; each, on receiving his share, coming up and giving the donor a brusque bow and thanks. They are constantly

armed with a long, heavy, straight knife,* but never draw it on one another: family and political feuds are alike unheard of amongst them.

The Lepcha's dress is very scanty, and when we are wearing woollen under-garments and hose, he is content with one cotton vestment, which is loosely thrown round the body, leaving one or both arms free; it reaches to the knee, and is gathered round the waist; its fabric is close, the ground colour white, ornamented with longitudinal blue stripes, two or three fingers broad, prettily worked with red and white. When new and clean, this garb is remarkably handsome and gay, but not showy. In cold weather an upper garment with loose sleeves is added. A long knife, with a common wooden handle, hangs by his side, stuck in a sheath; he has often also a quiver of poisoned arrows and a bamboo bow across his back. On his left wrist is a curious wooden guard for the bow-string; and a little pouch containing aconite poison and a few common implements is suspended to his girdle. He seldom wears a hat, and when he does, it is often extravagantly broad and flat-brimmed, with a small hemispherical crown. It is made of the leaves of *Scitamineæ*, between two thin plates of bamboo-work, clumsy and heavy: this is generally used in rainy weather, while in dry a conical one is worn, also of platted slips of bamboo, with broad flakes of talc between the layers and a peacock's feather at the side. The umbrella consists of a large hood, much like the ancient boat called a coracle, which, being placed over the head, reaches to the thighs behind. It is made of platted bamboo, enclosing broad leaves of *Phrynium*. Lepchas running along in the pelting rain, with these on, are very droll figures: they look like snails with their shells on their backs.

The Lepchas are fond of ornaments, wearing silver hoops in their ears, necklaces of cornelian, amber, and turquoise, brought from Thibet, and pearls and corals from the south, with curious silver and golden charm-boxes or amulets attached to their necks or arms. These are of Thibetan workmanship, and often of great value: they contain little idols, charms of written prayers, or the bones, hair, or nail-parings of a Lama: some are of great beauty and highly ornamented. In these decorations, and in their hair, they take some pride. The women always wear two braided pig-tails, and it is by this they are most readily distinguished from their effeminate-looking partners, who wear only one. When in full dress, the woman's costume is extremely ornamental and picturesque: besides the shirt and petticoat, she wears a small sleeveless woollen cloak, of gay pattern, usually covered with crosses, and fastened in front by a girdle of silver chains. Her neck is loaded with silver chains, amber necklaces, &c., and her head adorned with a coronet of scarlet cloth, studded with seed-pearls, jewels, glass beads, &c. The common dress is a long robe of indi, a cloth of coarse silk, spun from the cocoon of a large caterpillar that is found wild at the foot of the hills, and is also cultivated: it feeds on many different leaves, Sal, castor-oil, &c. . . .

The Lepchas profess no religion, though acknowledging the existence of good and bad spirits. To the good they pay no heed: "Why should

* It is called "Ban," and serves equally for plough, toothpick, table-knife, hatchet, hammer, and sword.

we?" they say: "the good spirits do us no harm; the evil spirits, who dwell in every rock, grove, and mountain, are constantly at mischief, and to them we must pray, for they hurt us." Every tribe has a priest-doctor: he neither knows nor attempts to practise the healing art, but is a pure exorcist; all bodily ailments being deemed the operations of devils, who are cast out by prayers and invocations. Still they acknowledge the Lamas to be very holy men, and were the latter only moderately active, they would soon convert all the Lepchas. Their priests are called "Bijooas:" they profess mendicancy, and seem intermediate between the begging friars of Thibet, whose dress and attributes they assume, and the exorcists of the aboriginal Lepchas: they sing, dance (masked and draped like harlequins), beg, bless, curse, and are merry mountebanks: those that affect more of the Lama Buddhist carry the "Mani," or revolving praying-machine, and wear rosaries and amulets; others again are all tatters and rags. They are often employed to carry messages, and to transact little knaveries. The natives stand in some awe of them, and being, besides, of a generous disposition, keep the wallet of the Bijooa always full.*

Death here, as elsewhere among the families of fallen man, goes forward on its mission, and on each, when the appointed time comes, the sentence takes effect, "It is appointed unto man once to die." How dark that moment is when He is unknown, who can alone enlighten it!

"The poorer are buried, the richer burnt, and their ashes scattered or interred, but not in graves proper, of which there are none. Nor are there any signs of interment throughout Sikkim. Although chaits are erected to the memory of the departed, they have no necessary connexion with the remains."

CHURCH MISSIONARY SUNDAY-SCHOOL TREAT AT MADRAS.

THERE was a pleasing scene in town on Friday evening the 10th of July last. The young people connected with the Sunday school in the northern division of the Church Missionary Society's district were brought together in the central school, with their teachers, for a treat, consisting of reward-books, fruits, and sweets.

Proceedings commenced at five o'clock, by the Bishop taking the chair. After a hymn had been sung and prayer offered by the Rev. W. Saumarez Smith, the Rev. J. Bilderbeck briefly stated the object of the gathering, and described the character of the school. It consisted of two branches, one in town and the other in Tondiarpet; the former numbering sixty-four scholars, and the latter forty; making in all 104 present: of these, twenty-one were girls and the rest boys. The subjects of exercise varied according to the capacities of the pupils and the choice of their teachers. Sometimes the collects for the day are explained, sometimes selected portions of Scripture, and sometimes Catechisms

* The extracts are taken from Dr. J. D. Hooker's Himalayan Journals, 1855.

on Christian doctrine ; the endeavour being by every prayerful means to open to them those sources of instruction which will enable them to become acquainted with the character of God, the relation in which they stand to Him as fallen creatures, and the means of grace which He has provided for their recovery : in short, the teaching is purely scriptural, and though so, heathen, as well as Christians, avail themselves of it, the former showing no reluctance to sit and learn by the side of Christians. Mr. Bilderbeck believed that if his lordship were disposed to ask any questions on Scripture, the pupils would be prepared to answer them, although the object of assembling the school was simply to give rewards for regular attendance and good behaviour, and to hear words of counsel and encouragement addressed to them and their teachers. With reference to the arrangements made to gratify them all on this occasion, he felt he could not do better than first read a letter he had received the day before from a valued member of his congregation for whose forethought and consideration he was deeply grateful. This Hindu Christian gentleman, whose name he was not at liberty to mention, writes thus—

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I do myself the pleasure to send herewith a small mite (ten rupees) towards procuring prize-books, and providing a treat for your Sunday-school children. Instead of a few children only getting prizes, I would respectfully recommend that every child receive some small gift as an inducement for future conduct. None of them should be allowed to go away with the impression that he was not worthy of the esteem and goodwill of those connected with the Sunday school who have the power to reward merit. In my humble opinion the giving of rewards only to a few is not a proper method to be pursued in Sunday schools where the motives for acquiring knowledge are different from those which actuate the pupils in secular institutions.

“I remain, &c.

(Signed)”

The views so expressed by his friend Mr. Bilderbeck hoped he would be able to carry out, only he thought that those scholars who were regular in their attendance, and had given satisfaction in their classes, should receive some marks of special notice ; and for this purpose, among other things, books also were provided, which he would beg his lordship to distribute in the order of the names that would now be called out, and after that he would be obliged if the Bishop would kindly say a few words to both pupils and masters.

Some of the girls were first called, and, in introducing them, Mr. Bilderbeck said they belonged to his class, and as they were mostly the elder pupils of the central school, they were remarkable for intelligence and a good acquaintance with the word of God, which only heightened his pleasure in teaching them. Next came some of the boys of the senior class. In presenting them, Mr. Bilderbeck read the report given of each by Mootoosawmy Pillay, their teacher, whose kindness in voluntarily assisting in this good work he thankfully acknowledged. This report, written in English, was as creditable to him as to the pupils whom he commended. It may not be uninteresting to give it here in detail. It is as follows—

“E— . This lad holds the most prominent position in his class. He

has given me entire satisfaction in the delivery of his lessons, as well as in answering questions bearing upon subjects that do not form a portion of his class studies. The regularity of his attendance, and the never-ceasing diligence evinced by him in his studies, entitle him to a reward.

"M——. This young lad is very punctual in his attendance, and bears a general good character. I can bear favourable testimony to his industry and assiduity. He deserves encouragement.

"D——. This young man has made considerable progress in his studies generally since he connected himself with the Sunday school. He reads fluently, and has otherwise given me entire satisfaction. He also deserves some encouragement.

"I——. This lad is very regular in his attendance, and is an example to others in the delivery of his lessons as well as in answering questions. Moreover, I can bear very favourable testimony with regard to his moral conduct. I beg to recommend that he should get a first-rate reward."

Books having been distributed both to pupils and teachers, all the young people stood up, and, with much interest and great silence, listened to the Bishop's address, which was replete with kindly counsel and loving instruction. His lordship exhorted them to consider the motives which prompted the formation of Sunday schools, and which moved their teachers to teach. The object was, to promote their spiritual good, and it was with this view that they chiefly taught them the Holy Scriptures, as that alone which could rightly lead them through the path of life, and light their way to a blessed eternity. Hence they should learn to value their privileges and love their teachers, whom they ought always to meet joyfully. Next, he pressed upon them the importance of redeeming time and making most of their present opportunities; and concluded by encouraging them to persevere in their useful course, and so to sustain the efforts that are made on their behalf.

The young people having resumed their seats, the teachers, six in number, were next addressed in the same telling and earnest manner. His lordship made some forcible remarks on the spirit in which they should teach as of equal importance with the matter generally selected on such occasions, and followed what he said by setting before them the example of St. Paul and that of the divine Redeemer.

This ended, another hymn was sung, and the Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan offered a prayer in Tamil, and the Bishop pronounced the Benediction. As soon as the visitors retired the young people were treated with fruits and sweets. There was nothing gay in the gathering, but all was cheerful and pleasant; and the best proof of its having given satisfaction was the delight of the pupils and teachers, who went away highly gratified.

Among the visitors were Miss Gell, the Misses Macdonald, the Misses Johnston, Miss Guest, Miss Prince, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Guest, Mrs. Saththianadhan, Mrs. Claridge, Mrs. Bilderbeck, Rev. H. A. Alcock, Rev. J. P. Ashton, M.A., Rev. W. S. Smith, Rev. R. Johnston, Rev. J. Guest, Rev. Mr. Solomon, Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan, Major E. J. Lawder, Dr. Jesudasan Pillay, J. Murdoch, Esq., Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Perriman.

"Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?"—Jer. iii. 4.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

THE Yoruba country has long been in a disturbed state. War between tribes has been raging there, obstructing the advancement of the country, and filling every thing with confusion. But for that war, Yoruba might now be furnishing large quantities of cotton to the British market, and have risen in importance. But, above all, the spread of the Gospel has been interfered with, the occupation of new points in the interior rendered impracticable, and, where it has reached, men's minds distracted from attending to it. May peace be soon restored to this and other distracted lands !

And yet, amidst all that is calculated to perplex and grieve, there is still consolation, that He who reigns on high can cause his work to progress in the most troublous times and by the most unlikely methods, and that He can overrule great evils for the accomplishment of his own glorious purposes. Thus even wars and commotions have been made productive of good that never was expected. The following item of intelligence from the Yoruba country, communicated by the Rev. G. F. Bühler, is an instance of this—

"There are many indications of the overruling hand of God in this war. During this present war a young Ijebu trader came occasionally to one of my church members, where he saw the difference between Christians and heathen. The Christian persuaded the young Ijebu man to learn to read the word of God : he consented finally, and found the word of God excellent. As soon as he could read, he taught his brother the art of reading at home. A third one learnt it too. The first of them got ill of small-pox, which prevented him from reading ; but his brother read several psalms to him every day, which he told me were a great comfort to him. These three men taught some others, so that seven men can read, and eighteen more are learning it as fast as possible. This all in a town where no Missionary would have been accepted. And now, they told me, the elders of that town, having seen the conduct of our Christian warriors, are not only no longer enemies of the book-people, but admire them. As soon as the war is over, the men assured me, many in that town would become Christians. Three of these men are here at present to receive more instruction in order to get baptized."

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THE SIOUX, OR DAKOTAS.

In the summer of 1862 the Missionaries of the American Board were quietly pursuing their labours among the Dakota Indians, in the State of Minnesota, and that with every prospect of improvement. Three stations had been formed at Hazlewood, Yellow Medicine, and Zoar, and little bands of converted natives gathered together at each of these points. The Indians were planting larger fields, making better fences, and taking better care of their crops. There was the promise of an abundant harvest. Their houses were looking neater than formerly, and getting around them more conveniences, as chairs, tables, bedsteads, clothes, &c.

Suddenly a storm broke upon the peaceful scene. The heathen Dakotas, instigated by various motives—wrongs which they considered they had received at the hands of the American authorities, and, on the part of some, dislike to Christianity—suddenly rose, attacked the agency posts, and, defeating the soldiers sent against them, butchered many of the white residents. The Missionaries were placed in extreme danger, and although the Christian Indians rendered important aid, it was soon apparent that they had no power to protect their benefactors. The Missionaries and their families were compelled to flee for their lives, betook themselves to the prairies, and succeeded, after great danger and fatigue, in reaching a place of safety.

About 600 or 700 whites fell in this massacre, amidst the horrors of which, although they were themselves but a little band, the Christian Sioux succeeded, during the first week, in saving the lives of 100 whites, as well as obtaining subsequently the release of many prisoners.

War ensued, in which, as might be expected, the Indians were crushed and broken. After the battle of Wood Lake, the murderers decided to flee west, a few excepted: some thought it better to surrender to the Big Knives; for "although," as they said, "we may die, our wives and children will be preserved from starvation." These men were executed towards the close of the year; 263 others were sentenced to be hung for taking part in the battles; while many others, not convicted of any crime, were confined in the prison at Mankato.

Among these people a remarkable movement has taken place, a deep anxiety about their souls and a glad submission to the Gospel of Christ. Dr. Williamson, the Missionary, says—

The prisoners captured by General Sibley were brought to the neighbourhood of Mankato about the 10th of November 1862. On the 12th I first visited their prison, and endeavoured to speak to them. There were at that time more than 370 Dakotas, and some twenty or thirty Winnebagoes, all chained by their legs, two and two. Most of them were heathen; very many had been persecutors of all who had evinced any disposition to embrace Christianity; but among them I found three members in good standing, one of them a ruling elder in the church to which I had ministered before the outbreak, two others who had been communicants in churches connected with our Mission, and nine whom we had baptized in infancy. There were about twenty who had been taught to read in our schools,

About a dozen had also been baptized by the Roman Catholics, nearly half of whom could read.

On my third visit, November 23d, the officer in command kindly instructed the guard to keep out visitors during divine service, and there was great silence, the Indians listening with deep, fixed attention. From that time to the present I have visited and preached to them every Sabbath except two, when brother Riggs was with them, and frequently on

Saturdays and Mondays. The Lord has carried on his work gloriously. Soon, the cards with which many of them had been trying to amuse themselves, disappeared from their prison, and the paint from their faces. The few who had been able to retain a hymn-book, a portion of the Holy Scriptures, or Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, were seen diligently perusing the same. I was earnestly importuned for books in their own language, very few of which could be obtained. The church members got together for social worship, at first each evening, and then both evening and morning. Others crowded around them as close as they could to hear, and, as far as practicable, join in the worship. Seeing this, the Christians became more bold, and added exhortations to singing, prayer, and reading the Scriptures; and Robert, the ruling elder, was enabled to speak in a manner highly appropriate and edifying, far beyond what could have been expected of one of no more education and experience in public speaking. Though myself, or some of my associates in the Mission, have preached to them every Sabbath, the work has seemed to be carried forward chiefly through his instrumentality, and that of his fellow-Christian prisoners.

On the 26th of December thirty-eight were executed, being all except two who were convicted of having participated in the massacres. These had eagerly listened to Christian instruction, and, with two or three exceptions, desired to be baptized. Most of them gave such evidence of conversion as men in their circumstances could give.

Many of them now became anxious for baptism. A confession of faith in their own language was prepared for them, due instruction given, and before the close of the month all the Indians at Mankato, with one exception, were baptized, to the number of more than 300.

Since then they have been going on well. They have three seasons for social worship in the prison, or, when the weather and other circumstances admit, in the prison yard, each day. They apply themselves with great diligence to learning, and, considering their circumstances, make rapid advances in knowledge. Though poorly supplied with books and paper (and their prison is so dark that in most parts it is difficult to see to read), many, who at the beginning of the year did not know a letter, now write letters to their absent friends. Their prayers are copious, fervent, and appropriate. They pray daily for the officers and soldiers who guard them. They pray much for their families. And God is answering these prayers.

The Missionaries observe that a general execution of these Indians had been demanded by the settlers, but successfully resisted by President Lincoln. The sentence passed upon the natives is, indeed, without this, of sufficient severity.

On account of the murders committed by about 300 wicked men, Congress has declared the lands and annuities of a population of 6000 souls forfeited. About 2000, or one-third of these, surrendered themselves to General Sibley last fall, and have been held as prisoners ever since, in circumstances in which they can earn nothing. They have been deprived of their arms and implements for hunting; with a very

few exceptions, their horses, cattle, and waggons were lost, or have been disposed of to supply their urgent wants; and they have nothing remaining except their cooking utensils, tents, and clothes on their backs, which will soon be worn out. Within six months more than 200, or one-tenth, have died, many of them in consequence of their confinement. During the same time a large majority of the men, and, I suppose, of the women too, have openly renounced heathenism and embraced Christianity. When they will be liberated, and where they will be located, we do not know; but they will probably be sent to some place where the expense of erecting buildings, and taking supplies of food and clothing, will be much greater than where they were before. We hope that, by means of those converted within the past winter, God designs to diffuse his Gospel among the 30,000 of their people still at large; but in order to this they must be watched over, followed, and further instructed. Are the churches willing to furnish the means for doing this? We, who have the honour of preaching to them, are willing to do our part in the work.

By the last accounts the removal had commenced. They were being removed down the Mississippi river, the Missionaries accompanying them, whither they knew not.

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#### AN ADVENT SONG.

"**THY** light is come! arise and shine!"  
 A dayspring, radiant and divine,  
 Breaks for thee! 'Tis thy coming King!  
 Shake off thy dust! Arise and sing!

Courage! E'en though the thundercloud  
 Broods o'er thee with its morning shroud,  
 Bright rays of light shall pierce that storm:  
 Looms through the mist thy Saviour's form.

Joy to the pilgrim! Lone and drear  
 Thy pathway lies! but yon bright sphere  
 (Though yet unris'n) rich seeds of light  
 Sows broadcast o'er the field of night.

Tossed mariner! bid thy bark breast  
 The billows towards the haven of rest:  
 What time thou seem'st to make them sport,  
 They speed thee surely to thy port.

Soldier of Christ, sheathe not thy sword!  
 Gird fast thy loins; expect the Lord.  
*Himself* speaks peace; *He* calms the strife  
 Who won for thee the crown of life.

Watchman of God! with sleepless eye  
 Each harbinger of light descry.  
 Stand on the mountain top, and strain  
 Thy rapt gaze, the first streak to gain  
 Which shoots athwart the darkling main.



Courage, take heart, thou man of toil,  
That dew'st with tears the thankless soil;  
Sheaves in thy bosom thou shalt bind;  
Fruits from each handful cast abroad  
Await the harvest home of God.

True bridegroom of thy Church! revive  
Our love: bid drooping graces thrive:  
Of self's soiled robes our souls undress:  
Clothe us in Thine own righteousness.

Thy frail and fickle bride make meet  
With *whole* desires her Lord to greet:  
Her sluggish, ice-block'd, spirit fill  
With Thy loves' bounding, quickening rill.

Oil from the golden bowl, not scant  
And trickling, for our vessels grant,  
"More life and fuller, *that* we want!"  
Thine is no niggard's dole! Thy store  
Of grace right royally runs o'er!

*Calcutta Christian Intelligencer.*

#### MISSION WORK AMONG THE NESTORIANS.

A WORK has been recently published at Boston, entitled "Woman and her Saviour in Persia," which exhibits in a very interesting manner the power of the Gospel among the Nestorians, a Mission in which, before recent retrenchments rendered necessary by the civil war in America, there were 3 stations and 35 out-stations, 54 native preachers, 14 female assistant Missionaries, and 43 teachers.

The materials for the book are taken principally from the history of the female seminary at Ooroomiah, where there has been much of religious awakening and desire after instruction. One extract will suffice.

It was in May, and the day one of the finest of those charming May days in Ooroomiah. The most of the Nestorians who had been admitted to the communion were present; and in distributing the guests among the Mission families, it was understood that all who had been connected with the seminary should go there. The object of this was to gather all the scattered members of the family together once more, in the place where prayer had been wont to be made, before they went to the Lord's table. As yet no one knew that their teacher was about to leave them; for she did not wish any thing else to turn away their thoughts from Jesus. When they had assembled in the schoolroom she could not say much, but besought the Lord Jesus to be the Master of the assembly. After singing a hymn, the words "Looking unto Jesus" were given as the key-note of the meeting. He came and whispered peace, and all felt that they sat together in heavenly places. The eyes of their hearts were opened, so that they realized the fulfilment of the promise, "There am I in the midst of you."

They were invited to speak freely of their joys and sorrows, in order that together they might carry them to Jesus. The first to speak was Hance, one of the two whom Mar Yohanan brought to Miss Fisk at the commencement of the school. She had, not long before, buried her only child; and holding her hands as though the little one still rested on her

arms, she said, "Sisters, at the last communion you saw me here with my babe in these arms. It is not here now. I have laid it into the arms of Jesus, and come to-day to tell you there is a sweet as well as a bitter in affliction. When the rod is appointed to us, let us not only kiss it, but press it to our lips. When I stood by that little open grave, I said, 'All the time I have given to my babe I will give to souls.' I try to do so. Pray for me." She told but the simple truth; for, after the death of her child, she used to bring the women into the room where it died, and there talk and pray with them. Since then she has received another little one, and, in the same spirit, given it back to Christ. When she ceased the whole company were in tears. The leader could only ask, "Who will pray?" And Sanum, whose children had died by poison, and who could enter into the feelings of the bereaved mother, knelt down and prayed, as very few could pray, for mothers left desolate, and for those who still folded their little ones in their arms. There was perfect silence while she pleaded for them, save as the sweet voice of her own babe sometimes added to the tenderness of her petitions. A child in heaven! what a treasure! and what a blessing if it draw the heart thither also!

There was a little pause after the prayer; and, to the surprise of all, the voice of Nazloo was heard in another part of the room; for they had supposed her near, if not already entering, the river of death. "Sisters," said she, "since seeing you I have stood with one foot in the grave; and may I tell you that it is a very different thing to be a Christian then from what it is in this pleasant schoolroom. Let me ask you if you are sure that you are on the Rock Christ Jesus?" A tender prayer followed, the burden of which was, "Search us, O Lord, and try us, and see if there be any wicked way in us, and lead us in the way everlasting."

The next to speak was one of the early pupils, who had come many miles to be present. She said, "I could think but one thought all the way as I came, and that was, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' We have certainly received freely: have we given any thing? Can we not do something for souls? I fear the Lord Jesus is not pleased with us?"

But we cannot dwell longer on the prayer-meeting. As many as twelve said a few words, and more than that number led in prayer during the two hours they were together: from thence all repaired to the dining-room, where they did "eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." Then it was announced that arrangements had been made for class prayer-meetings. It seemed to be just the thing that all longed for, though none had spoken of it; and at once each class went along the familiar passages to the room assigned it, and the voice of prayer arose from nearly every apartment in the building.

It must be remembered, that, at the present time, the Nestorians are being grievously oppressed by their Mohammedan masters. Last year, the English Ambassador obtained a royal order on their behalf; but it did not benefit them. They then turned their eyes towards Russia, and great hopes were entertained of help from this quarter; but this, too, seems to have failed. In the midst of these distresses God vouchsafes to the evangelical church, which has been raised up amongst them showers of blessings. May the work spread, until the whole lump be leavened!

**COME OVER, AND HELP US.**

THE Mission field in Western Africa is still widening. The day dawn is now stealing over its borders, and if faithful labourers will but go forth to the aid of the feeble band in the field, now bending beneath their heavy burdens, the Sun of Righteousness will, ere long, shine in noon-



tide glory into the very heart of this large, dark, and unhappy continent.

The traveller, the sailor, and the trader, have long been there, penetrating every accessible portion of that mysterious land, and freely risking health and life in the eager pursuit of wealth and fame. And shall the soldier of the Cross be less courageous? Shall he, with the last, earnest, emphatic command of his ascended Lord appealing to his conscience, turn a deaf ear, and leave Afric's millions to perish in their ignorance, because, in obeying his Master's behest, he may probably sustain detriment to his health? Oh! not so, reasons the world's soldier. Truly, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

"But," urge some over-prudent Christians, "it is cruel to send people to Africa to sicken and die: it is an unnecessary waste of health and life."

It is not cruel, notwithstanding all our losses, for others to come, and to come more and more. For then it were cruel for our dear Saviour to have come to earth to suffer, bleed, and die. It were cruel for his apostles to have followed in his footsteps. Ay, the labours, sacrifices, and deaths for Jesus' sake, of the suffering church through her long history, evermore "filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ," have been one long system of cruelty. Nay, verily, away with such principles. They are not Christian. It is ignorant Peter selfishly rebuking the Saviour, who would die for him—"Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee." It is the hypocritical economy of the world, only manifesting itself when expenditure for Christ's sake is the object, saying, "To what purpose is this waste?" Nay, more, it would destroy the name of Christian; for Jesus said, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." It would rob him of his present blessedness and his future glorious reward. "They that leave all shall receive manifold more in this life;" "if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." Ay, such principles are cruel, for they would leave countless numbers of heathen to perish; for how can they call on Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?

There are two significant facts in the history of African Missions, which should encourage labourers to go forth. One is, that, "constrained by the love of Christ," men of the most cultivated minds, and women of the highest refinement, have gone to that barbarous land, that outcast of the nations, and made for themselves not only homes that they could merely tolerate, but such as they could love and cherish; and there, year after year, have continued patiently and cheerfully to labour for their Master; esteeming it their greatest earthly privilege to spend and be spent in his service. The other is the undeniable fact, that in no other part of the heathen world is there evinced so much willingness to hear the Gospel as in Africa. "Ethiopia is now stretching forth her hands unto God," whom, through the mists of superstition, she sees, as yet, afar off. Happy and honourable, in the eternal kingdom, will they be who shall aid her in taking even one feeble step towards her unknown

Saviour. And surely, while God and the heathen are loudly crying, "Advance : tell to the countless thousands still sitting in darkness" the story of redeeming love, the church will not say, "Hold back, retrench ; it is an unnecessary waste of men and means." She will rather, with the aggressive spirit which distinguished her glorious Founder, and his long succession of apostles, bid her sons go on, and on, and on, to battle with the powers of darkness, until, from earth's remotest corner, shall go forth myriads of redeemed souls, to swell the chorus of the "Song of the Lamb."

"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood,  
 Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation ;  
 And hast made us unto our God kings and priests." . . . .  
 "Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,  
 And unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

[*Day-dawn in Africa.*

## BRIEF NARRATIVE OF MONIRAM AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. HOERNLE.

WHEN my husband took charge of the Meerut Mission he found an old venerable man (a convert from the Brahmins) living in Pabla, his own village, about twenty miles south of Meerut, in connexion with our Mission, as he had been engaged by Mr. Medland as a reader. The distance being too great for the aged man to come to Meerut more than once in three months, and the innumerable duties devolving on my husband, who was, for the most part of the year, quite alone here, preventing him from visiting him, he saw this delightful old Christian only twice. When Moniram came the second time, in November last, I had arrived, and thus had the privilege of seeing him also, but I much regret not to have known at that time what a pearl of my Redeemer's diadem I had before me. I should have for ever prized to hear from his own lips what I heard afterwards from his son and daughter, who were little children when those events occurred. When Mr. Hoernle took charge of this Mission he found several native helpers utterly unqualified for the post they held, and the difficulties in collecting the necessary local funds for their support were so great as to oblige him to make several alterations, *e.g.* closing all the petty schools in order to strengthen the new city boys' school. Unable at that time himself to look after this man's work, under existing circumstances, he thought of relinquishing it. When he, however, saw for the first time the old man, he was so struck with his sublime, venerable appearance, and with the simple account of his ways in reading and preaching the word of God to the people he used to visit, that he felt he could fully rely on the zeal and faithfulness of this fellow-helper, without taxing him with minute written reports, or looking himself after his labours, and gladly continued the little expense of his salary, convinced that this was not misapplied. And how glad was he for having been thus guided (according to God's precious words ; Psalm xxv. 9), when, a few months afterwards, this faithful follower of Jesus was called into his Master's rest. How sad would it have been had this little support for him and his small family been taken from him.

The confidence which Mr. Hoernle felt at once in this disciple of Jesus proved to have been mutual ; for as his daughter, when relating the last days of her father, said, about nine days before his death he told her and her mother that the Lord now soon would call him away. They asked why he said so, being quite in his usual health. He only replied, that God had made it known to him, and that they would see he was right. From that time he took less food than usual, yet did not complain of any pain. The third day before his death he took his last meal, and then said to his wife, "I shall now want no more, I am going to Jesus ; and, when I am gone, then stay with Simea, your daughter, in your house, till the Padre Sahib from Meerut will send for you, for he will do so. Go to him : he will take care of you both." After this he was almost instantly taken with bowel-complaint, under which he sank rapidly. His wife, seeing the true state of her husband, sent us a messenger, upon which Mr. Hoernle at once directed his head catechist, Joseph, to go with some medicines, to see after the dear patient. On his arrival near Pabla, he met a carriage bringing the corpse of the old man. He had expired a few hours before, and as one of his last wishes was to be buried in Meerut, in a Christian graveyard, his remains were removed thither, and accompanied by us to their resting-place. Joseph had not gone into Pabla to see his wife, but, under these circumstances, thought it best to return as quickly as possible, to make the necessary arrangements for the burial. We therefore knew nothing of Moniram's last days and words, except what the heathen men who brought him knew. But having heard that his daughter was a very young and good-looking woman, we thought they, being the only Christians in Pabla, might be exposed to troubles or temptations, and desired Joseph to go again, and try to persuade them to leave their home and stay with us. The natives being so very tenacious of their homes, we had not much hope of their accepting the proposal, and were most happily surprised by Joseph's bringing them the very next day, with all their little odds and ends, and to hear that they had just been waiting to be sent for. But one thing came out now, which utterly surprised and grieved us, and put us quite at a loss to understand. It appeared that Simea had never been baptized, but married ten years ago (long after Moniram's baptism), when quite a child, to a Brahmin. The reason for her staying with her parents was stated to be only because her husband leads a very wandering life, and her mother-in-law not being kind to her, she prefers to be with her parents. This unsatisfactory case threw quite a cloud over the bright view we had taken of Moniram and his family. However, the poor girl won my heart by her gentle and pleasing countenance and manners. It was, at all events, evident that she was not the guilty party in the matter. As she declared that it was her great desire to be baptized, I and my daughter took her under regular instruction, and the more we saw of her the more we liked her. Mr. Hoernle, being fully satisfied with her sincerity of faith and measure of Christian knowledge, baptized her on last Easter, with four other adults, in our Mission church. Her only brother (whom I have not mentioned yet), about ten years older than herself, had been servant for some years with the American Missionary, Mr. Caldwell, at

Roorkee, where he was also baptized. He was not at home when his father died. He had left Roorkee on hearing of his illness, but had only reached as far as Meerut when he heard that his father had already been buried there the day before. Mr. Hoernle not knowing then of Moniram's last advice to his wife (for she and her daughter seemed very reserved at first, and did not tell us at once of all that), advised Saru to take his mother and sister to Roorkee, as we thought it best for them to live together, and did not wish to take Saru from his employ there. But they did not wish to go. Saru returned to his work, but came again after some weeks, with a note from Mr. Caldwell, in which he asked us to give Saru something to do, for he would not like to keep him from his mother and sister, and he had no means to provide for them all. We were rather at a loss what to do with the good man, for though he is a most blameless and respectable character, his intellects are not very bright. We did not like to make a common servant of him, and for a teacher or catechist he has not life enough. As they are, however, all three very good and contented people, it was not so difficult to manage as it might have been with many other natives. Saru knows a little Hindee and Urdu reading and writing; so I engaged him to help in my girls' school, Salome also teaching needlework, in which she is very clever, continuing to them all the same sum of five rupees which their father had. They are well satisfied, and appear more comfortable than many who have double that sum.

When Ekla was taken up last June, Mr. Hoernle sent Saru, with his mother, there, to keep school for the children, and to assist the catechist in his duties of superintending the converts and preaching the Gospel in the vicinity. I am glad to add, Saru fills that post pretty well. On our visit there last month I found a nice opportunity of speaking to him about his sister. I had heard from her that a much younger brother of her father, a bunya at Nougoo, on the Hapore road, was also a Christian, and now asked Saru some particulars about this uncle, which led us into a more interesting conversation than I had expected. He said his uncle had been baptized only two years ago, but in heart he had been a Christian more than twenty years. I asked how he knew that (Saru is about thirty years old), and whether he would tell me how his father was brought to know Jesus. He replied, "My father was very zealous in visiting all the Hindu shrines and mélas, and thus he happened to go to the Gurmaktezer mela. There he met a Missionary, who, with some native helpers, proclaimed the blessed name of Jesus, and distributed tracts and portions of Scripture. He asked for one of them, and was reading it very attentively and thoughtfully when the Missionary approached him, asking, 'What are you reading? From whom have you got this book?' My father, a little surprised by the address of the foreigner, replied, 'Sahib, I received it from one of your men here, and since I have been reading this book, I wish very much to be instructed more about the way. Could you help me?' The Missionary now told him more of Jesus, and all God's plan of man's salvation; and, before they left the mela, he promised the Missionary to come to his place, as he wished to become a follower of Jesus, and to be baptized in his name. When my father came home, he told my mother of the



blessed way he had found, and asked her whether she would accompany him to the Missionary in Delhi to be baptized in the name of Christ. My mother, having great confidence in him, promised faithfully to join him. They went off with me, then about eight or ten years' old, and Salome, a little babe. But we had scarcely arrived in Delhi, at Mr. Thompson's, when a whole host of neighbours and relatives, who had heard of our departure, and got a notion of my father's intention, followed us, and did so overpower my parents with their lamentations and entreaties, that Mr. Thompson himself advised my father to go back for this time, and come again when their excitement was over. We returned, but my father's heart was unmoved. His friends tried to dissuade him in every possible way, promised him large sums of money, and, when they found that he was firm like a rock, they said, 'Well, be a Christian in heart: we will not press you in any way, only don't throw off your Brahmin string, and don't be baptized.' But my father said, 'I cannot yield to this. I have given myself to Jesus. I must break the chain of darkness. I must be baptized in his name.' And in a quiet still night he went to Delhi. Yet his absence could not remain hidden. His younger brother, living at a little distance, heard of it, and, in all haste, followed him. But when he arrived, he found, to his utter grief and horror, he was too late. My father was baptized. He came into the room, where Mr. Thompson spoke to my father, but kept quiet, and listening to the conversation. His anger was gradually subdued, and he became attentive. At last Mr. Thompson rose, and said to my father, 'Let us pray before we part,' and to my uncle, who seemed lost in thought, 'Come, join us.' When my uncle delayed, Mr. Thompson affectionately took his two hands, folded them together, and then prayed with them. My uncle told me afterwards, 'When the Delhi padre folded my hands together, I knew I should be a Christian; and when he prayed with us it sunk into my heart that this is the right way; Jesus is the Saviour! But I kept it in my heart more than fifteen years.' (He mentioned this to Saru only after his baptism.) When my father returned to Pabla, and confessed openly that he was now a Christian, the tumult was very great. The people did not attempt any insult on his person, but tried with all their might and cunningness to deprive him of his wife and children. Some said to my mother, 'It would be better for you if he were dead. Give him poison.' To this she replied, 'I would not do that if he had done any thing bad; why should I poison him for doing what he believes to be good?' When they could not prevail on her, they tried to entice me to leave my parents, and stay with my grandfather; but nothing was able to tear me away from my father and mother. I remember that then my uncle encouraged my mother to keep faithful to my father, and not mind other people's entreaties or threatenings, to which she always replied, 'And if my husband becomes a mahter, then I will become a mahtráni (sweeper), rather than leave him.' This means with a Brahmin more than death. Consequently my father followed Mr. Thompson's invitation, and took us all to Delhi, where, in course of time, my mother was also baptized. My father carried on his business as a bunya in Delhi, but, after some years, returned with us to Pabla, where the enmity, having meanwhile worn away, he was treated again with the same confi-



dence and respect as before, and even his shop frequented, as if he were still one of them, though he always cheerfully and openly called himself a Christian, and, after leaving shop and business to his wife and daughter, took his Bible and went to the neighbouring villages, and read to the people. Thus he went on, till the mutiny came, in which he lost all his property. Not wishing to commence business again, he was glad to be engaged by Mr. Medland, in the Meerut Mission, to carry on the same happy work which he had, on his own accord, done for so many years, with the only difference, that now he received a small allowance, which enabled him in his old age to devote himself more undividedly to his master's work."

So far Saru's narrative. I told him, "The more I hear of your father, the more I am surprised how he could have his daughter married to a heathen man." "Well," said Saru, "that was a very sad case. My dear father was shamefully deceived. There was a respectable Brahmin in a neighbouring place, who pretended to be a great friend to him, and by-and-bye made him believe that he would become like him, which meant, and was so understood by us, a Christian. After he had gained my father's confidence, he asked for his daughter to marry his son. Every one spoke well of the Brahmin; and my father, trusting his promises of becoming a Christian, was persuaded to give him my sister, though the poor girl cried bitterly when hearing of it. However, the wedding was celebrated, and all went on pleasantly so far. But my poor sister had not been many days in the house of her parents-in-law when the rumour reached my father's ears that the wicked old Brahmin had made up his mind that my sister should never return to us (it is the custom that such young wives spend part of their time with their own parents), and that, having obtained the girl, every connexion with her Christian relatives should now cease. My father was very wrath at this, went at once to the Brahmin's house, and told him that he would not be so shamefully deceived. My sister was then in an inner apartment of the house, but, my father speaking loud and angrily, she recognised his voice, and, finding what was the cause of his visit, ran out with fear and joy, threw her little arms round his neck (he was sitting on the ground), and declared she never would leave him till he had brought her safely home to her mother; and my father being determined too, carried the little wife away, much to the annoyance of the Brahmin's family, who were much ridiculed by all who heard of this final decision."

Salome is now with us, helping us partly in school, partly in the house, and I find her very useful. She is of a delicate constitution, and cannot do any hard work; yet she is clever and peaceful, and thoroughly honest and sincere, and therefore respected by all our native Christians.

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#### LING-TEH'S LETTER.

LING-TEH is one of our native helpers in the Ningpo Mission. He has deeply felt the loss of the Rev. W. A. and Mrs. Russell, who have been obliged, for the restoration of health, to return to Europe for a season. The following is a letter he has addressed to them.

It is a faithful translation of the original, and will be read with interest by our readers, as showing the strong affection which this Christian native has for his distant friends, expressed in the Chinese line of thought and after Chinese fashion—

Already have we entered upon the second year since your departure from amongst us. Through the kindness of Mr. Moule, I hear constantly about you. Whether it is that you are improving or not, I am thus kept regularly informed. He once told me that you fainted in the "fire carriage," that your case was altogether a bad one, and that the mistress was greatly alarmed. When we heard this, we also were greatly distressed. But thanks to the great favour of God, who caused the carriage to stop, and people to come to your assistance, you were soon better. I do indeed feel truly thankful to God and to those men who rendered you this help.

After this, Mr. Moule told me that he received another letter from you, in which you said that you had already arrived in your native country, and that you were now much better, but that the doctors said that you must have rest, which is quite right. For all this, too, I am very thankful to God.

Since you, Sir, and Mrs. Russell, left us, I have constantly prayed to God for you, and now I thank God that He has heard my prayer.

After this, another letter came from you, in which you exhorted us all from the Scriptures. All the members of the church heard that exhortation, and were greatly pleased with it. They said to me afterwards, "How is it that Mr. Russell should thus know and sympathize with our present sufferings?"

I then said to them, in reply, "Brethren, though Mr. Russell is now far away in his own native country, yet he has not forgotten us. May we never be a cause of shame to him! May God bless us, and enable us to act as disciples ought to do, and to keep his commandments!"

Since you, Mr. Russell and Mrs. Russell, went away, I have deeply felt your loss, and grieved for you as though my own father and mother had died.

You, Sir, left us in the third moon. On the 12th of the fourth moon the "long-haired rebels" were driven out of the city. The following was the Sabbath-day. The day after, uncle 'Eo, brothers Jingloh, Tsongtsin, Ah-shü, and myself, went back to the city. On going to the Jing-yi church I found the windows of it, and a large quantity of my own things, had been taken or destroyed by the rebels.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell, you will be glad to hear, that, through the great favour of God, my wife, Ah-seen, has now received baptism. She was baptized by the name of Ts-yü-tsia. Since the "long-haired rebels" have been driven out of the city, more than ten persons have been baptized.

At present I am engaged every morning in looking after the members of the church, and in the afternoon I go to the Jing-yi church to preach. On this account I have very little time for writing letters, otherwise I should write oftener, and at greater length, to you.

Please convey my respects to the grandfathers and grandmothers, and

all the other distinguished members of your family, with whom I have not as yet the pleasure of being acquainted.

My earnest prayer to God is that you, Mr. Russell and Mrs. Russell, will quickly come back to us, with your health fully restored, and tend us all as you have done before.

My wife, Ah-seen, also sends her respects to you and Mrs. Russell. Should you see Mr. Cobbold, please also to convey our respects to him and his family; also to Mr. Gough and all the honourable members of his family. When I have any leisure I will write again to you, and give you full information about the state of the church here.

The letter of 'O Ling-teh, written in the 2nd Moon of the year of our Lord 1863.

### LORD, LIFT THOU UP THE LIGHT OF THY COUNTENANCE UPON US.

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,  
Brightest beam of love divine,  
With the early morning rays,  
Do thou on our darkness shine;  
And dispel with purest light  
All our night!

As on drooping herb and flower  
Falls the soft refreshing dew,  
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power  
All our weary souls renew,  
Showers of blessing over all  
Softly fall!

Like the sun's reviving ray  
May Thy love, with tender glow,  
All our coldness melt away,  
Warm and cheer us forth to go;  
Gladly serve Thee and obey,  
All the day!

Oh, our only hope and guide,  
Never leave us or forsake,  
Keep us ever at Thy side,  
Till the eternal morning break,  
Moving on to Zion hill,  
Homeward still!

Lead us all our days and years  
In Thy straight and narrow way;  
Lead us through the vale of tears  
To the land of perfect day,  
Where Thy people, fully blest,  
Safely rest!

### CONVERSION OF A BRAHMIN YOUTH AT HONORE.

THE Bâsle Missionary Society has occupied with its Missionaries the province of Canara. It has there several stations, and a goodly number of converts. Honore is one of these stations, and it was in

connection with the work there that the Brahmin youth, referred to in the following pages, was brought to believe in and embrace the Christian faith.

Paul Ganesharao Kausika, the son of the Tahsildar at Honore, and belonging to the influential caste of the Saraswati Brahmins, made his first acquaintance with the word of God at an English school, where his serious turn of mind and his thirst after knowledge, became remarkable. Having passed the examination required for the entrance into Government service, he still continued his inquiring habits, sent for an English Bible with a short commentary, and, in his lonely study of the book, he began to feel convinced that the truth was set before him. Brahminism had no longer any hold on him, nor did he hide his indifference to its ceremonies. His father saw with distress the change in his son, but did not positively interfere with his predilections. In December 1861, Brother Albrecht, with a catechist, arrived at Honore. This occurrence greatly encouraged and strengthened the young Brahmin in his convictions, and in the beginning of April he resolved to sever the ties that still bound him outwardly to heathenism, and openly to confess Christ and join his disciples. He invited Brother Kaundinya, a former caste-fellow of his, to come up and assist him at the impending crisis, which he feared would cost him a hard struggle. Elias, temporary assistant of the English Government school at Honore, proved, during these days, of great use to him by his sympathizing and prudent conduct. Brother Kaundinya hastened to Honore, but the father of the youth, aware of this, had made preparations to send his son, with his young wife of sixteen, away for a change. On the same day a letter from his uncle to his father came into the hands of Ganesharao, whilst the father was performing his ablutions. He opened, read it, and found, to his astonishment, some medicine in it which the father was to give him as a sure means of making the son's will entirely submissive to the father's. He now knew what he had to expect, should he delay the final step, and his mind was made up. That Sunday afternoon (April 13, 1862), at four o'clock, he went to the Mission house, just as Brother Kaundinya was about to leave the house. Great was the joy at first, but serious the conversation that followed. After a number of searching questions concerning his real desire and the sincerity of his intention, and a frank statement of what might follow his step—and his friend could speak from his own experience—Ganesharao solemnly declared that he would take the step in the name of Christ and with his help. Both then knelt down, and implored the Lord for strength, wisdom, and grace during the threatening storm; and after they had read together the 14th and 16th chapters of St. John, Brother Albrecht returned from the evening service, and joined them. Ganesharao was to write a letter to his father, but before it could be sent away, some of his relatives had come in search of him, and, shortly after, his father, with a great multitude. Deeply moved, he met his son. "Child of my heart, what art thou doing here? What is thy intention?" "I believe in Jesus, and wish to remain with the Christians." "Come now home with me." "I cannot: I should have to worship idols with you." "Thou art at full liberty to do as thou pleasest, come only home." "I am not free amongst you, and, besides, I wish openly to

confess Christ, and to be baptized in his name." Now, his father seized him, and tried to pull him out of the room, which, however, the Missionaries prevented. He might speak alone with his son, and try to persuade him; but force must not be resorted to. Trembling from anger and sorrow, the old man fell down fainting; and when he rose he begged to be seated with his son in the verandah. The whole compound was filled with excited people, and a tumult was apprehended. Some policemen guarded the verandah, but without greatly impressing the crowd of their power. Whilst the Tahsildar was expostulating with his son in the verandah, a bystander threw suddenly, thuggee-like, a handkerchief over the head of the youth to drag him forcibly away. A scuffle ensued, in which the Missionaries received several blows; but a friendly hand got between the cloth and the neck of Ganesharao, and prevented his being suffocated. Having got rid of his adversary, he fled into the Mission house, where he remained secure. The Tahsildar, remembering his official dignity, recovered his self-possession, and the tumult subsided. It had become dark, and the father wished once more to converse with his son. The ensuing scene was touching beyond description. Ganesharao was with Br. Kaundinya in an inner room, the father stood before the open door. "Darling son, come out, sit on my lap, that I may once more embrace thee, since thou wilt not return with me." "Ah, pardon, my father, I dare not venture to come out; a new tumult might arise." "Fear not, I am here: no one shall touch thee." "But, father it is not in thy power to prevent a tumult: I would rather not come out." "Oh my son, hast thou lost all filial affection for me? has thy heart become hard as stone?" "No, father, my heart is not hard like stone: I heartily love thee; but, pardon me that I act contrary to thy wishes, I must now harden my heart, for the Lord Jesus has said, 'Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'" "If thou accest thus, what's the use of my life? It is better for me to sacrifice it somehow." "Not so, my father: I remain thy son, and shall ever love thee." Thus it continued for some time, under many tears from father and son. At last he rebuked Ganesharao's conduct as grossly disobedient and impious, and said that such painful ruptures of the most sacred ties could not be according to the will of God; but his son quietly replied, that if heathenism, and especially caste, were not, such scenes would not happen. Seeing that all his exertions to move his son were in vain, the old man returned to the verandah, where his friends comforted him after their fashion. One said, "Thy son does not care for thee any more: let us now go home. When children die, their parents do not therefore die along with them. Consider Ganesharao as dead, and recover thyself." Another continued, "Don't consider him any longer to be thy son: he is thine enemy of a former birth, sprung from thy loins to continue and revenge the old enmity, and to ruin thee." Discomforted by these heartless comforters, the old man went home, burdened that night with a deep sorrow, which his son would have as gladly spared him if possible. No wonder, then, that also Ganesharao's joy, when he sat down that night, for the first time, to a simple meal with Christians, was mingled with much anguish of soul on account of his dear relatives.

On the following day the Missionaries paid a visit to the Tahsildar, to have a quiet conversation with him. At first he did not receive them,

but afterwards he sent for them, with an apology, and one of them returned, and found the old man much composed, and even willing to allow his son's wife to join her husband, if Ganesharao could persuade her to do so. A meeting was consented to and arranged, and Ganesharao returned to his father's house, accompanied by the two Missionaries. He was kindly received at home. The Missionaries remained in the outer court, where a large crowd was assembled, with whom they conversed meanwhile. After some time the Tahsildar returned, with the declaration that the padres might now go home; he would discuss with his son a little longer, and, if not successful, would send him after them. They protested, and desired to hear from Ganesharao's lips whether he wished them to go. The Tahsildar threatened to expel them by force. They yielded, and went away to report the case to the magistrate, and to beg his assistance, should the youth, who is of full age, be detained in his father's house against his will. Whilst engaged in these apparently unsatisfactory proceedings, Elias came, with the glad tidings that Ganesharao was all safe in the Mission house. His father was true to his word, and sent him away in peace when all his persuasions had failed. Appeals of love and threatening, from wife, mother, and grandmother, could not shake the determination of the youth, who had declared himself for Christ, not from any worldly motive, but from his full conviction that in Him was the truth and life eternal. A pilgrimage was proposed to redeem his lost caste, to no avail. He only begged to be permitted to return to the Missionaries, as by no act of force could they change his mind. After the father had let him go, the people, thronging house and street, brought him forcibly back, till, the third time, the Tahsildar ordered a peon to conduct him in safety to the Mission house.

Ganesharao had now to decide on his future course of life, whether to continue his present Government employment, or to follow some other calling. His choice was soon made. He wished to prepare for the service of Christ, but preferred to go to Mangalore with Brother Kaundinya. A pattimar was secured, and the departure fixed upon the evening of April 16. Ganesharao's relatives came down to the beach to see him once more and bid him farewell. His parents had sent his clothes and medicines, as he was in delicate health from the effect of fever. His grandmother sent him word by an express messenger, that, after he had become a Christian, he should remain faithful to his profession, and not be like many others, neither a good Christian nor a good Brahmin. She begged also his friend (Brother Kaundinya) to nurse him tenderly. On parting, a young Brahmin said to the Missionary, half in earnest, half in irony, "There are some other youths here who will soon require your services; and when they write for you, come speedily, to lead them likewise from darkness to light." Immediately after his arrival at Mangalore, Ganesharao had to bear another attack from his mother-in-law, but it did him no harm. On Sunday, April 27, he, together with the above-mentioned Mangalore Brahmin, Narayana, made a cheering profession of his faith before the assembled native congregation and many heathen spectators, and was received by baptism into the church of Christ. His name is now Paul, and that of the other convert Satyarthi (one who makes the truth his principal object of study). Both have joined the Preparandi class at Mangalore, and have hitherto fulfilled the hopes entertained of them.

**CHINA—ORDINATION OF A NATIVE.**

THE most interesting fact connected with our China Mission during the past year has been the ordination of one of the native catechists belonging to the Ningpo station, which took place at Shanghae on



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. DZAW TSANG-LAE. (From a Photograph.)

Easter Sunday last. The particulars will be found in the following letter from the Bishop of Victoria, dated April 8, 1863—

It affords me much satisfaction to be able to communicate to the Church Missionary Society that on Easter Sunday I was privileged to ordain as deacon their native catechist Dzaw Tsang-lae, the first native Chinese minister of our church. The ceremony took place in the English church in this foreign settlement, the whole service being conducted in Chinese. The candidate was presented to me by the Rev. G. E. Moule, who arrived here ten days previously from Ningpo, and rendered me very effective service in examining the candidate, and translating the Ordination Service. Mr. Moule and myself read our portions of the service in the Mandarin colloquial dialect, and the Rev. W. H. Collins read the greater portion of the liturgical service in the ordinary Shanghai local dialect. Twenty-eight native Christians of our own Mission, and six members of the American Episcopal Mission, came from the city to the service, and formed a goodly spectacle of thirty-four native communicants at the celebration of the Lord's Supper afterwards. A few English friends were also present.

Dzaw Tsang-lae is forty years old, and has maintained a consistent Christian profession since his baptism, thirteen years ago. He was originally a schoolmaster, but, during the last four years, has been employed by the Rev. J. S. Burdon (now of Peking) in the sole duties of a native catechist. All his family have been baptized. His general acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures is good; and he appears himself to be really under the influence of Christian doctrines. During his examination he had to write a brief sermon on 2 Cor. v. 14, 15, "For the love of Christ constraineth us, &c.;" in which he expressed very clearly the great fundamental motives of self-devotion to Christ, and enforced them by very earnest concluding appeals. As a specimen of an address from a native preacher to a Chinese congregation, it was, on the whole, a satisfactory production. He labours under the disadvantage of not having had a course of methodical theological training; but, on the other hand, it was of the utmost advantage that the first ordained minister of the native church should be a man advanced in years, and matured in Christian character. What is of the greatest importance, he has won the esteem of the European members of our own Mission, of many other foreign Protestant Missionaries, and of all the members of the native church; in fact, the recommendation of him to me as a suitable person for advancement to the office of the Christian ministry was universal on all sides.

On Mr. Collins's approaching departure to join Mr. Burdon at Peking, Dzaw Tsang-lae will take charge of the local native church until the Rev. T. M'Clatchie's expected arrival here in the autumn. May the divine blessing rest upon our native brother in his new position of responsibility and trust!

In connexion with Dzaw Tsang-lae's ordination, it is interesting to know that the native church at Shanghai have pledged themselves to contribute the half of his stipend.

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## MISSION TOUR TO A HEATHEN SWINGING FESTIVAL.

THIS narrative may be useful in keeping us in remembrance of the fact that the power of heathenism is still powerful in India, and degrades the people under its sway to many cruel and revolting practices. Blessed be God, the Gospel is gathering strength, and operations are going forward which will eventually end in its overthrow. Missionaries are itinerating; the people are willing to hear; inquiry is being excited; and the little Christian flocks which have been raised up in different directions are coming forward to help in the liberation of their countrymen. But how much, oh, how much! remains to be done; and well may Missionaries abroad remind Christians at home of their especial duty—"Ye also helping together by prayer."

I left Madras on Friday, the 7th August, and went together with catechist C——, of the London Mission, as far as Trivellore, and thence on foot to Tripasore, where we stopped in the London Mission house, in which catechist S—— was residing. The following morning Catechists C—— and S—— and myself got up at four o'clock, and after having asked the Lord for a blessing on our journey, we got into a cooly bandy, and went on slowly towards Periapallium, which is about eighteen miles from Tripasore, and arrived there at six o'clock, and occupied a little room without a door, in a very small indigo factory. Here, after having taken some tea and committed ourselves to the Lord in prayer, we lay down on the ground to sleep. On the morning of the following day (Sunday), the chief day of the festival, we went among the crowd of people assembled, to preach the glorious tidings of the Gospel to as many of them (15,000 or 20,000) as would listen to us. We passed through the multitude, and posted ourselves opposite the small temple of the goddess Ellamma, but we got only a few people to speak to; not that there were few people near us, but they had no time or will to listen to our message: they were engaged in performing their vows to the goddess Ellamma. Many were slaughtering sheep and fowls; others, both men and women, having entirely stripped off their clothes in the river and girded themselves with branches of the holy margosa tree, were walking around the temple; while, again, others in their usual dress rolled their bodies round the same sacred spot. I observed others with horribly besmeared faces and bodies, and heard most disagreeable music. Altogether an awful scene. Oh that these poor mistaken people would give themselves up as a reasonable sacrifice to God our Saviour!

After having stood for some time opposite to the temple, we left the spot in search of some other place, where we could get more people to hear our message. We were happy enough to find several congregations, and though they were not very large, they listened with great attention, and with less gainsaying than one might expect from the visitors of such a festival.

## SHARANPUR.

THE number of children in our Orphanage at Sharanpur is less than last year, the reduction being from forty-two to thirty-two. The condition of the Institution appears, however, to be healthful and encouraging. One desirable improvement has been introduced: the girls are now required to cook and prepare their own food. Liberal support for the Orphanage has been received. Of one of the girls that died, aged six, the following interesting account is given—

The history of Miriam is rather remarkable, as evidently setting forth a heavenly Father's watchful care of her during her short existence on earth. She was one of three children born at the same time by the same mother, the wife of a Mahar, at Takeli, a village near Nasik. The poor woman died while giving birth to three children, two of whom were still-born. The husband, who appears to have been very fond of his wife, was so exasperated at his sudden bereavement, and at the same time so destitute of natural affection towards his little infant, as to form the dreadful resolution to kill the latter by starvation. With this view he shut up his room, where the child lay helpless, and went into another village, from which he did not return till after three days. On the fourth day he returned, expecting for certain to find the baby dead; but, to his utter astonishment, he found her still alive. Three days of cruel neglect had not been sufficient to destroy even a tender life, which was under the special protection of God: this was evident even to the child's aunt, a heathen, who soon convinced the man, and persuaded him not to destroy the child, since God had kept her alive so long, but to take the poor babe to Sharanpur. Here Mr. Price kindly received her, gave her in charge of one of our native-Christian women, and then took her into the Orphanage. By the blessing of God, she was brought through the trials of infancy and childhood, and began to learn nicely, and to become a general favourite, when it pleased God to take her to Himself. There was much that was edifying in her during her last illness, which was consumption. She liked to hear those that attended on her sing nice children's hymns, *e.g.* "Here we suffer grief and pain," &c., and to read to her from Scripture or other good books, and to pray with her. The Rev. Appaji Bapuji once asked her whether she was afraid to die. She said "No." He asked, "Why not?" She answered, "Because Jesus is near me." "What shall I do with you?" "Pray with me." The request was, of course, gladly complied with.

One very interesting feature in the Sharanpur Institution is the African youths, who having been rescued from slave vessels, trafficking between the east coast of Africa and the Persian Gulf, have been placed under the care of our Missionaries. They are carefully instructed in Christianity, and prayerful efforts are thus made to win them to Christ. They are besides taught various useful trades; five are carpenters, five blacksmiths, three weavers, one a shoemaker, and one a bricklayer. The hope is entertained that, returning to the East-African coast, they will be there important aids to our

**Missionaries.** The Rev. J. Rebmann, in his lonely Mission on that dark coast, is cheered by the hope of being joined by some of them at no distant period. May they be indeed good men, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

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CHRISTIANITY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE Sandwich Islands, in the North Pacific Ocean, consist of a group of twelve volcanic islands, three or four of them being merely uninhabited rocks, standing quite by themselves. Hawaii is the largest, but Oahu the most central. Between Oahu to the north-west and Hawaii to the south-east are grouped Molokai, Maui, Lanai, and Kahoolawa: other islands lie farther to the north-west of Oahu.

The American Board sent its Missionaries to these islands in 1819, just about the time when the petty kingdoms into which the islands had been divided, and which, by their feuds, had kept all in confusion, were united under the sceptre of Kamehameha, of Hawaii. The people of the islands were in the lowest state of debasement, for upon their heathenism, bad enough in itself, had been grafted the evil practices of the whalers by whom their ports were visited.

The preaching and teaching of God's word, blessed of God, produced, however, improvements so marked, that in little more than thirty years, the profession of Christianity having superseded the old and evil heathenism, the Mission was merged in the Christian community of the islands.

These islands have been recently visited by Dr. Anderson, the Secretary of the American Board. Dr. Anderson is well known amongst us here in England. He visited, on his way to India, the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, and left behind him a pleasing remembrance, which still remains. There are many circumstances which at the present moment make friends in England anxious to know what is the character of those results which have been raised up in the Sandwich Islands by the efforts of the Missionaries of the American Board, more especially as statements have been put forth which speak of the "frightful heathenism of the natives, their system of praying each other to death, incantations, and so forth." The testimony of Dr. Anderson, in all respects reliable, is just now very opportune. We shall therefore introduce some extracts from a narrative of a visit paid by him to the islands in April last.

The first point touched was Honolulu, the metropolis of the islands, situated in Oahu. Of this he says—

Of Honolulu I may speak hereafter, when I have had more opportunity to see it. I will only say now that I was not prepared for the verdure and beauty at this season, resulting mainly from the introduction of water from the Nuwana valley, nor for the city-like appearance of its streets and houses. The valley itself, having now a street

running up through its entire length, is much occupied by foreign residents."

Embarking on board a steamer, several places on the coast of Maui were touched, and, amongst others, Lahaina and Lahainaluna, two of the Mission stations.

At the latter of these places the Queen came on board, with her suite, going to join the King at Kailua. We had met her before, at her invitation, in Honolulu, and our very favourable impressions concerning her were confirmed. Just before reaching Kailua, the King came on board in his barge, to meet her. He cordially recognised the acquaintance we had formed with him years ago, in Boston, and welcomed us to his dominions. I observed the Queen call his attention to the beautifully bound "Memorial Volume" I had sent for him to the palace, which she had brought with her.

Our first approach to Hawaii was on Wednesday morning, when we had a grand profile view of the island. Mauna Kea, the most northerly of the two great volcanic mountains, rose to the height of more than 14,000 feet, and Mauna Loa, of equal altitude, on the south; but "unfinished" (as a Missionary brother remarked), since it still occasionally sends out vast streams of lava. It was partially concealed by Mauna Hualalai.

"The sea along the western and southern sides of Hawaii, being sheltered by the trade winds, is generally smooth, which may be a reason why those portions of the island were so much resorted to by chiefs and people in former times. After landing the royal family at Kailua, the steamer proceeded to Kealahakua Bay (the scene of Cook's death), to take in wood; then, retracing its way along the western coast, we met the north-east trades as we rounded the Kohala point. Kohala is a beautiful region, as beheld from the sea, and it was the more interesting to us because, in the midst of its verdure, we distinctly saw the dwelling of our brother Bond, and the church erected by his people for the worship of the true God. Then came a singular succession of mountain ridges and ravines, with lofty cascades falling into the sea. Then the lovely vale of Waipio revealed its white church—one of perhaps a dozen erected under the superintendence of Mr. Lyons—with a waterfall behind it from the very top of a mountain. Two or three more such churches came into view, along the high lands, as we proceeded. With a clear sky, the entrance into the harbour of Hilo forms one of the grand and beautiful scenes of the world; having Mauna Loa in front, with banks of snow along its broad summit, and Mauna Kea on the right, looking down upon one of the greenest landscapes that ever rose from the sea-shore; it having been long since volcanic eruptions swept over that surface, while being on the windward side of the island, it is most abundantly watered.

We arrived at Hilo in the evening; and though more or less wet as we were borne through the surf on the shoulders of natives, all was forgotten in the welcome of our reception, not only by the family of Mr. Coan, where we made our home, but by all our brethren and sisters in that favoured place. It was with peculiar feelings of interest that I visited Hilo. In the wonderful outpouring of the Spirit at these islands,

in the years 1837 and 1838, more than 7000 were added to the church from the districts of Hilo and Puna, then containing a population of about 14,000. Mr. Coan deemed it necessary to admit 1700 to the church in one day, after personal inquiry, as he informs me, into the case of each individual, extending through some time previous. The extraordinary method by which he was able to baptize this large number of persons in one day, even by the simple process of sprinkling, will be remembered by many of our patrons. He assures me that the large number, then admitted, have held on their Christian course as well as the rest. The old grass-covered meeting-house at Hilo, large enough to hold 3000 or 4000, but none too large for the time when people came in from all the surrounding regions—for which the people themselves dragged heavy timbers down from the mountain forest—has given place to a beautiful framed edifice, painted white, having a tower and well-toned bell, and capable of seating 1000 persons. It cost 14,000 dollars, which was almost wholly met by the people themselves. There are now no less than twenty-three meeting-houses within the limits of the Hilo and Puna districts, many of them framed wooden buildings, and some built of stone. The Hilo church still remains undivided, though I trust it will not be so much longer; and includes all the professors of religion in the two districts. After the lapse of twenty-five years, it numbers 4500 members, the decrease in its numbers being only in proportion to the decrease in the population. It contains nearly an equal number of males and females.

On the Sabbath following our arrival (as also on the succeeding Sabbath), the bell in the tower of Mr. Coan's church set forth the same hallowed sounds that I have always been accustomed to hear in my native land, and a well-dressed congregation assembled, of whom, thirty years ago, scarcely any would have had so much as a single garment to cover their nakedness, and, what is more, would scarcely have felt the need of one. And that congregation listened, forenoon and afternoon, with a marked and intelligent attention, to my statement, interpreted by Mr. Coan, of what I had seen in Constantinople, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and India. Fifty or sixty "leading men" remained after the service, and repeated among themselves, as the pastor informed me, nearly all my facts, showing that they had in some good measure appreciated them. And then there is something significant in the warm greeting and shaking of hands, which in every case has followed our first meeting of these people, not only with myself, but with my wife and daughter. And in our travels, too, when they knew of our coming, men, women, and children run out of their houses to shake hands and receive our "aloha," and often with a fervour that is very affecting. When eye meets eye, and the lip and every feature speaks, you often find no difficulty in discerning the inmost emotions; and I have frequently felt that I did not doubt the existence of that sure indication of piety spoken of in 1 John iii. 14: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." This is especially true of the older Christians. We were much interested in the truly patriarchal relation subsisting between Mr. Coan and his people—how glad all ages were to see him, and hear his voice, and receive his smile. He accompanied us on our visit to the

great volcano of Kilauea, which has been too often described to occupy a place in this letter; but that visit, and our subsequent journeys in Kau and Kona, the southern districts of this island, gave us opportunity for seeing something of the religious life to be found in grass houses. It rained when we stopped for the first night, in a wild volcanic region. There was but one room in the house, and that the family cheerfully vacated for our company, going themselves to a smaller house near by, after they had spread out their best mats on the floor for our convenience and comfort. After supper they came in to prayers, as did the men who carried the calabashes containing our luggage. The master of the house produced his Hawaiian Bible, and, at the request of Mr. Coan, made one of the prayers. This was repeated at the house where we stopped at the volcano, and one or more of our native attendants there led in prayer. And where we spent the night, in company with Mr. Gulick, on our way from Kau to South Kona, the Bible was readily produced, and a native resident made one of the prayers. Most of the villagers, male and female, came in to be present at our morning and evening devotions. On one occasion we could hear a family in a neighbouring house at their evening worship, and could distinguish their attempt to sing a hymn to the tune of Ortonville.

My third Sabbath on this island was spent at Kau, and my fourth with Mr. Paris, where I now am. Mr. Gulick, a son of the Missionary of that name, resides at the former place. Kau interested me more than I expected. The population of the district does not exceed 4000, and the Roman Catholics have got more hold than we could wish, owing to former adverse circumstances; but we retain the majority, and our people are all accessible. The church building, holding 700 people, was full on the Sabbath, and not less than 200 horses must have been tied by their owners in the adjoining field. It was an interesting sight; and I was told that nearly as many people were assembled the previous Sabbath, to hear a statement from Kanoa, a returned native Missionary from Micronesia. There are four substantial houses of worship in the Kau district, all built by the people; and there are as many stone churches in South Kona, erected in the same manner, and capable, together, of seating 2500 people. The old station house for South Kona having been built in one of the hottest places to be found near the shore, Mr. Paris built one a mile and a half above the bay where Captain Cook was killed, where is one of the finest climates, as well as one of the most extended prospects seaward. In one of the churches near Kealakekua Bay I yesterday addressed a good-looking native congregation of about 700 people. I saw, too, their manner of taking up a monthly concert collection. Mr. Paris says it is a way of their own devising, and one which they prefer. Just before the sermon, two or three leading men took their seats at the table in front of the pulpit. The whole people having been divided, somewhat after the Methodist custom, into classes, each with a *luna*, or leader, the presiding deacon called the name of the *luna*, when all his division who chose to contribute came forward to the table, and laid down their money; and the two others, seated at the table, took note of the contributions, with the names of the donors. The amount was thirteen dollars and eighty-seven cents; and simultaneous collections in the other churches will run the whole monthly sum up to twenty or twenty-five dollars.

But I have not time to go more into particulars, nor would they comport with the proper length of my letter. Do you ask whether I believe in the existence of piety among this people? I give, of course, my first impressions as an observer. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" If there be not much real piety among this people, then am I confounded in my judgments of men and society. I never seemed to myself to be more really in one of the Lord's vineyards. My wife and I are constantly saying to each other, in view of what we see of the present, and of what we have the best means of knowing of the past, "What hath God wrought!" There may be a good deal under the surface, which we do not see, as an offset to all we do see, and doubtless there is. So it is with this wonderful island. I presume there is nowhere on earth more evidence of raging fires beneath the surface; nowhere such burning eruptions; nowhere such wide tracks of barren lava. And yet, through the genial influence of the sun and the rain of heaven, there are fertile soils, and trees, and flowers, and grasses; the sugar-cane and coffee forming rich plantations; the banana, pine-apple, orange, mango, and any other of the tropical fruits men may choose to cultivate. And so, to some extent, it is with the island community. Say what we may of the volcanic fires beneath the surface of society, and of burning eruptions, and barren wastes; there is a fertile surface, a heavenly influence, through wonders of grace in Jesus Christ; there are trees and fruits and righteousness, visible to the most casual observer who will but see—a creation of grace, as really as the other is by nature, to be acknowledged to the glory of God.

Such are some of my first impressions of the island of Hawaii, when I have somewhat more than half completed its circuit. And you will observe that what I have stated as facts are such, and cannot be made otherwise by any future observations. The Lord hath done great things here, through the self-denying and faithful labour of our dear brethren in Christ, whereof we are glad.

After the perusal of this letter no unprejudiced person can entertain a doubt that genuine results on a large scale have been produced by the scriptural Christianity taught for so many years by the American Missionaries to the natives of these islands.

OVER THERE!

Oh, they have reached that sunny shore:
They will never suffer more;
All their pains and griefs are o'er,
Over there!

Oh, they need no lamp by night,
For their Saviour is their light,
And their day is always bright,
Over there!

Oh, the streets are shining gold,
And the glory is untold
Of the blessed Saviour's fold,
Over there!

Oh, they never shed a tear,
For their Lord is always near,
And with Him is endless cheer,
Over there!

Oh, they've done the weary fight;
Jesus saved them by His might,
And they walk with Him in white,
Over there!

Oh, we'll join the happy band,
But will wait the Lord's command,
Till we see the beckoning hand,
Over there!

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BAPTISM OF A HINDU YOUTH AT NAGPORE.

ON Monday evening, the 3rd inst., at the monthly Missionary meeting, the Missionaries at Nagpore were privileged to admit to the church by baptism a young Hindu, of good caste, whose case is not a little interesting. This young man is a native of the province of Bengal, where he was well educated in the College at Chinsurah. One result of this education was, as has so often been the case, a complete loosening of the hold on his mind of all the old superstitions of Hinduism, with nothing but a vain and lifeless philosophy left in their stead; and thus our young friend became one of that class who assume to themselves the title of "Young Bengal." He had a god, no doubt, of his own imagining, and ran riot in the ways of sin as he had opportunity, and as his own evil heart inclined him to do. In the pursuit of a livelihood our young Babu travelled through a great part of the upper provinces of Bengal and the North-west, and during the troublous times of the mutinies, having sundry contracts, he succeeded in amassing a considerable amount of gold and silver, which is the natural man's god so pre-eminently: but he was lavish and extravagant, and there were not wanting wicked men to help him in getting rid of that wealth which had been perhaps not very well come by. He sought Government employment, and was ultimately brought down to these Central Provinces in a public department. Some months ago charges were preferred against him: he was tried, and condemned to one year's imprisonment. In the prison-house at Nagpore he found, what he had perhaps seldom allowed himself before, time for reflection. The more he thought, the more the disgrace and misery of his present position was brought home to him. As I have said, he had long since shaken off all belief in the superstitions of his fathers. He now found the philosophical deism, in which he had hitherto entrenched himself, to fail utterly as a refuge and consolation: it left him the belief of a God, of whom he had indeed never thought much, but with whom he had to do: he would kill himself! The resolution to commit suicide took firm possession of his mind, but then, he dare not. How if indeed he had to appear before that God of whom he knew he had thought so little, whom he could not but feel he had offended? Conviction of sin was wrought in his mind: he had heard and read, of course, something of Christianity: it could not be otherwise with a man of his education. He had even had a Bible in his hands, though he had never taken the trouble to read so



much as a chapter of it; but now a strong desire seized him to learn something more of the Christian faith, to converse with a Christian Missionary; but owing to peculiar circumstances, several weeks elapsed ere the Missionary could be made acquainted with the desire the poor prisoner had expressed. The Lord had perhaps wise and loving purposes in keeping him thus under the rod, that these workings and exercises of mind might be strengthened. As soon as the Missionary did hear of it, however, he hastened to obtain permission to visit this man in prison. He found him in a most interesting state, thirsting for instruction, and deeply convinced of sin, not the mere degradation of his position there, as a convict, but weighed down with the sins of his whole life. Christ was preached to him, and he was supplied with a Bible and other books, directed where and what to read, and frequently instructed. He had not led a blameless life, but now it began to appear that, at all events, he was not deserving, in this instance, of the punishment which had been put upon him: circumstances came to light which led to an order for a re-investigation of the whole case, and the result was an application to the Supreme Government for an order for his release. In the mean time he had expressed his full faith in Christ, and his desire for baptism, but it was thought better to wait till he should be out of jail. A week after his release he confessed Christ by baptism, before a large assembly, declaring openly that he "loved Christ from the very bottom of his heart." Of those present, many felt it to be a most blessed and interesting season. His desire is to devote himself to the work of preaching Christ among his heathen countrymen. His education, now sanctified, will doubtless be of use to him as an agent of the Mission. No doubt his being absent from his home and family has been a help to him. There are few Bengalees in Nagpore. To his wife, also, this is a help, for though she threatens to leave him, she as yet remains, simply from having no place to go to. She was willing to learn to read, and will yet, we may hope, be willing to learn more; but she is angry at the step he has taken. Her advice was, "Can you not believe in Christ in your heart, and just remain outwardly the same?"

Pray for her, and pray for him, for he is made to feel the rage of the heathen; and pray for the work generally in this dark place, that this beginning may be carried on, till the little one shall become a thousand.

*Bombay Guardian.*

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#### A CHRISTIAN NAIR.

MAVELIKARA is a large town, once the capital of Travancore, and even now the residence of many branches of the present reigning family, and of some of the ancient nobility of the kingdom. It is, what is far better, the head-quarters of a Mission, and the centre of an irregular circle for twenty-five or thirty miles round, throughout which there are stations in every direction.

God has so blessed the work that there are now in this Mission eleven congregations, who hold their regular Sabbath services in seven substantial stone churches and four temporary places. There are in these congregations 2323 baptized converts and 100 in preparation for baptism. All this, and much more than we can intro-

duce into this brief paper, has been accomplished by the preaching of the Gospel in less than thirty years; and the Rev. J. Peet, the Missionary who commenced the work, ploughed up the hard soil and sowed the seed, is still there, rejoicing as the sheaves are being gathered in from the harvest-field.

The increase during the past year from heathen and Syrians amounted to 320: among them were two Brahmins, the mother and wife of one of the former Brahmin converts.

Of one of the number Mr. Peet gives us a particular account—a Nair, baptized in January 1862—

In one of these Mission districts resides a man, twelve months since a Nair, respectable in his circumstances, a man who commands great respect, and influential in his neighbourhood. The part where he resides has a great deal of iron mixed with the stone, several pieces of large dimensions. Out of one, a rough figure of an idol has been formed, and over it a temple had been erected, under the persuasion that the god was not formed by man, but sprang up from the ground by the power of the divinity within. This Nair was manager of that temple, and, at a considerable personal expense, repaired and brought it into repute. He himself firmly believed in the story about the god springing up from the stone, and of its superiority on that account over the idols made by men. He placed his whole trust in it; would, in cases of sickness, resort to it; and, at other times, would remain fasting and praying before it for days together. Reading about the light of the Gospel, he sought it, and, after inquiring and reading much about it, he was converted and baptized. His wife left him, and married with another directly. She was of a very rich family, and he was a chief man in those parts, though not daring to return home. His mother, it would seem, had an attachment to him, and so procured him raw provisions from home. He might then have got a share of the property, but my advice in such cases is, no hurry. He was full of zeal to bring over his family to Christianity, and when they would not, he persuaded his nephew to put himself to my school with a view to baptize him. He is now with me, and the legal heir by Nair custom to the estates. Next, the man, at his own cost, and at a good deal of expense, erected a well-roofed mud-house, and fitted it up for his own residence and a schoolhouse. Close by it he built a nice place as a church, and fitted it up also, and got one of my readers, or one of our native ordained brethren, to do occasional duty. The place is some half mile away from any house; but there he lived alone, and formed a good school, and also went about to persuade his neighbours. One or two Chogan families joined him, and he ate rice with them; but this last vile act was too much for the mother and friends. They refused him any more food. Still he did not apply to me. But I then thought it advisable to give him four rupees per mensem as a schoolmaster, and finding him far too superior for that office, I have made him a reader upon five rupees per mensem, and appointed a schoolmaster to instruct children and help him. He is very zealous, and much respected even now.